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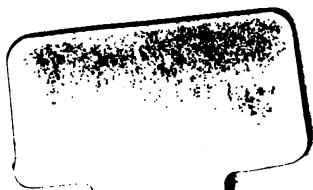
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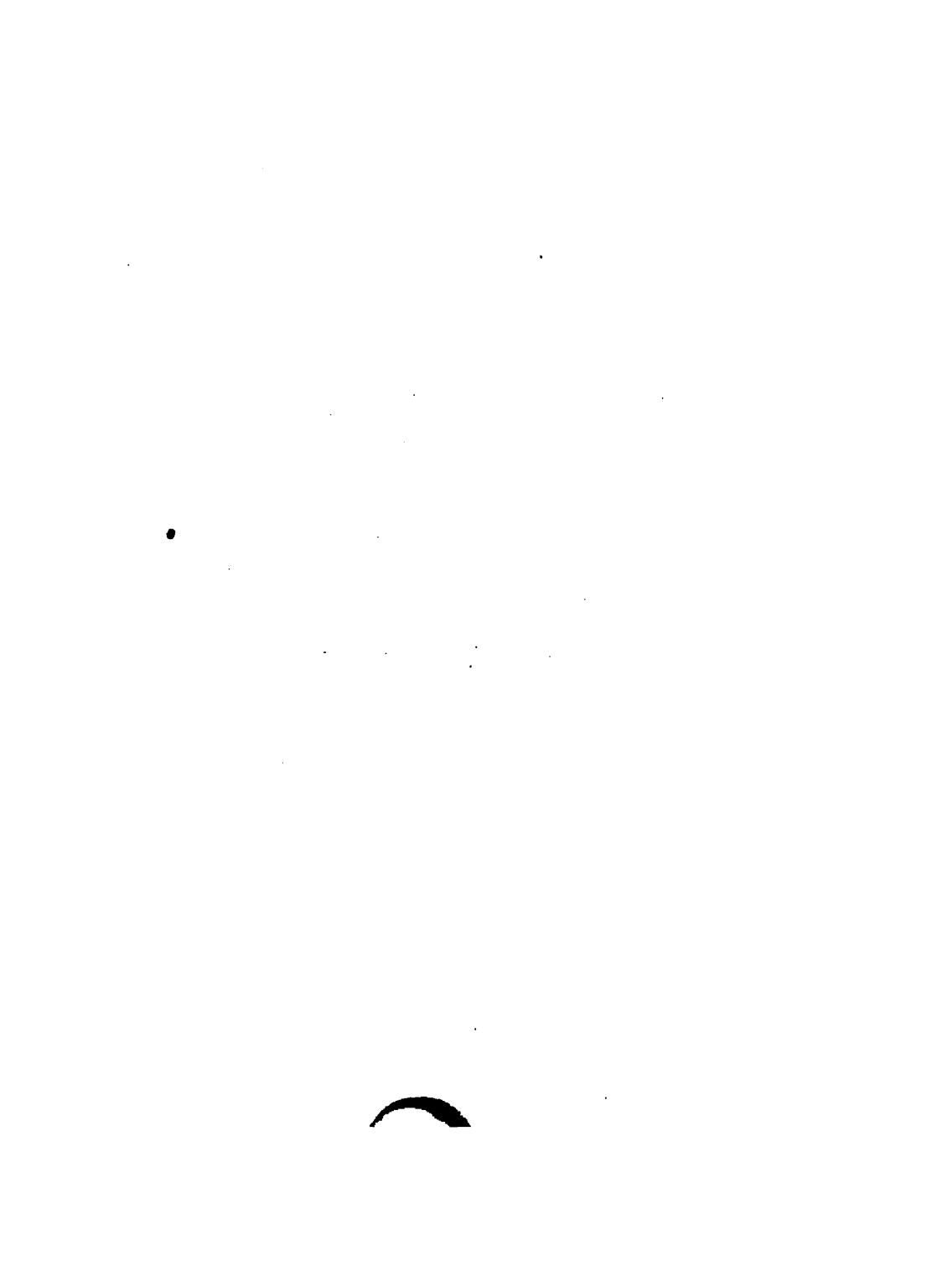




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LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.





MR. L.





W. H. Mason & Co.

J. Lycey

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

1. *Staphylococcus aureus* (100%)



J. H. [unclear]

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER 1859, TO FEBRUARY, 1860.

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1860.

A VOLUME of Lectures, the thirteenth of its series, needs no other Preface than the grateful acknowledgments of the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to those who have so kindly furnished its materials, and to the Public, by whose favour and kindness the desires and efforts of the Association for the "improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of Young Men" have, in this particular, been so largely sustained.

May the Lord give His blessing to the work undertaken by His servants for the illustration and diffusion of His Truth !

W. E. SHIPTON.

*Young Men's Christian Association,
165, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C.
March, 1860.*



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5-

The Influence of Knox and the Scottish
Reformation on England.

A LECTURE

BY THE

RIGHT HON. JAMES MONCRIEFF, M.P.

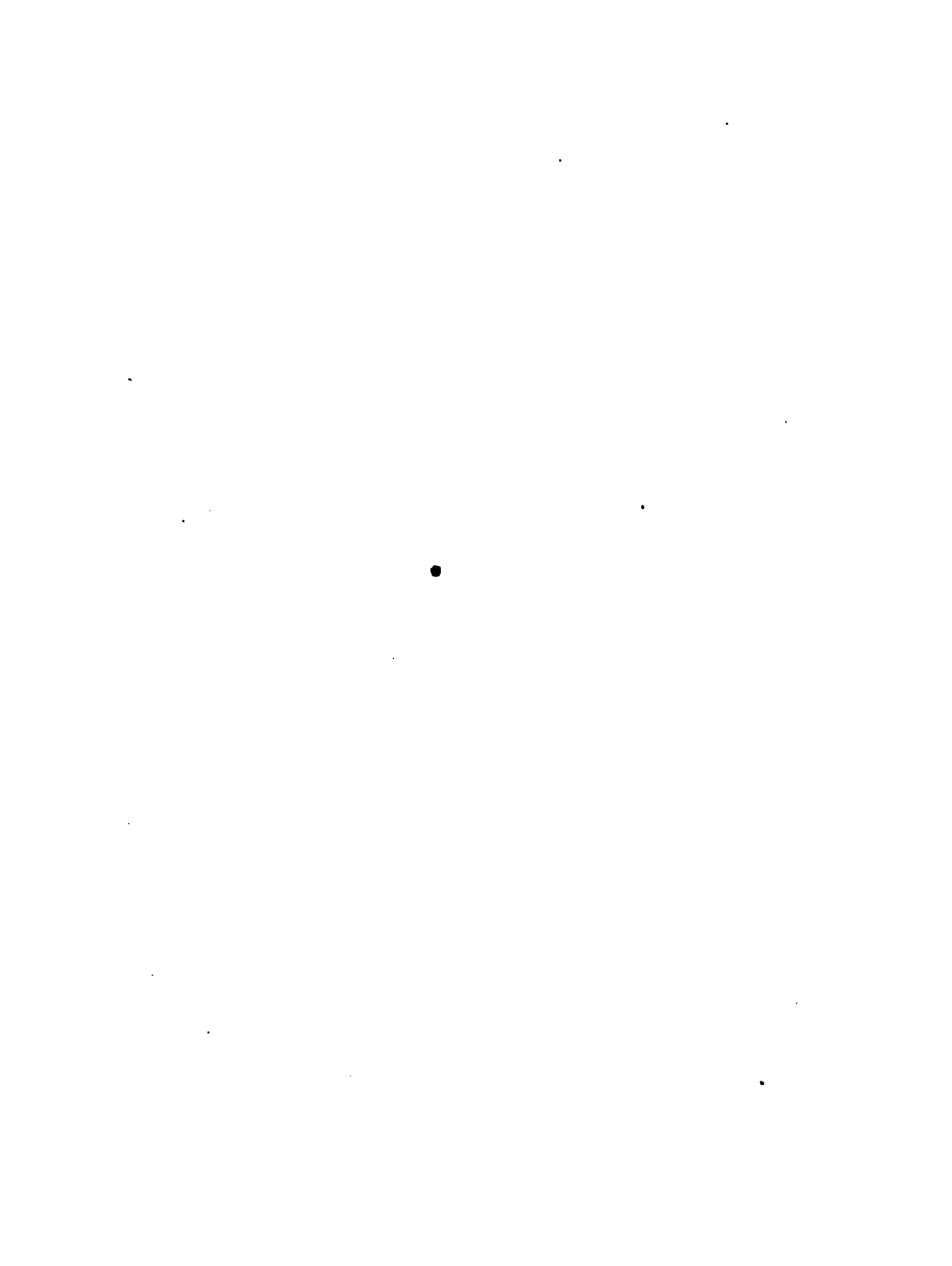
LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.



As I had not committed the following address to writing before it was delivered, it necessarily bears marks of careless and defective composition.

I have been chiefly indebted for the materials I have used to the prefatory notices contained in Mr. David Laing's edition of John Knox's Works, printed for the Bannatyne Club, and to notes furnished to me by the kindness of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Glasgow, whose labours have done so much to elucidate our early Scottish history.

EDINBURGH, *January*, 1860.



THE INFLUENCE OF KNOX AND THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION ON ENGLAND.

I VERY willingly complied with the request which was made to me by the Committee of this Association, that I should deliver the introductory lecture to the course about to begin this winter. I did so, not merely because I was deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon me in permitting me to follow so many predecessors, of eminence, distinction, and public usefulness, in this duty, but also because I felt I could not decline, if it was thought that my services could be of any benefit, to evince, in a manner however inefficient, the deep sympathy which I feel with the objects of this Association. If, indeed, it had been expected of me that in the discharge of this duty I should have been ready to lay before you to-day any elaborate disquisition, any polished composition, the result of any minute research, I should at once have declined that task, as altogether beyond either my ability or my opportunities of leisure. But I apprehend that the object of meetings of this kind, as well as the duty of those who address them, are very different. My province is not to instruct, but to suggest. I am to contribute, not knowledge, but trains of thought—topics of reflection which, superficial as they may be in themselves, may yet point to the rich ore which may lie beneath the surface. I therefore hope—I can attempt no more—and if in that I succeed, I shall be satisfied—to touch some chord of generous sympathy—to point out some useful

field of meditation—to hold up to the audience some examples which may animate and encourage the heart, either in the investigation after truth, or in the daily and ordinary struggles of life.

I propose to take you back to a scene of tumult now nearly three hundred years old—to a period when, in the meeting and crash of the contending billows of opinion, nations quivered to their centre, and old thrones and dynasties tottered, and individual life was held in jeopardy from day to day, as the victory inclined on either side. I propose to reproduce to you, in a hasty sketch, some of the characters which figured on that stage: and in the centre of them I propose to place the Scottish Reformer JOHN KNOX, not only as a great participant and actor in them, but as a characteristic type of those eventful times.

It may be thought that, in choosing such a subject for this introductory lecture, I have, perhaps, evinced a little of that over-nationality which we on the other side of the Tweed are sometimes accused of entertaining. If it be so, I am not very careful to rebut the charge, or to defend myself against it. I suppose that when the Committee of this Association came across the Tweed to look for a lecturer, they expected that the lecturer so found should at least speak about something with which he was reasonably conversant. And, at all events, I cannot think that in addressing an association of this kind, it can be out of place to trace the steps of a career chequered by almost every vicissitude of fortune; pursued, now in the obscurest shades of private life, now in the wildest and fiercest conflict; sometimes basking in the sunshine of the smiles of princes and of Courts, and again maintained in slavery, in exile, in solitude, in prison; to mark how the strong courageous heart held its constant sway amid the desolation around it, and made its clear voice heard above the roar and tumult of the

elements ; and to mark at last, how a career so maintained, and so continued, resulted, in the end, in a triumph more complete than even the most sanguine hopes had anticipated, and in handing down to a grateful posterity a name that remains, to this day, engraven on the institutions of the country which the hero of my lecture may be said to have regenerated.

A story of that kind, even of exertions in a more ignoble cause, and in a foreign land, could hardly be heard without reading some useful lesson, and lending some encouragement to the ingenuous mind. But I had a further object in view. It has occurred to me, in the course of inquiries to which I was at first accidentally directed, that there is one part of this subject which has not yet received from historians the amount of attention which it deserves. That great work of Dr. McCrie, the *Life of Knox*, admirable both in spirit and in execution, deals, as might naturally be expected, with the Scottish labours of John Knox, with the Scottish history of the Reformation, and with a vindication of the peculiar principles of that ecclesiastical establishment of which John Knox was the originator and founder. Other historians of that time, I am sorry to say, have rather been solicitous to disparage the great events of that period, or, at all events, to disparage the character and position of those who took the principal part in them : some, like David Hume, detesting alike the evangelical principles and the political opinions of the Reformers ; and others, naturally, I suppose—for it seems to be a common failing—so much dazzled with the beauty, so much touched with the misfortunes, so far carried away with the romance, of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, that they can only see in shadow the real principles which were the subject of controversy in those days, and the really great and momentous interests which were then held in suspense.

Indeed, I have often thought, looking back on the history of past times, how much there sometimes is of injustice and ingratitude in what is called history, and how easily a little fashion, or a little romance, in the hands of a skilful writer, will sometimes obscure and eclipse for a whole generation the memory of the greatest and most patriotic services. I need not recall examples; they will strike you at once. It has, however, too frequently happened in the great upheavings of opinion, in those great crises of the world's history, when men fit for the times rise to the surface, maintaining a conflict or a cause with unbroken constancy, at the peril of their fortunes, their fame, their liberty, their lives, and hand down the victory at last to their successors—if in the second generation their names are still had in reverence, that in the third—grown to greatness upon the results of forgotten strife—men turn round and decry the memory of those, under the shadow of whose great names they themselves live in peace and comfort, and are glad to dwell on the frailties, the imperfections, the peculiarities of the men who made their country what it is.

In the hands of such men, history shines by a light which only dazzles and misleads—dwelling on themes of no consequence and withdrawing attention from its real lessons. Whether Queen Mary were accessory to Darnley's murder—whether Cromwell were more hypocrite than fanatic, or either—whether King William directed the massacre of Glencoe—whether the Puritans were absurd in speech or dress,—are all matters of not the slightest moment. They were disputed centuries ago—they will be disputed centuries hereafter; it would make no one wiser or better if they were solved with certainty to-morrow. But to trace the results which established the Reformation in Scotland—to calculate the chances to the destinies of England if Charles I., and Laud, and Strafford had vanquished the

Parliament—to see how the spirit of English freedom was kept alive by the Puritans when threatened by popes and princes—to estimate the benefits of our great Revolution;—these are the sterner lessons which the philosophic inquirer reads in the events of those times, and it is treachery to the real cause of social improvement to disregard their magnitude or under-estimate their importance.

To the subject which I have proposed for to-night, the observations which I have made, I think, are peculiarly appropriate. Even in Scotland, although the memory of John Knox and of the Reformation is as green now as it was in the sixteenth century among the people, yet historians are very liable to this censure. In England I am afraid that, generally, the estimate of the great Scottish Reformer is one which falls very far short indeed of the mark at which he stands even in the eyes of Europe. The general impression in this country in regard to the Scottish Reformation—at least that general impression which one derives from ordinary social conversation—is, that it was a religious movement in a corner of the island, among a people, at that time at least, barbarous and fierce and warlike; a movement which did not concern the people of England, much superior as they then were, and still are, in numbers and in wealth, and superior, as they certainly then were, in the arts of civilised life. The ordinary estimate of the Scottish Reformers would rather seem to be, that although they might be men of ability and men of power, they were yet rude, ferocious, gloomy, and austere; and of John Knox that little was known, or needed to be known, excepting that he was rather unmannerly to a beautiful and youthful Queen, and that his followers, at his instigation, were the means of destroying the finest monuments of architecture in Scotland. That, I think I am not far wrong in saying, is hardly a caricature of the generally

received impression—I can hardly call it an opinion—of the Scottish Reformation and the Scottish Reformers. And then again, as regards the particular ecclesiastical system which was set up by them, it is always regarded askance, as something abhorrent and repugnant to the order of the Church of England; or at all events, as something for which those who profess to belong to the Church of England really need not have much concern, or much sympathy. It never seems to have occurred for the most part to the English mind, that England herself had any part in fashioning and framing the Scottish Reformation, or in forming the minds and opinions of the Scottish Reformers. Still less does it seem to be generally supposed that England herself, her institutions, her opinions, her destiny, had anything in common with the labours of John Knox and his co-adjutors. Now what I propose to myself to-night—and that is the view with which I chose the subject for this lecture—is to endeavour—I fear in a fragmentary and superficial manner—from the materials which have come to my hand, to show how far from accurate this opinion is; to point out what a deep and vital and continuing interest England had in the cause of Protestantism from its rise in Scotland until its triumph; to show the part which the Scottish Reformers, and Knox in particular, took, not in the Scottish Reformation only, but in that of England; and to show still further, if your time allow, how much this country, its free institutions, its freedom of religion, its Protestant faith, owe to the firm and steady hand with which the affairs of Scotland were conducted, during the few but eventful years in which John Knox was substantially its ruler.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that John Knox was merely a Scottish Reformer. It is quite true that Scotland was the theatre of his stormy and exciting old age, as

it had been of his quiescent and unexciting youth. But Knox was the comrade in arms, he was the companion in misfortune, in labour, and to a great extent in opinion, of some of the best and noblest fathers of the Anglican church. Scotland had his youth and his old age ; but it was to England that he devoted the flower and the vigour of his manhood. That, I dare say, may be a new view to some of you who hear me ; but I shall now proceed to show how far it is correct, what these influences on England were, and to what end they tended.

At the time when my narrative commences, Henry VIII.—led at first, probably, to that view by his dispute with the Pope in regard to his marriage—had substantially effected the Reformation in England. In Scotland matters were in a very lamentable condition. That country for three or four successive reigns had been the theatre of constant warfare—warfare with England at one time, of intestine warfare at another. Nobles oppressed nobles, and all oppressed the middle class ; and the clergy—the Roman Catholic clergy—had grown to a state of demoralisation which called down even from James V. the strongest expressions of condemnation. It is not a history that it is pleasant to look back upon. The mind of Scotland—its public opinion—was still dormant ; it did not awake except at the voice of the Reformation. Its monarchs, one after another, had come by untimely ends. James III. had perished at the Battle of Stirling, against forces led by his own son. James IV. had fallen in the field of Flodden, in conflict with the English, with the flower of the Scottish nobility. James V. expired in 1542, immediately after the Battle of Solway, of mortification and despondency at the failure of his plans upon England. So stood the matter as regarded the reigning powers. As regarded religious opinion, Henry VIII. had long foreseen,

with the sagacity that characterised him, that if he hoped to maintain the reformed religion in England, it was absolutely necessary that it should also be maintained in Scotland; and he had done much with James V.—and but for the fear of the nobles that monarch would probably have complied with his wish—to induce him to follow his example. But, driven between the prelates on the one side and the nobles on the other, and finding that the power of the Church was the only lever that he had with which to curb the latter, James was obliged, notwithstanding his opinions, to maintain the Catholic faith. The state to which the manners of the clergy had degenerated at that time in Scotland is something almost incredible; and the quiet smouldering wrath of the commonalty, which had been growing from day to day and from year to year, was gradually approaching the point at which it could be trifled with no longer. Meanwhile the Catholic prelates hastened on the evil day by their own cruelties. The opinions of Luther began to find their way into Scotland. Patrick Hamilton, whose name, I presume, some of you, at all events, are familiar with—who is noted as the first martyr of distinction for the Protestant faith in Scotland,—a youth of noble family, of great erudition, of the highest promise, was in 1528 burnt at the stake in front of the Castle of St. Andrew's, on account of his having adopted Lutheran opinions. Time went on. Many more victims followed; and at last, in 1545, George Wishart, one of the most learned and accomplished, as he was one of the mildest and gentlest, men of his time,—coming, as he did, from the Continent full of knowledge and learning and zeal,—fell under Cardinal Beaton's displeasure, was himself tried and condemned to the same fate.

Here for the first time we obtain a glimpse of Knox. He was a friend and companion of Wishart's; and as

the latter departed for his trial, he said to Knox, "Go back to your bairns, go back to your boys"—Knox was at that time tutor in the family of Cockburn of Ormiston—"Go back to your boys; one is sufficient for a sacrifice." At this time, in 1545, Knox was a man of forty years old. He was born in 1505, and was an older man than Calvin. From 1505 to 1545 we scarcely find his name in the history of Scotland. He had been educated at Glasgow under a professor of the name of Major, a man of some reputation on the continent, of considerable learning, who had been educated at Paris, and who still has a certain name amongst the scholars of that time. He was famed for his skill in dialectics, in which Knox was supposed to have excelled him. Excepting that fact, and the fact that he at one time travelled on the continent during those forty years, and that he was tutor to Cockburn of Ormiston, we hardly have any details as to his previous history. Froude in his valuable book on Henry VIII. thus introduces his notice of John Knox: after describing some events which happened in 1505, he says,—“In the reign of the same king an event occurred of vaster importance. In the house of a retainer of the Earl of Bothwell, in the suburbs of Haddington, there was born into the world an infant who became, perhaps, in that extraordinary age, its most extraordinary man.” Such is the opinion of your most recent historian. But like that of other men who have in the end done great things on the theatre of the world's history, until he had reached forty his name was never heard of. He had remained mute and inglorious, in the capacity of a private tutor in the family of one of the lairds of East Lothian. But we can imagine how in the deep recesses of that man's heart, during those long years of quiet and silent meditation, the light of truth had gradually worked its way—how to conviction succeeded indignation, and to indignation the deep resolve

that when the time should come—be it early, or be it late—he at all events would lift his voice and hand to free his native country from her intolerable oppression. And we can afterwards trace how much of knowledge and of learning, not merely of the schools—for he threw his dialectics away when he came upon the arena in which he was destined to conquer—not learning merely of the schools, but learning of all kinds : knowledge of the human heart, knowledge of man, knowledge of affairs, as well as the better and higher knowledge, the result of deep religious impressions, he had stored up in those long, silent, years. One can see how all those great resources were gradually and silently accumulating within the man, and when the time did come, with what force and vigor, in defiance of fortune and of fate, he wielded them in the cause of his native land.

Cardinal Beaton was assassinated within a year from the time when Wishart was burned. His assassination of course produced a great sensation throughout Scotland. The Catholic party were indignant and furious, and Knox, with others of the Protestants, were shut up in the Castle of St. Andrew's. There he preached for the first time, and the effect of his opening his lips was so great, that, unknown as he seems to have been before, he was immediately called upon to take upon himself the office of the ministry. He declined ; he begged and entreated that this might not be thrust upon him ; but at last he was compelled to yield. In the Castle of St. Andrew's, until the siege was raised by capitulation, in 1547, to the French, he continued his ministrations. The castle capitulated ; Knox was taken prisoner ; he was taken on board a French galley, and for eighteen months—such was the inauspicious beginning of his public career—for eighteen months was he kept on board this French galley, in irons, a prisoner of France.

During that time he never seems to have lost heart or hope.

There is still extant a treatise on Justification by Faith, written by a man celebrated in those times, of the name of Balnaves,* who was himself one of the prisoners, to which Knox added a summary and preface, written apparently during his captivity. He says in the preface that "This was sent me in Rouen lying in irons, and sore troubled by corporeal infirmity, in the galley named the *Notre Dame*." At the end of the preface he exclaims, "Abide, stand, call for His support, and so the enemies which now effraye you shortly shall be confounded, and never more shall appear to molest you."

In a year and a half the scene changes. Knox seems to have been liberated about 1549, and the next trace which we find of him—and this is the point at which my subject properly commences—is that he is engaged by the Privy Council of England under Edward VI. as a preacher in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. He was afterwards removed to Newcastle; and a year more, and Knox, the humble and obscure tutor in Haddington, is one of the chaplains of Edward VI. We know very little of the means or the gradual stages by which this was accomplished: I rather imagine the fact must be, that Knox's power and erudition and eloquence as a preacher were so remarkable, that it was at once seen of what advantage it would be to enlist such a man in the cause of the Reform of the Church of England. Be that as it may, such is the fact, that in December 1551 he was made one of the chaplains of Edward VI. The six chaplains of that time were of the names of Harley, Bill, Horn (who was afterwards Bishop of Winchester), Grindall (afterwards Archbishop of York), Lever (who also had preferment in the Church under Elizabeth), Perne, and Knox. It appears from a letter that has been preserved in the records, from the Duke of North-

* He was afterwards a judge of the Court of Session.

umberland to Secretary Cecil, that he advised that Knox should be offered the bishopric of Rochester. I cannot say that the Duke's reasons are altogether those upon which such an appointment should be made. They are preserved in the letter, and I shall read them to you. He says—"I would to God it might please the King's Majesty to appoint Mr. Knox to the office of Rochester bishopric, which for three purposes would be very well. First, he would not only be a whetstone to quicken and sharpen the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need, but also he would be a great confounder of the Anabaptists, lately sprung up in Kent. Secondly, he should not continue his ministrations contrary to those set forth here." (It seems the Duke found him a rather troublesome neighbour in Newcastle.) "Thirdly, the family of the Scots now in Berwick and in Newcastle, chiefly for his fellowship, would not continue there (which the Duke of Northumberland apparently thought would be of signal advantage). Whether Knox was offered the bishopric or not, does not appear; it does, however, appear, that he neither desired nor would accept it. For the next letter from the Duke of Northumberland says that he "desired nothing more with Mr. Knox except to wish him well, because he seems to be a person that is neither pleasurable nor grateful." And accordingly that preferment did not take place. On the 2nd February, 1552, a letter appears in the council records, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in favour of Mr. Knox, "to be presented to the vicarage or parsonage of Allhallows, in Bread-street (London), by the preferment of Thomas Sampson to the deanery of Chichester." But apparently Mr. Knox was no more inclined to take the parsonage of Allhallows than he had been inclined to take the bishopric of Rochester; and a proceeding took place which is rare in ecclesiastical patronage. He was summoned before the Privy Council to state his

reasons for refusing to accept the living of Allhallows; and, they are to be found in the Records. He said upon that occasion, that although he held that the duty of preaching the word was one which he could not decline, there were things in the existing order of the Church of England which disinclined him to take higher preferment in it. "With some gentle speeches" (says the Record) he was dismissed." Our next trace of him is a letter directed to the Lord Russell, and other gentlemen within the county of Buckingham, in favour of Mr. Knox, the preacher, dated the 2nd of June, 1553. He seems to have gone to Buckinghamshire in the middle of 1553, and there for half a year he preached up and down the county to immense congregations, and I have no doubt with considerable effect.

Now that is a period of four years from 1549 down to the end of 1553. During the whole of that time Knox was actively engaged—he could hardly fail to be actively engaged, from the temperament of the man—in preaching the gospel in England; in Berwick, in Newcastle, in London, before the King and Council, in Buckinghamshire—wherever he had the opportunity. Not only so: but although we have not materials for very accurately deciding what part Knox took, he did take some part, in the revision of the Liturgy at that time, and in the revision of what ultimately became the Thirty-nine Articles. We find from some of his own writings, and also from some records published by the Parker Society, that he effected some alterations upon the Communion service as it then stood in the service book of the Church of England. In a discussion with Latimer which took place at Oxford, in 1554, Dr. Weston, the Prolocutor, accused Latimer of being a party to the alteration. He said, "A renegade Scot"—as he calls him—"a renegade Scot did take away the adoration of Christ in the sacrament." "So much," he adds, "prevailed the authority of that one

man at that time." In regard to the Articles of the Church of England I dare say Knox's part was not very great. They were not adjusted at that time. But he was one of the King's chaplains, to whom the duty of revision was allocated.

Such is the first stage. What amount of effect Knox may personally have produced as a preacher it is impossible now for us to say; but I think it must be pretty plain that if his gifts and powers so recommended him to the government of Edward VI. when he was an unknown man, it is impossible that, with the earnestness and fervour and power which he possessed, he should not have been a very useful instrument in promoting the Reformation in the very heart of England itself.

We have some means of judging of it by what took place afterwards. Edward VI. died, and Queen Mary succeeded, in July, 1553. There was a tolerance of nearly half-a-year for the promulgation of the doctrines of the Reformation. And Knox remained at his post, preaching in Buckinghamshire down to the end of the year 1553; and, as I shall show you immediately, preaching with an amount of boldness characteristic of the man, but singularly dangerous for a person in his position; for it appears—and he afterwards published the passage—that he preached against the marriage of the King of Spain with Mary, and denounced against England all the woes that would come upon her if that unholy union were completed. At last the days of toleration ceased. The shadow of the approaching persecution was imminent, and Knox fled to Dieppe in the beginning of 1544; again an exile, and apparently without a companion. Friendless he was not, for he had friends in every Protestant congregation in that country. But to Dieppe he went, and from thence, poor and exiled as he was, he thundered forth the fulminations of an indignant heart

against the cruelties which Mary had begun to perpetrate. It is remarkable that he, a Scotchman by birth, with all his associations and all his early friends in that country, should have taken so deeply to heart the work on which he had been employed in England, that he rather looked upon it as the country to which his energies ought to be devoted. The position in which he was when he left London may be gathered from a letter which he writes to his future mother-in-law, in regard to pecuniary affairs, upon which it is not often that the Reformer makes any remarks. He says, in this letter from Dieppe,—“I will not make you privy to how rich I am, but from London I departed with less money than ten groats.” And then he adds, with the grim humour which pervades his writings,—“Either the Queen’s Majesty or some treasurer will be £40 richer by me, for so much lack I of the duty of my patent”—that was his year’s salary—“but that little troubles me. In an exposition of the sixth Psalm of David, which he seems to have composed for his mother-in-law in 1554, he says:—“Sometimes I have thought it impossible that it had been, so to have removed my affection from the realm of Scotland, that any realm or nation could have been equally dear to me. But God I take to record in my conscience that the troubles present and appearing in the realm of England are troubles more dolorous unto my heart than ever were the troubles of Scotland.” Then he seems to be afraid that he has not fought his battle with sufficient courage, and that he ought not to have turned his back upon the land in which his mission apparently was. He says:—“Albeit I have in the beginning of this battle appeared to play the faint-hearted and feeble soldier, yet I pray I may be restored to the battle, that England and Scotland may both know that I am ready to suffer more than adversity or exile in the profession of the truth. He adds:—“*For a few sermons to be made by me in*

England I would be content to suffer more than nature were able to sustain."

I have quoted these things, because, whatever opinions may be entertained in regard to Knox's character, or his theological and ecclesiastical views, it is surely refreshing to every generous mind to hear the sound of true words ring out so clearly amid the shadows of misfortune. He seems, indeed, at one time to have entertained a design of doing in England what he ultimately did in Scotland—of throwing himself into the country, and relying on the support and feeling of the people. He addresses in the same year (1554) from Dieppe a letter to the faithful in London. It is a long and earnest admonition to steadfastness, dated, "From Dieppe—whither, God knows. In the conclusion of this pamphlet, he says:—"My own state is this. Since the 28th of January, I have travelled through all the congregations in Helvetia, I have reasoned with all the pastors and many other excellently learned men on such matters as *I now cannot commit to writing*. Gladly would I by tongue and by pen utter the same. *If I thought I might have your presence, and the presence of some other assured men, I would jeopard my own life, and let men see what may be done with a safe conscience in these dolorous and dangerous days. But seeing that it cannot be done instantly without danger to others than me, I will abide the time which God shall appoint. But hereof be assured that all is not lawful nor just that is statute by civil law; neither yet is everything sin before God which ungodly persons allege to be treason.*"

These are very significant words. They imply that Knox at that time meditated nothing short of an armed resistance in England. His concluding remarks, as you will find, indicate principles which afterwards received very remarkable development.

Before he left Dieppe, which he did in 1554, he sent forth

from his retirement a far more important document. He entitles his work, "An Admonition to the Professors of God's Truth in England." It was written on hearing of the imprisonment of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and is a very fervent, and at the same time a very vehement, exhortation to constancy. He denounces the return to Popery in a strain of unmeasured severity, sparing no amount of invective even against the Queen herself. One passage, which came to be of note, may give some idea of its general style.

"In writing hereof, it came to mind that after the death of that innocent and godly king, Edward VI., while that great tumult was in England for the establishment of that most unhappy and wicked woman's authority—I mean, of her who now reigneth in God's wrath—entreating the same argument in a town in Buckinghamshire named Hammershame, before a great congregation, with sorrowful heart and weeping eyes I fell into this exclamation:—

"O England, now is God's wrath kindled against thee! Now has he begun to punish, as he hath threatened a long while by his true prophets and messengers. He has taken from thee the crown of thy glory, and hath left thee without honor, as a body without a head. And this appeareth to be only the beginning of sorrow, which appeareth to increase. For I perceave that the herte, the tounge, and the hand of one Englyshe man is bente agaynst another, and devision to be in the whole realme, whiche is an assured signe of desolation to come.

"O Englande, Englande! doest thou not consider that thy common wealth is lyke a shippe sailyng on the sea; yf thy maryners and governours shall one consume another, shalte thou not suffer shipwracke in shorte processe of tyme?

"O Englande, Englande! Alasse! these plagues are

powred upon thee, for that thou woldest not knowe the moste happy tyme of thy gentle visitation. But wylte thou yet obey the voyce of thy Lord, and submitte thy selfe to his holy wordes? Truely, yf thou wilt, thou shalt fynde mercye in his syght, and the estate of thy common wealth shall be preserved.

“ ‘ But, O Englande, Englande! yf thou obstinately wilt returne into Egypt; that is, yf thou contracte mariage, confederacy, or league, with such princes as do mayntayne and aduance ydolatrie, (suche as the Emperoure, which is no lesse enemy unto Christe then ever was Nero;) yf for the pleasure and frendshippe (I saye) of such princes, thou returne to thyne olde abhominations, before used under the Papistrie, then assuredly, O Englande! thou shalte be plagued and brought to desolation, by the meanes of those whose fauoures thou seekest, and by whome thou arte procured to fall from Christ, and to serve Antichrist.’ ”

This strong but stirring appeal found its way into England—how does not appear. That it did reach its destination, however, and produced alarm among those it denounced, is certain; for we find that it was afterwards alleged against the author that this work had greatly increased the severity of Mary against the Protestants, and not only directed the persecution of Government against those suspected of having the work in their possession, but actually led to the execution of Ridley and Latimer.

We have seen Knox now in private life for forty years; we have seen him in slavery for a year and a half; we have had him the companion of princes and nobles for four years; and we have him now cast adrift and in exile. And let me observe here, that those who imagine that Knox was an unpolished and uncourtly man must surely forget the training and experience which he had during those four years' residence in England—even if he had required that

training. The companion every day of the first nobility of England,—the private chaplain of Edward VI., frequently in contact with him,—a man that spent his life, so to speak, in courts,—could never have been that rude untutored savage that it has been the delight and pleasure of some historians to represent him. Strong he was of speech, no doubt, and strong of action. He was not given to express a thing in particularly mild language, if he felt it strongly; but that he had the manners as he had the education of a gentleman, no one who studies either his writings or his history can doubt. Accordingly, from the beginning to the end, whether in the Court of Edward or the Court of Mary of Scots, we find him with access to the inmost recesses of what in that time was the most refined and fashionable life in either country. Mary herself, we shall see immediately, if my time allows me ever to reach that point—sent for him over and over again; and although she did not much like what he told her, there is no ground whatever to imagine that he did not behave in the presence of majesty with courtesy and respect.

I now quit this period of his life. Probably those four eventful years may yet receive farther illustration from future history. But I proceed to the next. That next stage, however, is a more troubled and chequered one. It is curious as a matter of historical research, and it is also not without its bearing on the general topics that most interest an English audience; but it rather is conversant with matters, perhaps, not altogether fitted for so mixed an assembly as this is. I have come here not to express opinions. I have come here simply to speak historical facts. I am not here as the apologist or the advocate of Knox; I am here simply to lay before you what his life and career truly were, and you will not wonder that in a temperament so ardent, so intense a feeling of duty, so strong a scorn of what he

belived to be error—you will not wonder that in his case, as in the case of almost every man with a similar temperament, there are many things which critics may condemn, and some things which the most friendly may deplore. But I shall go on, and I shall describe to you what the next stages were in Knox's history. They were honourable to him; after having visited all the congregations of Helvetia, he was invited to be pastor of the English congregation at Frankfort—a congregation of refugees fleeing from the Marian persecution and having taken refuge in that city, Accordingly to Frankfort he went, and he remained there as the pastor of the English congregation for six months, when a discussion arose upon some matters which at first sight were not supposed to be important, but which in the end had a very material bearing upon his future career.

It seems that the authorities of Frankfort permitted the English congregation to assemble, provided they used the French or Geneva order of service, and a question was stirred among the English how far they could with propriety dispense with any part of the service book as it had been used in the time of Edward VI. That question was referred by Knox and his friends to Calvin, and Calvin gives his opinion; and an opinion which sounds full of good feeling and sense. "He says:—"This thing truly grieveth me very much, and it is a great shame that contention should arise among brethren banished and driven out from their country for one faith and for that cause which only ought to have holden you bound together as it were with a holy band in this your dispersion. For what might you do better in this dolorous and miserable plague, than, being pulled violently from your country, to procure yourselves a church which should receive you and nourish you, being joined together in mind and language, in her motherly lap; but now for some men to strive as touching the forms of prayer, and for ceremonies, as though

ye were at rest and prosperity, or to suffer that to be an impediment that ye cannot join unto one body of the Church, as I think, is too much out of season." He sends back a response, with a rebuke to them for troubling themselves with disputes of that kind, at that time, when they should all have been combined together. But his advice did not prevail; for some little time afterwards, Dr. Cox, who was afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and had been Preceptor to Edward VI., and who probably did not agree with Knox upon some of his known views as to the liturgy, and Grindall, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and I think Jewel and Lever, arrived at Frankfort from Strasburgh, and they insisted on carrying out the form of the English liturgy in its integrity. I shall not trouble you with the details of that dispute; but the result was this,—that some of these refugees, not greatly to their credit, represented to the magistrates of Frankfort that Knox was the man who had written that "Admonition to the Faithful in London," and made the observation upon Philip II. of Spain, which I quoted before, and the magistrates, fearing that some question might be made by the Emperor in regard to the harbouring of men of such sentiments, advised him to retire from Frankfort, and accordingly he went to Geneva. Unfortunately, his going did not heal the differences in the Frankfort congregation, and some months afterwards a considerable number of them followed him to Geneva, where he again began his pastoral ministrations.

I cannot avoid reading to you a sentence or two from a letter of Bishop Ridley at this time, written a very few days only before his martyrdom. He says, "Alas that our brother Knox could not bear with our Book of Common Prayer, matters against which although I grant a man, as he is, of wit and learning, may find many apparent reasons, I suppose he cannot be able soundly to disprove by God's Word!" And

then he ends by saying, "Surely Mr. Knox is to my mind a man of much good learning and of earnest zeal. The Lord grant him to use them only for his glory." That is a testimony not without its weight, written at such a time, from such a man. The last paragraph in the letter is significant :—
"Where ye say ye were by the magistrates required gently to omit such things in your book as might offend their people; not as things unlawful, but to their people offensive; and so ye have done, as to the having of surplice and kneeling; *truly in that I cannot judge, but that both ye and the magistrates have done right well*; for I suppose in things indifferent, and not commanded or forbidden by God's Word, and wherein the customs of divers countries be diverse, the man of God that hath knowledge will (not) stick to forbear the custom of his own country, being those where the people therewith will be offended; and surely if I might have done so much with our magistrates I would have required Mr. Alasco to have done no less when he was with us." Knox accordingly went to Geneva; he became the pastor of that congregation for a few months.

I must now travel rapidly over the less important ground. The English congregation at Geneva were all composed at that time of the refugees from England. In Scotland, although the Catholic party was still dominant, the persecution was not proceeding as it did under Mary of England. After remaining at Geneva for five or six months, he went back to Scotland for the first time since he left St. Andrew's in 1549, and he was rejoiced at the change that he found. He found the preaching of the gospel allowed and tolerated; he found men's minds wonderfully stirred, enlarged, and advanced from the time he had left them. He remained there for six or eight months, and preached in Edinburgh to great congregations, and at last he was summoned before the Council by the bishops.

He had in the meantime received a call from Geneva to take up the permanent pastoral duty of that congregation, and seeing that the time was not ripe, he again left the country, and was condemned to death, and burned in effigy in his absence. From 1556 down to 1559 he remained the pastor of the Genevese congregation.

I have now laid before you the life of Knox for these ten years—they were, as I said before, the best ten years of his life. They were not the most illustrious, nor those for which he has been handed down to posterity. But I have, I think, so far fulfilled what I undertook to show you at the outset—I have shown you that he was not a mere Scottish Reformer—that you, too, had part of his labours—that in England as well as Scotland his power was felt; enough, at all events, to give Englishmen and Scotsmen a bond of sympathy, of fellow-feeling, in his reputation.

There is another incident in the Reformer's life which is, perhaps, not as generally known, but which excited at the time, and, perhaps, exerted in the end as much influence and as much feeling as any. It is one out of which the discretion of the Reformer does certainly not come as clear as it does out of most things which he attempted and undertook. Nor am I here, as I have said already, as the apologist of John Knox. I do not maintain that he was not a man capable of indiscretion, capable of vehemence of feeling, capable of being carried away by an excess of ardent impulses. We find running through all his career that intense and earnest love of the truth, that intense desire to be of service to his fellow men, that vehemence and ardour of feeling which in every fallible human breast will at one time or other hurry a man beyond the bounds of absolute prudence and moderation. But this proceeding of Knox that I am now going to speak of was a remarkable one. I read you an extract a little while ago from a letter which he wrote from Dieppe, in 1554, in

which he said, "All things are not lawful which are statute by the civil law, and all things are not treason that the ungodly call to be so." Knox seems at that time—and no wonder a man of his clear sight and firm spirit should have done so—to have been reflecting gravely on this question: "How far am I bound as a Christian man to obey these things that which are enjoined by those in authority in this land?" And in his difficulty he went to the celebrated Bullinger, and submitted to him a series of questions as to the obligation of the subject to obey where the ruler commanded that which was unlawful by God's Word. He at the same time put a question as to how far it was lawful for a woman to rule a kingdom. Bullinger's answers were prudent and judicious. He solves the last question in the affirmative: the first he considers a question of circumstances. These things had been festering in the mind of Knox. He went to Scotland in 1556, as I have said, and there he was summoned before the Council. He was tried and condemned in his absence—condemned to the flames and burnt in effigy. He had been driven from one country by the persecutions of one Queen; he had been driven from the other by the persecutions of another. His best and dearest friends had gone to the stake and had been committed to the flames by the ruling authority in England. He said to himself, "How long is this to last? How much am I to obey and how long to suffer?" And at last, pondering upon these things, he came out in his retreat at Geneva, in 1557, with that celebrated treatise, the object of which was to show that the Salique law was alone consonant to the Scriptures, and that it was unlawful for a woman to rule. He gave it the somewhat quaint title of "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." And he, doubtless, intended his work to subserve the purpose of a revolution in both ends of the island. It is needless to say that, as re-

garded the demonstration of the main proposition he desired to establish, this celebrated work, although written with a command of patristic learning which shows the great amount of his resources, and the ease with which he wielded them, was an entire failure. "My first blast," he said, "has blown all my friends in England from me." And, unluckily for Knox, the work was not only inconclusive in argument, but was also a great practical mistake. He had launched his thunders against Mary, and called down vengeance on her for the blood she had spilt, and prophesied in the end of the work her speedy death. His surmise came true. She died on the 17th of November, 1558, and Elizabeth ascended the throne, and never to the end of her life did she forgive the author of the work which questioned the title of her authority. And, indeed, it raised up enemies on all sides. Calvin complained, in language which does not testify any hostility to Knox—for he was Knox's fast friend both before and afterwards—that the arrogance of one man should have caused so much mischief. Beza was refused by Queen Elizabeth her patronage to his work because of his intimacy with Knox. Cecil shortly afterwards said, in a letter, that of all names at the Court of Elizabeth none was held in so much aversion as that of the Scottish Reformer. There can be no doubt that Queen Elizabeth's feelings in regard to this book and its author, although the work itself was inspired by the cruelties and persecutions of two female sovereigns, was in great measure the source in England of the kind of dislike with which the memory of Knox is regarded. Looking down as we do now from the eminence of a happier reign than that of Elizabeth herself, under which the throne stands firm on constitutional authority, and firmer still in the reverence and the affection of an united people, we can afford to look back with indulgence to the vehemence of the bold but unfriended exile of 1557.

He felt the effects of this mistake to the end of his career. But yet his blast has had its fruit in England, also ; for, apart altogether from the main intent of the book, there was in it boldly mooted, for the first time, as far as I know, in English history, that doctrine of resistance which was destined in the next century to work such important results. The first effect no doubt was all the other way. It probably went very far in England to give force and fashion to the principle of passive obedience which found so much favour in the next reign. But when the leaders of the Commonwealth came to defend their proceedings in the face of the country, it was from the writings of Knox and his companions, Goodman and Gilley, that they did so. Milton, in writing of the tenure of kings and magistrates, quotes Knox expressly, calling him a most "famous divine, and the reformer of Scotland," and ends his summary of authority by the exclamation,—“These were the true Protestant divines of England, our fathers in the faith we hold ; this was their sense who for so many years, labouring under prelacy, through all its storms and persecutions kept religion from extinguishing.”

Knox never blew his second blast, although he never admitted that his theory was wrong. His views of constitutional liberty were before his time, and even in his own mind dimly shadowed out : but whatever opinion may be held as to the views he adduced, there can be little doubt, in point of fact, that the barb of the javelin launched from his hand went deep into the troubles in England during the succeeding century.

There is a third phase of the story, a much larger one for Knox himself—a far more brilliant one for the exile of Dieppe. The refugee of Frankfort, the quiet parson of Geneva, in 1559 was called again to Scotland. To Scotland he came, and from the day he landed down to the day

of his death he was substantially Scotland's ruler. He landed in 1559, just ten years from that sad day when he was carried off a prisoner from St. Andrew's. He died in 1572, and during that time Scotland sprang from being the scene of contending factions, of petty wars waged by the petty nobility, to a nation with a mind, a vigour, and an opinion which from that time forward, I do not think I arrogate too much to my countrymen in saying, has not been without its due weight throughout the whole of this great island. From that time first arose the feeling of popular liberty in Scotland. From that time first arose the existence of what may be called a public opinion. From that time began learning to flourish in the middle and lower ranks. Then, whatever may be said of the church establishment which Knox formed, he laid the foundations of that great institution of our parochial schools which has made the name of Scotchmen respected and venerated throughout the world. I cannot trace—I cannot stop to trace—throughout the various phases of that troubled time, the way in which the Reformer, steadfast and true, maintained his course. It was not without difficulty; it was not without the desertion of friends, nor without the malice of foes, and even in his dying days he said, "Though this ungrateful generation will not acknowledge my merits, yet posterity will know what I have been." I cannot stop to speak of these things. There is only one view of my subject which remains, and that is a most important one. Whatever were the merits of Knox's ministrations in England, whatever he may have done to reform the mind of England, whatever part he took in that battlefield, is nothing compared to what he did for England during the period of his influence in Scotland. Those who have written of those times, and represent Knox and his band of reformers as a set of turbulent ecclesiastics, agreeing to

impose humiliation upon their youthful Queen, and caring for nothing but having their austere manners tied down upon the Court—know nothing of the real nature of the momentous interests which at that moment were at stake. Let anyone look over Europe at that time. The first Lutheran movement was beginning to flag; France and Spain were both adverse to the cause of the Reformation; Mary had just succeeded to the throne; she was married to the heir-apparent of France; the Pope and Philip of Spain, and the king of France, were all united, if they could, to put down the Protestant religion in England. It is now proved beyond a doubt, by documents which cannot be mistaken, that such was the intention with which Queen Mary set sail from France. Time will not allow me to demonstrate this at length. But in the collection of Prince Labanoff, a work compiled with infinite pains and labour, in order, as the author thinks, to raise the reputation of the unfortunate Queen, letters are found, from the day she landed in Scotland down to the day of her death, which prove the unbroken constancy with which her plans were pursued. To the Cardinal of Lorraine—the Ministers of France—to the Duke of Alva, and Philip II.—to the Pope, and, in short, to all the heads of the Catholic party in Europe, her correspondence was unremitting. It proves her to have been a woman of great ability, devoted to political intrigue, and an accomplished dissembler. No one knew better how to use her advantages, and if she did not succeed in enlisting Knox on her side, it was because his honesty and sagacity were proof against allurements which even strong and earnest men had been unable to resist.

When Mary first succeeded to the throne of Scotland, as soon at least as she was of age to act, the restoration of a Catholic dynasty in England was her object; and that she proposed to effect through her own influence in Scotland,

and by challenging the legitimacy of Elizabeth, and asserting her own right to the double crown. Such was her scheme when she first came to Scotland—a scheme concerted along with the French Court, and with the cognizance of the Pope. Of this Knox was perfectly aware, and he wrote to Secretary Cecil, to tell him,—You must not mind what offence I have given to Queen Elizabeth ; but unless you send us succour here, unless you maintain the cause of Protestantism in Scotland, your turn will come and your doom is sealed. Cecil was wise enough to take the hint, and Queen Elizabeth, albeit not without reluctance, yet still threw her influence into the scale of Knox and the Reformation, and the Reformation was completed in 1560. But the danger was not over. Francis II., the husband of Queen Mary, died ; there was the project of a new marriage, and you may all recollect to have read how Knox thundered from the pulpit against the proposal of a marriage with Don Carlos, the son of Philip II. of Spain, that he denounced it in the strongest and severest terms, and that Murray, the Regent, who had been his fast friend, blamed him for his vehemence and violence, and rather sided with the Queen and against Knox on that occasion. The Queen summoned him to her presence, and the story goes that he was so stern and severe that she burst into tears. It is a favourite scene with many romantic historians—the savage minister and the gentle Queen contrast with great effect. But Mary knew very well the use of her tears as well as of her smiles. We have now the whole history of that projected marriage, and can appreciate with accuracy the relative position of the parties to that conference.

It appears that in 1564 a project was set on foot by the Cardinal de Granville and the Duchesse D'Arschot, the aunt of Queen Mary, to carry out this marriage with Don Carlos. Mary's letters to both are still preserved. They were

written with the utmost secrecy, the negotiation being carried on by verbal messages, through a person of the name of Rouillet,* who was then the Secretary of Queen Mary. In these letters she enjoins the strictest concealment of the project she had in view, but expresses her satisfaction at the prospect of triumphing over her enemies. Philip II.'s letters are also extant. They are referred to and partially quoted by M. Mignet. Philip says in one of them that he thought the marriage of his son with the Queen of Scots was "*the only means to remedy the state of religion in the KINGDOM OF ENGLAND;*" and in another, after the project had miscarried, he declares that he gave up the plan of the marriage because he saw that it would not produce the fruit he expected, "*that is to say, the reduction of the kingdom of Scotland, AND OF THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND, to the Catholic faith, FOR WHICH ALONE WOULD I HAVE EXPOSED MYSELF TO ALL WHICH MUST HAVE OCCURRED.*"†

Such was the plot on the religion and liberties of both countries, which the information of Knox enabled him to explode, and over which Mary shed those tears of disappointment. The trumpet-call of Knox spread the alarm; it was speedily caught up by England; and the design was happily averted. But, with this peril impending, was it a time to talk of courtly manners? Is it in that strain that Knox should be spoken of when, in the knowledge of the contemplated blow, and the secrecy with which it had been prepared, he spoke as a man might well speak who saw that the safety of the whole kingdom was at stake? Where, think you, would the Protestant religion and the liberty of England have been had that conspiracy succeeded? If you look into the letters that are preserved by Bishop Burnet and are printed at the end of the second volume of his

* See Labanoff, vol. i. 200, *et seq.* † Mignet, i. 158.

history of the Reformation—I mean Jewel's letters to Bullinger, and one or two others—you will see the daily fear the English Protestants were in, not merely from the attempt of Spain, but from doubts of the feeling of some parts of the country. All the north was supposed to be disaffected, and it broke out every now and then in dangerous rebellion. Where then would England have been if the Catholic party had obtained predominance in Scotland, and the Spanish army had invaded or had been invited to those shores? Is it not perfectly plain that not Scottish interests only, but that English interests at that time, were suspended by a thread, and nothing but Knox's power over the people—which neither the frowns of the great, or even the desertion of friends, could change—kept Scotland steadfast to the Protestant faith and the English alliance, and enabled England to defy the united Catholic world.

The same struggle between the Queen, supported by the Catholic Powers on one hand, and Knox, maintained by the people of Scotland, on the other, continued during the remainder of the Reformer's life. It was incessant and critical during the whole period. There was not one year, from 1565 to 1572, in which England was not in danger of the assault which took effect at last in the Spanish Armada: and that danger sprang directly from the tenacity of purpose and perpetual machinations of the Court of Holyrood. As an instance of the duplicity by which these counsels were characterised, it may be mentioned that in 1566 the Queen put forth a proclamation from Glasgow, assuring the nation of her determination not to interfere with the established religion, and branding as false calumniators those who had spread reports to the contrary. At the very same time we find, from a letter preserved in Labanoff's collection, Mary wrote the most urgent letter to Philip II., assuring him that the time was now ripe, that all


things were ready, and urging him, without delay, to send over assistance to restore Scotland to the bosom of the Church.* In 1567 she wrote both to Philip and to the Pope for pecuniary assistance, and received it from both; and Rizzio, who is generally regarded merely as a Court minion, there is now no doubt whatever was in the pay and confidence of the Vatican, and reported constantly how the hopes of the Catholic party prospered.

These perils were English perils; those who warded them off were the protectors of English religion and liberties. Probably there was vigour and spirit enough in Protestant England to have met and faced the danger single-handed. But all England was not hearty in the cause: the Catholic party were still strong, and if Scotland had joined the Catholic side the difficulties of England would have been greatly increased. To the vigilance, the extensive knowledge of Europe, and the unceasing energy, of one man, England owes it that she was not exposed, in those critical days, to a storm which might have submerged her liberties for ever.

My subject does not embrace, nor would my limits permit of my discussing, the progress of the Reformation in Scotland. That story is too well known, and has been too well told, to require enlargement on from me. Nor have I much to add on the personal character of the Reformer. His temperament, however, as well as his history, have been very imperfectly appreciated. He was as little of a bigot as a Churchman in

* Labanoff, vol. i. 281. In this letter Mary says that she implored the favour and aid of Philip, "seeing what has happened in this realm, which tends to the entire ruin of the Catholics, and the establishment of those unfortunate errors, which wishing to resist, the king my husband and I will be in danger of losing our crown, and by the same means **THE RIGHT WHICH WE PRETEND ELSEWHERE**, if we have not the aid of one of the great princes of Christendom."—September 10th, 1565.

those times could be, as his proceedings in regard to the use of the English Service-book sufficiently evince. He was, in fact, much more of a statesman than an ecclesiastic, and looked far more to practical results than to subtle analysis of means or of principles. Those who speak of his ferocity forget that, in an age in which life was little regarded, it is said in his praise by one of his great adversaries,—Lesley, Bishop of the Isles,—that no one suffered death for his opinions while Knox had sway in Scotland. He is supposed to have been an austere and gloomy ascetic: he was in reality a genial, humorous, and mirthful man. His history, written by himself, sparkles with passages of redundant humour, never very refined, but always strong, quaint and racy, thrown off, without effort, from the natural quality and colour of his thoughts. In his account of his dialogues with Queen Mary which he reports, he dwells with a grim complacency on the faint tinge of the ridiculous which even those eventful meetings did not escape. For instance, when Queen Mary gave a ball at Holyrood in honour of the Catholic League, then just formed, Knox preached on the text, "And now, kings, understand: be learned, ye judges of the earth." Mary took great offence, and had a long interview with him, in which he recounts that, after suggesting, of the Court, that "they are more exercised in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing of God's most blessed Word," he delivered himself on dancing thus: "And of dancing, madam, I said that albeit in Scriptures I find no praise of it, and in profane writers that it is termed the gesture rather of those that are mad and in frenzy than of sober men, yet do I not utterly condemn it, providing that two vices be avoided; the former, that the principal vocation of those that use that exercise be not neglected for the pleasure of dancing; secondly, that they dance not as the Philistines their fathers, for the pleasure that they take in the displeasure of God's people."



As liberal a judgment, I think, as the least austere could desire. Even on the difficult subject of ladies' dress, his views were far from those of a precisian. Writing to a lady he says, that "Touching the apparel of women, it is very difficult and dangerous to appoint any certainty, lest in so doing we either restrain Christian liberty, or else loose the bridle too far to the foolish phantasy of facile flesh." In short, he was much less of a Puritan, and much more of a man of the world, in the best sense of that term, than is often supposed.

Much has been bitterly said, and it is one of the vulgar topics of reproach against his memory, about the destruction of the ecclesiastical houses at the Reformation. But the truth is that Knox is very little responsible for this offence if it be one. He did what he could to restrain the populace at the first outbreak. In fact, the Crown and the landed proprietors of Scotland, who swallowed up the revenues out of which alone these buildings could have been supported, are quite as chargeable with the loss of these architectural remains. There are not wanting other instances of a similar destruction, in edifices not ecclesiastical, and by hands not reforming. The royal palace of Dunfermline was entire, or nearly so, in 1690. Now, scarce a vestige of it remains. That of Linlithgow was in perfect preservation in 1745. It is now only a splendid ruin. More than one beautiful Abbey has been forced to part with every carved stone it possessed to build the fences in the adjoining fields. The result of the confiscation of the Church lands, and the payment of a stipend only to the parish minister, left no fund whatever to preserve these buildings from decay. But had it been otherwise, what then? In those "dolorous and dangerous days," as Knox termed them, it was no time to dispute on the carving of a doorway, or the beauty of a transept. We may lament, for the sake of art, that so much is lost; but if

we bought our liberties at no higher price, they were very cheaply purchased.

My task is now performed. My endeavour has been to exhibit the Scottish Reformer against a background of English history. I have produced but a hasty sketch: a more practised and powerful hand might greatly improve it. I have, however, accomplished my design if, by exhibiting what a bold and fearless spirit, sustained by earnest conviction, and maintaining a sound conscience, can effect in the most difficult circumstances and the darkest times—if by the example I have feebly delineated I have animated or inspired one generous breast in this large assembly—the proceedings of the evening have not been without result, nor has the labour I have cheerfully bestowed been entirely thrown away.

Bigotry.

A LECTURE

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BIGOTRY.

THE etymology of "BIGOT" has puzzled the learned in such researches. Dean Trench, in one of the interesting and fascinating works with which he is enriching our literature, rejects the two derivations most commonly received, and traces its origin to Spain. Of the derivations thus rejected, one deduces it from the "name by which certain communities of pietist women were known in the middle ages;" the other from "the early Normans" and "their often adjuration of the name of God." With this origin is connected a story told by Camden, that "when Rollo, Duke of Normandy, received the daughter of Charles the Simple in marriage, together with the investiture of that dukedom, he would not submit to kiss the monarch's foot, and accompanied his refusal by a profane oath in his own dialect, and thus drew upon himself the nickname of '*Bigot*.'" "But," writes Dean Trench, "'bigot' is another word widely spread over Europe, of which I am inclined to think that we should look for the derivation where it is not generally sought, and that here too we must turn to Spain. It has much perplexed inquirers, and two explanations of it are current: one of which traces it up to the early Normans, while they yet retained their northern tongue, and to their often adjuration by the name of God, with sometimes a reference to a

famous scene in French history, in which Rollo, Duke of Normandy, played a conspicuous part: the other puts it in connection with 'beguines,' called often in Latin 'beguttæ,' a name by which certain communities of pietist women were known in the middle ages. These last have left us their name in 'biggen,' a plain cap, so called because originally worn by them; yet I cannot persuade myself that we owe 'bigot' either to them or to the Normans, but rather to that mighty impression which the Spaniards made upon all Europe in the fifteenth and following century. Now, the word 'bigote' means, in Spanish 'moustachio'; and, as contrasted with the smooth, or nearly smooth, upper lip of most other people, at that time the Spaniards were the 'men of the moustachio.' That it was their characteristic feature, comes out in Shakspeare's 'Love's Labour Lost,' where Armado, the 'fantastical Spaniard,' describes the king 'his familiar, as sometimes being pleased to lean on his poor shoulder, and dally with his moustachio.' That they themselves connected firmness and resolution with the moustachio, that it was esteemed the outward symbol of these, is plain from such phrases as 'hombre de bigote,' a man of resolution; 'tener bigotes,' to stand firm. But that in which they eminently displayed their firmness and resolution in those days was their adherence to whatever the Roman See imposed and taught. What, then, more natural, or more entirely according to the law of the generation of names, than that this striking and distinguishing outward feature of the Spaniard should have been laid hold of to express that character and condition of mind which eminently were his, and then transferred to all others who shared the same? The moustachio is, in like manner, in France a symbol of military courage; and thus, 'un vieux moustache' is an old soldier of courage and military bearing. And, strengthening this view, the earliest use of the

word which Richardson gives is a passage from Bishop Hall, where 'bigot' is used to signify a pervert to Romanism :—'He was turned both *bigot* and physician.' In further proof that the Spaniard was in those times the standing representative of the bigot and the persecutor, we need but turn to the older editions of 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' where the pagan persecutors of the early Christians are usually arrayed in the armour of Spanish soldiers, and sometimes graced with tremendous 'bigotes.' *

Whatever its etymology, "bigot" is an ugly word; and "bigotry" an ugly thing. When Dr. Bogue preached the inaugural sermon of the London Missionary Society,† "We are called," said he, "this evening, to the funeral of bigotry, and I hope it will be buried so deep as never to rise again." Rowland Hill, who would often quote, with great relish, a remark of a favourite author—"Mr. Bigotry fell down and broke his leg; would that he had broken his neck!"—undertook to pen the epitaph. But, alas! bigotry still lives. No church, no sect, has a monopoly of it. Not one of them but is deformed and troubled by it. For it has its roots deep in the principles of our corrupt hearts. And, while many of us, perhaps, are not open to the charge of bigotry in its grossest and more palpable forms, the tendency is, more or less, within all of us; and a close analysis of its true nature, and a close search into our own spirit and temper, will but too often detect its presence and workings where, on a superficial view, they have been unsuspected. "My father"—said one of my parishioners, a man who had happily outgrown his sectarian swaddling-clothes—"my father would as soon that I had entered a theatre as a church." Here was rank Dissenting bigotry. "My son"—said an organist to a Birmingham clergyman, whom he

* "Trench on the Study of Words," 80—82.

† Jubilee volume of Religious Tract Society, pp. 40, and 28, 29.

Thus our danger, in these days, is not in the one direction only—that of bigotry. A morbid horror of bigotry has its danger too; a horror, that is, which may betray us into mistaking for bigotry loyalty to truth, and which, in shrinking unduly from the dangers of controversy, may expunge, though not from our Bibles, from our memories, the inspired injunction, “Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.”

The charge of bigotry is brought moreover against—

β. Stedfast loyalty to conscientious convictions.

And here, at once, it becomes necessary to shadow out a distinction which, as we advance in our subject, must be more fully dwelt upon. There is a *bigotry of PRINCIPLE*. *A man holds principles which are, in themselves, intolerant.* These will be touched on presently. But we submit that, ordinarily, the mere adherence to conscientious principles and convictions is not, in itself, bigotry. Observe—I am distinguishing between a man's principles and the spirit in which he holds them and carries them into action. The principles may want the breadth and the liberty and the charity of Christ's Gospel and God's Word; they may be narrow and exclusive; but other elements must be present if *the consistent carrying out of these principles* is to be designated bigotry. Were they taken up, and are they held, in an unreasoning spirit, and without due allowance for the liberty, the sincerity, the candour, the intelligence, of others? Are they *prejudices*, rather than *principles* or *convictions*? Has he inherited them, and taken them on trust, from his church or sect or party? Has he never looked at truth but from his own limited standpoint? Does he jealously, and in a spirit of party, refuse or neglect to submit them to fair discussion and argument? Does he recognise the sacred rights of conscience in others, and remember that neither he nor his

church nor his sect nor his party is infallible? Does he, in denouncing systems or points of error, distinguish between this and the daring to constitute himself a judge of the individual who must stand or fall to his own Master? Does he, in proportion to the intensity of his convictions of another's error, foster and exhibit, not anger, but forbearance and sorrow and pity?

If these elements be present, I submit that though, in some cases, *the principles themselves* are narrow and intolerant, the consistent adherence to, and the practical carrying out of, these principles is not, in itself, bigotry.

Let me instance. In the heart of a vast community—one of our great manufacturing towns—a man of God labours in God's ministry, with tongue and pen, for more than half a century. The great Bishop indorses his ministry with manifold and signal tokens of blessing. Around him is gathered a numerous, a flourishing, a fruitful, an affectionate people. Many are the seals to his ministry. Honoured as is his tongue, his pen is yet honoured a thousand-fold. In far-off lands—deep in the forests of America and amid India's cities and villages; in islands at his antipodes—the convert who has been awakened under the preaching of the Missionary, now an “*anxious inquirer*,” is by this gifted pen directed, counselled, comforted. More: with a largeness of heart which could grasp the millions of China with its missionary love and zeal, he stirs the churches to pour in upon China's millions the Word of Life, and to gird themselves, valiantly and unsparingly, in their Master's name, to the heroic enterprise of China's evangelization. Meanwhile his life adorns his doctrine. Graces no less than gifts—personal godliness no less than public usefulness—mark him as the Master's servant. A Dissenter, uncompromising and unwavering—outgrowing and rejoicing to outgrow the prejudices of earlier life—he loves

in sincerity all them that love Jesus. To the clergy he is a Christian brother ; rejoicing in the public usefulness of all ; esteeming the affectionate friendship of some a choice blessing in his declining years. Being such an one, he dies. A stricken people weep. The citizens will not see him carried unhonoured to his grave. The clergy are among the mourners, as devout men carry JOHN ANGELL JAMES to his burial. They stand acquitted of disloyalty or inconsistency by myriads throughout Christendom.

But the verdict is not unanimous. The Anglo-Catholic raises his protest. Is he, therefore, chargeable with bigotry ? We deplore in him what we regard as a grievous lack of true catholicity ; we trace his error to a disproportionate estimate of non-essentials. But observe—his objection flows consistently and necessarily from his principles. Those principles we believe to be unscriptural ; but if those erroneous principles are the result (however mistaken), not of blind, unreasoning, impatient prejudice but, of deliberate deduction and conviction, we hesitate to include such a case under the head of bigotry. All Dissent—such is his premise—is schism. This is a Dissenter—*ergo*, a schismatic. You, as clergymen of the church from which the schism was made, are inconsistent in showing a public teacher of schism honour. We join issue upon the major premiss. But I am supposing that our opponent holds it, not in blind, hereditary, or party prejudice but, as the deliberate result of study and thought. He will argue it with us, adducing his own reasons and listening to ours ; but he holds it fast, unshaken and unconvinced. His principle is narrow—exclusive—and, as we firmly believe, unscriptural. But we hesitate to designate it as, in any proper and legitimate sense, *bigotry*. Popularly, no doubt, it is so designated. Many of you perhaps, at first sight, will be startled by the distinction I am drawing out, and

unconvinced by the statements made. But reflection will convince you. Remember only that I am not vindicating the protest of the Anglo-Catholic, to my own condemnation, but simply denying that bigotry is its proper designation. And in aiming at a definition of bigotry, and in giving examples of it, we must beware of tacitly and unconsciously assuming our own infallibility, and of using arguments which may be turned against us and be found equally valid in the mouth of an opponent.

Take a case on the other side. A Dissenter, after careful study of the subject, arrives at the conclusion that a Church Establishment is unscriptural, that the formularies of the Church of England contain grave errors, that her polity is not that of the New Testament. We submit that this Dissent—not the Dissent of early prejudice and education, which has taken on trust a bundle of stereotyped and unexamined objections against the Church of England, but the result (though, as the Churchman believes, the *mistaken* result) of inquiry and examination—does not necessitate *bigotry*. The bigot is the uninquiring, unexamining, partisan—blind, prejudiced, uncandid; who, if

“ Convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.”

And more—*intolerant*. Intolerant, because not recognising his neighbour's rights of conscience, while asserting his own. He not only claims the right to his own conclusions, and even prejudices, but is intolerant of mine. There can scarcely be intolerance without bigotry; there certainly can be no bigotry without intolerance. This intolerance by no means necessarily running out into active persecution, nor necessarily accompanied by any active desire to force our opinions or practices on others—for bigotry may be passive, unzealous, and stagnant—but

always more or less impatient of another's liberty of judgment and another's rights of conscience.

The intolerant Romanist lighting the fire to burn a Protestant, is in this awful climax of his intolerance a bigot upon principle. Doubly so, if he be but the blind, unreasoning partisan of his blood-stained church; the mere credulous puppet of popes and cardinals and priests. But, at best, a bigot, if upon a mistaken principle of conscience and of judgment, he has added to the narrow dogma of non-salvability without the pale of his church, the conviction that coercive means are to be used for the extirpation of what his church deems heresy, and for the promulgation of what his church deems truth. He is but carrying out, fearfully indeed, but yet consistently, his awful principles. He verily thinks that he does "God service."

And intolerance is an essential element of bigotry. No matter how tenaciously a man cleaves to his creed, or sect, or party—to principles and opinion taken up in blind and uninquiring credulity—if only he recognise my liberty also; if only he remember that *I* have my stand-point too; that neither he nor his church, or sect, or party, is necessarily infallible.

You perceive that we are gathering the elements for a definition of bigotry. And for bigotry, properly so called, tenacious adherence, blind zeal, uninquiring and unreasoning credulity, are not enough. Neither is it synonymous with mere intolerance. In bigotry we have the combinations of these elements. We are unwilling to charge with bigotry the man—however harsh his spirit, however intolerant, narrow, and unscriptural his principles and conduct (provided only that those principles do not recognise the lawfulness of imposing his views on others by other means than those of argument and moral suasion)—who is

ready to hear arguments, to discuss, to inquire; and who thus does not proceed upon the tacit assumption of his own infallibility, or that of his church or party. So long as inquiry is admitted, and he is willing to submit to the test of reasoning, there remains an openness to conviction which must exempt him from the charge of *bigotry*. In bigotry, if I mistake not, there is something of the blindness of the bat, the fierceness of the hawk, and the obstinacy of an animal which I need not name.

Hence, alive fully to the difficulty of accurate definitions, I venture to define bigotry, AN UNDUE AND INTOLERANT TENACITY OF OUR OWN PRINCIPLES AND OPINIONS.

In a word, Prejudice and Intolerance were married—their first-born was Bigotry—an ill-favoured, but alas! a thriving offspring.

I have instanced in the case of the Romanist. In affirming—not that every Romanist is a bigot, but—that Rome pre-eminently fosters the spirit of bigotry, and that *in consistent Romanism* bigotry is an inevitable and ever-present element, I am not fairly chargeable with the vice which I am condemning. For not only does Rome deal out her damning anathemas on all who refuse her dogmas in their entirety, even to the last novelty of the “old religion,” the fable of the Immaculate Conception; not only does she wield the temporal sword for the conviction or extirpation of heretics, but she prohibits so imperatively all inquiry or doubt, so authoritatively does she impose her infallible creeds and canons on the consciences of her members, that all the necessary components of bigotry are involved in her system. The non-bigoted Romanist is, *pro tanto*, an inconsistent Romanist. There are many such:—better than their church; cherishing for themselves a spirit of inquiry, and towards us a spirit of candour and tolerance which has no place in her authorised formularies, and

which involves a happy departure from her spirit and pretensions.

The truth is, that there are but two great principles upon one of which our stand must ultimately be taken : these are—the principle of the Church of Rome and the principle of Protestantism. The consistent Romanist gives himself up to the former, and is consistently intolerant, a bigot, and a persecutor. His church is infallible ; to doubt is heresy ; he believes as she believes, and excommunicates all besides. Surrendering his own liberty, he would destroy mine. Physical force is his lawful weapon of spiritual warfare, whether for the subversion of heresy or the direct advancement of the interests of his church.

The Protestant recognises the open Bible as the standard of appeal ; the responsibility and privilege of private judgment ; the sacred rights of conscience. His principle, when fully carried out in a world of sin and error by fallen and wayward men will often entail inconvenience and disadvantage. With these, as exemplified in varying sects and parties, he is taunted by Rome. But no excess or abuse must tempt us to surrender our freedom. It is so with the liberty of the press. When a man is himself shown up in a *Times* "leader," or hit with one of *Punch's* lighter weapons, he thinks the liberty of the press excessive, sighs for French censorship, and thinks that the "Thunderer" or his gay contemporary should be "*warned*." But, in calmer moments, he takes a wider and a wiser view, and would not willingly exchange the liberty of the English press for the lynx-eyed despotism of the Tuileries.

Our Protestant liberty of judgment and of conscience forbids the specious appearance of unity presented by the Church of Rome, and seems chargeable with some evils. But, in proportion as we would escape the charge of bigotry, let us allow to others the full play of these our principles.

We deplore, in many cases, the conclusions at which they have arrived. We believe them to be erroneous, mischievous, dangerous. But to their own Master they stand or fall. Let us yield neither to prejudice nor bitterness. Let us not assume our own infallibility. Let us not sit in judgment upon the final salvation of individuals, as if unto us judgment had been delegated. Our own conclusions and convictions must be tenaciously held, unscrupulously avowed, diligently propagated, valiantly defended. But we must be on our guard against the adoption of unexamined opinions—opinions taken upon trust from one party; still more against mistaking prejudices for convictions and principles. We must apply to religious party spirits the words used upon a late occasion by Lord Brougham, in reference to party spirit generally, and be on our guard against a state of mind “which sees no fault in a friend, and no merit in an opponent.”

Take, for example, the case between the Episcopalians and the Independents. The former deduces the three orders of the Christian ministry from the New Testament, and conscientiously affirms his church's polity to be the nearest approach to the mind of Christ as therein made known to us. The latter has arrived—after anxious, patient, honest study of the same oracles, and with an equal reverence for their utterances—at a diverse conclusion. With him every ordained minister is the bishop of his church, and Independency his church, order, and government. But neither of these men dares to say that the great Head of the Church has dealt with her under the new and better dispensation as He dealt with the Church of the Old Testament, by defining and ordaining polity so precisely, so unmistakably and so authoritatively, as that no honest and obedient searcher after truth and duty can fail to discern it. Which of us can say of our church polity that it is in all things

according to a pattern shown us on the Mount? Are we then consistent Protestants? Having taken our stand on certain grand and fundamental principles, as against the despotism of Rome, are we prepared to carry them out towards one another? I may be the staunchest of Churchmen or of Nonconformists; may be an active propagator of my own views and an active assailant of the views of others. But I am no *bigot*, if I am open to discussion, ready for argument, if I remember my neighbour's rights of judgment and of conscience, if I presume not to suspect or sneer at my neighbour's conscientiousness; but leave him, in all candour and charity, to his own Master.

Take the case between the advocates and the opponents of Infant Baptism. The High Churchman regards it as the commencement of spiritual life—as *ipso facto*, the means and channel of the child's regeneration. Another class of Churchmen regard it as a holy sacrament of Christ's institution, "generally necessary to salvation," and to be administered to infants in faith and prayer. The Baptist, so called, rejects the baptism of infants as neither demanded nor justified by Scripture. The controversy is loud, long, bitter. Is not its loudness and bitterness at least disproportionate to the fact, that not the most zealous champion of infant baptism professes to allege a single text of Scripture which—not by inference or deduction simply, but by direct, unequivocal, positive statement—enjoins the practice? The Churchman is convinced that it is to be deduced by most satisfactory inference from the words of Christ, from Old Testament analogy, from the testimony of church history, and early ecclesiastical writers. The Baptist is unconvinced. But both appeal honestly and reverently to the Supreme Oracles; both are ready to give a reason for their tenet and practice. Shall not each be ready to concede liberty of judgment and of conscience to the other—to be a hearty

and jealous defender and propagator of his creed, but not a bigoted denier of the integrity, the candour—still less the freedom—of the other?

One other instance, a yet graver one. The man who refuses to remit the vital doctrine of the Trinity to the category of secondary and non-essential truths—who is very jealous for the deity of his Lord and of the Divine Spirit—who holds as essential to salvation the atoning efficacy of Christ's death—this man has, upon his principles, if only he be honest, no alternative. And the deniers of these capital verities of our holy faith, while they charge him with credulity or superstition or irrationalism, cannot fairly charge him with bigotry, unless an unreasoning, intolerant, spirit, a spirit censorious of their motives, suspicious of their honesty, and a spirit which arraigns the individual Unitarian at his bar, be elements in his temper and conduct. Deep convictions, uncompromising defence, untiring propagation, active aggression, against what is deemed to be perilous error, are not bigotry.

I would remark further, that the greatness or littleness of the points with which bigotry has to do does not essentially affect its nature. It will, indeed, often fasten on a tenet or observance of trifling importance—or of none. For among its concomitant evils is the frequent confounding of what Lord Bacon terms “the points fundamental and of substance in religion,” and the points “of opinion, order, or intention.”* Often, as he observes, “the matter of the points controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for, as it is noted by one of the fathers, Christ's coat indeed had no seams, but the Church's vesture is of divers colours.” . . . and “they be two things—unity and uniformity.” But it is not

* Essay: “Of Unity in Religion.”

force this opinion for truth upon others, it is bigotry; and this desire is discovered when an attack is made upon the man's opinion."

It remains that I address myself to the *safeguards against bigotry*, and the *remedies for it*, where it exists.

You will have observed that in this lecture the main stress has been laid upon this element—the absence of a desire, or at least a willingness, to examine into the reasons of our tenets and opinions. The bigot takes them on trust; inherits them; adopts them without inquiry from his church, or sect, or party. He mistakes prejudices for convictions. He lacks candour towards others; gives them credit neither for conscientiousness nor discernment; tacitly assumes infallibility; and has neither the large-mindedness nor the large-heartedness which can look at the subject in hand from another's stand-points. His view is one-sided. Prejudice not only *warp*s his judgment, but absorbs it. He cannot, or will not, appreciate any man's difficulties.

Obviously then a *spirit of inquiry* is a main safeguard against bigotry. A spirit that is, which, upon vital matters of faith or practice more especially, does not hastily adopt or form opinions. There are few subjects, specially in religious truth, the careful study of which will not present difficulties unsuspected by the bigoted partisan who has taken up a few prejudices on trust, and who mistakes these, and a few stereotyped opinions which he has inherited, for the convictions and principles deduced for himself by study, thought, and prayer. We arrive at conclusions diametrically opposed to many from whom we differ; but we have been through the subject for ourselves. Many of their difficulties we have faced and encountered; we can understand them, appreciate them, and allow for them. The bigot is dogmatic, supercilious, impatient, noisy, intolerant. The student of truth is not vague, or cloudy,

or negative—he has battled his way to many conclusions and principles which he holds tenaciously, and will not compromise; but he is modest, candid, forbearing, calm, a respecter of the judgments and motives of others. To argue with the bigot is to waste reason, words, and temper. You are battling with blind prejudices and narrow party spirit. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," is the key-note. His rhinoceros hide is proof against all your evidences and syllogisms. "A reason for the hope that is in you"—this goes far as a specific against bigotry. Not, "This is my church's view, and I hold it because my church holds it." Not,—"I am an Evangelical, and Romaine says this, or Thomas Scott thought that, or Mr. Simeon used so to lay it down—all the Evangelicals think so, therefore I think so—it is one of our party shibboleths, and I shall be thought too 'High' or too 'Broad,' if I fail to pronounce it,"—but—"My Evangelicalism is an Evangelicalism which I have tested. The systems and dicta of Romaine and Scott and Simeon I have taken 'to the law and to the testimony;' and, if I hold them, I hold them, not as blind party prescriptions, but as conclusions tested and approved for myself by unimpaired warrant of Holy Writ."

It will much assist us in our endeavour to escape the wretched spirit we are discussing, if we learn to distinguish the relative proportions and value of the various points of religious truth. Not confounding the "mind and mind and ear" with the "weightier matters" either of the law or the gospel. Surely that man's theological scales must be out of order in which Episcopacy weighs so heavily as Justification by Faith. Granted that Episcopacy is essential, it is not a scriptural condition of salvation. Here Paul's answer to the trembling jailer was decisive. Here in this point Bishop Jeremy Taylor:—

"I am troubled, that every man that hath an opinion,

thinks his own and other men's salvation is concerned in its maintenance; but most of all, that men should be persecuted and afflicted for disagreeing in such opinions, which they cannot, with sufficient grounds, obtrude upon others necessarily, because they cannot propound them infallibly, and because they have no warrant so to do. For if I shall tie other men to believe my opinion, because I think I have a place of Scripture which seems to warrant it to my understanding, why may not he serve up another dish to me in the same dress, and exact the same task of me to believe the contradictory? And then, since all the heretics in the world have offered to prove their articles by the same means by which true believers propound theirs, it is necessary that some separation, either of doctrine or of persons, be clearly made, and that all pretences may not be admitted, nor any just allegations be rejected; and yet that in some other questions, whether they be truly or falsely pretended, if not evidently or demonstratively, there may be considerations had to the persons of men, and to the laws of charity, more than to the triumphing in any opinion or doctrine not simply necessary. Now, because some doctrines are clearly not necessary, and some are absolutely necessary, why may not the first separation be made upon this difference, and articles necessary be only urged as necessary, and the rest left to men indifferently, as they were by the Scripture indeterminately? And it were well if men would as much consider themselves as the doctrines, and think that they may as well be deceived by their own weakness, as persuaded by the arguments of a doctrine which other men as wise call inevident. For it is a hard case that we should think all Papists and Anabaptists and Sacramentaries to be fools and wicked persons: certainly among all these sects there are very many wise men and good men, as well as erring. And although some

zeals are so hot, and their eyes so inflamed with their ardours, that they do not think their adversaries look like other men, yet certainly we find by the result of their discourses, and the transactions of their affairs of civil society, that they are men that speak and make syllogisms, and use reason, and read Scripture; and, although they do no more understand all of it than we do, yet they endeavour to understand as much as concerns them, even all that they care, even all that concerns repentance from dead works, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and, therefore, methinks this also should be another consideration distinguishing the persons: for if the persons be Christians in their lives and Christians in their profession, if they acknowledge the eternal Son of God for their Master and their Lord, and live in all relations as becomes persons making such professions, why then should I hate such persons whom God loves, and who love God, who are partakers of Christ, and Christ hath a title to them, who dwell in Christ, and Christ in them, because their understandings have not been brought up like mine, have not had the same masters, they have not met with the same books, nor the same company, or have not the same interest, or are not so wise, or else are wiser; that is, for some reason or other, which I neither do understand nor ought to blame, have not the same opinions that I have, and do not determine these school questions to the sense of my sect or interest?"

"If men would not call all opinions by the name of religion, and superstructures by the name of fundamental articles, and all fancies by the glorious appellative of faith, this objection would have no pretence or footing; so that it is the disease of the men, not any cause that is ministered by such precepts of charity, that makes them perpetually clamorous. And it would be hard to say that such physicians are incurious of their patients and neglectful of their

health, who speak against the unreasonableness of such empirics that would cut off a man's head if they see but a wart upon his cheek, or a dimple upon his chin, or any lines in his face to distinguish him from another man: the case is altogether the same, and we may as well decree a wart to be mortal, as a various opinion, '*in re aliqui non necessariâ*,' to be capital and damnable." *

Hear the echo of Jeremy Taylor's wise and loving words from the voice of John Angell James :—

"Many things are most accurately seen in their relative importance, when viewed in the decline of life. It is in the calm of the evening, and not during the heat, and bustle, and burden of the day, that men in trade best judge of the objects which have engaged their attention in the hours of business. So it is with the Christian, in reflecting upon his religious life, and especially with the Christian minister, in looking back upon the pursuits of his official career. I am not even now indifferent to many lesser matters of Christian truth; the subject of ecclesiastical polity still interests me; for surely the framework of Christ's church and the order of his house must be of *some* consequence; and I am, therefore, no latitudinarian in reference to this matter. The system of Congregationalism which, for more than half a century I have maintained, I believe comes nearer the *general principles* laid down in the New Testament than any other. This is all I claim for it. A closer approximation than others to the model of the apostolic churches is all that any of us can boast of. Perhaps no modern system is, or can be, a perfect copy of what, from its peculiar circumstances, must of necessity have been unique. If ever I held my views of church government with the prejudice

* Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophecyng." (Works, Heber's edit. vol. vii., cccc., cccci., and cccvi.)

of a bigot, or propagated them with the zeal of a fanatic, though I am not conscious of either, that time is for ever gone by. Compared with faith, hope, and love, these things now appear to me only as the skeleton to the living body of Christianity. No man will either be saved or lost by the principles of church government, but by his possession or his destitution of these graces. There are many ways to perdition, but ecclesiastical polity is not one of them. There is only one way of salvation, and that is not Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Methodism, nor Congregationalism, but repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Along the by-paths of each of these systems many are continually coming into the King's high-road to eternal life. This should make us charitable to each other, and convince us upon what objects our attention and our zeal should be chiefly concentrated, for is it not pitiable to see men spending so much of their time and energy upon the unprescribed formalities of a ceremonial externalism, to the comparative neglect of faith, hope, and love?" *

Another suggestion which I would offer is the extension of our social intercourse to those who are not of our own communion. It has often struck me that to begin with platform union is to begin at the wrong end. Where the differences of religious belief do not affect fundamentals, and render spiritual communion in private impossible, the courtesies and, in many cases, closer freedom of social intercourse rub off mutual suspicions, and warm up mutual coldness. Platform union has often too much an air of ostentation. It seems not seldom as if got up for the mere "say so" or show of union. And it has little effect upon the world, as an evidence of Christianity and love, if the world—the keen-eyed world—discovers that this union goes

* "Christian Hope," preface, xi. xii. xiii.

no further than an annual Bible-meeting; and even there is defended and extenuated by a series of apologies and vindications. The clergyman and the dissenting pastor are overjoyed to meet on the platform. They not only do not fight, but they are ready to embrace. "Our minor differences" are exultingly and ostentatiously thrown aside. But the meeting over, these loving brothers part for a twelvemonth, and sustain the pangs of separation until another anniversary, softened only by the anodyne of an occasional street "How do you do?" "*Absence makes the heart grow fonder*"! Why not more of social intercourse? Why does each, for the most part, move exclusively in his own circle—Churchmen among Churchmen—Dissenters among Dissenters? Surely they have enough in common, in many cases at any rate, for private intercourse and friendship. And then they will discover in each other many points of attraction; prejudices will be rubbed off. The recognition of the personal excellences of those from whom we differ—the mere discovery of much common ground between us—will almost always convince us that we have been cherishing groundless and unjust prejudices, and imputing inferences and deductions from known or supposed opinions which they entirely repudiate. And this goes far to scotch, if not to kill, Bigotry.

I add but one further suggestion—co-operation where co-operation involves no compromise. There is a graduated scale by which our co-operation must be regulated. In some cases I can work only with those of my own communion; in others, with Trinitarian Dissenters. But occasions of philanthropy arise in which Trinitarian, Unitarian, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, may lawfully work together. I would not avoid such; rather seek them. For while I will not, in the pursuit of peace and unity, compromise distinctive truth, or give countenance

to the popular notion that, after all, there is not much difference between us, I would get rid of my bigotry against Unitarian, Roman Catholic, or Jew. Bigotry is no necessary element in loyalty to the truth. And to meet men as citizens, to exchange courtesies with them, to show that religious differences, however momentous, do not necessarily suspend or set aside the ordinary laws of social intercourse—to say the least, can do no harm. It will enlarge my own views, soften here and there a prejudice, incline to increased candour and tolerance, and, when controversy arises between us, soften its asperities, restraining it within the bounds of courtesy and charity, and divesting it of the personalities by which too often it is disfigured and disgraced.

The subject which I have handled among you, this evening, is one of special interest among God's true people at this crisis. Not only have we, on the one hand, the imminent danger to which I adverted early in my lecture—the danger of a spurious, unfaithful, latitudinarian charity—but we have yearnings and tentative efforts after union, in connection with the longings cherished and the prayers offered by thousands among us for the abundant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. That, should such an outpouring of the Spirit be vouchsafed, one immediate effect will be to draw all “those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity” nearer to one another, I entertain no shadow of doubt. The fruit of the Spirit is love—peace. Enlarged and more glowing love to Christ will bring with it enlarged and more glowing love to one another. Non-essentials will be less a barrier to that union to which our agreement on essentials invites. For *uniformity* I do not look under the present dispensation. When my Lord returns, I believe that he will find His church still arrayed in “her vesture of divers colours.” He will find some governed by bishops,

some by elders ; some worshipping Him with liturgies, some without ; some in consecrated churches, some in meeting-houses. But I expect more *unity*. The desire for it is deepening—deepening in many hearts—deepening into a longing, into a holy passion, “that they all may be one.” Whether this increase of unity must precede or shall follow the looked-for revival, I will not dare to determine. Certainly we pray for the blessing with greater likelihood of success, because with more of the temper enjoined in our Master’s word, when we pray in charity. Never did God’s people need more of a right judgment to discern their duty : that on the one hand, the lack of charity and unity may not shut the windows of heaven and stay the shower and grieve the looked-for Spirit ; that, on the other, we may not force an unscriptural and premature unity. It may be that we shall be *drawn*, it may be that we shall be *driven*, together. Drawn, by increased grace, heart to heart ; or driven, by thickening dangers, to close our ranks, stand shoulder to shoulder, and join hand to hand. It may be, God’s truth and Christ’s church are to sustain an onslaught from the powers of darkness, which shall demand that brigades, which have hitherto fought as if they were separate armies, shall join as one common host under the banner of the great “Captain of our salvation.” I know not, I prophesy not. It is a time for watching, a time for waiting, a time for prayer—let me add, a time for love.

Meanwhile, in the words of Richard Baxter—“In things essential, unity ; in things non-essential, liberty ; in all things, charity.”

Ergo, Sirs, in NOTHING, BIGOTRY.

Self-Conquest.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. RICHARD ROBERTS.

SELF-CONQUEST.

POETRY and prose, the heart and intellect, the imagination and reason, have united in rendering their homage to military heroism. The prince and the peasant, the noble and the mean, the barbarous and the civilized, have taxed their ingenuity to weave their choicest laurels to deck the hero's brow. Sea and land, mountain and vale, proud cities and extensive plains, rocks and hills, the wilderness and the solitary place, have been made vocal with the acclaim of enthusiastic multitudes doing honour to the bold and the brave. Heroes have been lionized in Christendom, canonized in Popedom, and deified in Heathendom. The confident hope that his nation will gratefully and cheerfully acknowledge his services, and pour on him her warmest plaudits, inspires the warrior with boldness, nerves him with steel, and makes his heart firmer than the granite fortifications he assails. All honour to the brave men who have fought our battles and won our triumphs at Trafalgar, on the plains of Waterloo, of the Crimea, and of Hindostan. But while we admire and honour the chivalry of the noble men who have risked their lives and shed their blood for their monarch and their country, we must not forget that there is a heroism far nobler than any founded on military distinction, and victories far more splendid than any ever achieved on blood-stained

battle-fields. We refer to the moral heroism displayed in the battle waged on the field of the heart, to the moral victory achieved over our sinful selves.

Man, in his primeval innocence, was invested with certain high and responsible offices, and among others the kingly office. Power was given him over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, over sea and land. But his regal sway was not confined to this external empire, although vast and extensive; he had the wide-spread domains of his own heart to keep in subjection. His sway was not therefore limited to the irrational, for it extended to himself. Access was given him to all the trees in Paradise save one. That one was forbidden him at the pain of death. This prohibition imposed upon him the duty of self-discipline and self-restraint. Despite the taunts and scoffs of an infidel philosophy, we hold that the Creator, as Creator, had a right to impose on His creature some restriction, by enacting a prohibitory law to test man's virtue and fidelity,—that man, while regulating the irrational, might learn to regulate the rational in his own person. A failure in this portion of man's duty has involved our race in a common ruin. By the marvellous intervention of God in redemption, the power of self-control is restored to sinful man. There are resources of grace and power adequate to the subjugation of our apostate nature, so that the man who feels the work to be most difficult and troublesome need not despair of victory.

Man mysteriously unites within himself the king and the subject. He is possessed of certain powers which are to exercise the regal functions, and of others which are to occupy the position and exercise the submission of subjects. Happily, there is no difficulty in ascertaining which of these powers are to maintain the supremacy, and which are to be subordinate. Reason and conscience, enlightened and sanctified, are

to wield the sceptre; and to these, the thoughts, the imagination, and the passions are to be in subjection. The life of some is made up of conflicts between reason and passion, between conscience and wrong-doing. Reason claims to be the master-power, but the passions dispute its right, and obstinately contend for the supremacy. The love of sin hurries men on into evil, conscience lifts up her warning voice, and if her warning be unheeded, she then condemns and visits with remorse and retribution. Hence, man is a being of strange contrarieties. Mighty forces come into collision on the field of his heart. The evil principles and evil tendencies of his nature hurry him on to wrong-doing; other influences rush on him from another direction to resist and restrain. These hostile forces meet each other with violence, like the rush of conflicting waters in the tidal river, or the rush of embattled hosts when the steel flashes, and cannons boom, and the smoke flings its dark mantle over the sickening scene to hide it from the pure face of the sun. Every human being is conscious of this moral strife. The man is not born who has not felt these strange internal commotions and collisions. Even the untutored savage is not exempt from them. Is it not a well-authenticated fact, that there obtains in heathen lands the notion, that there are in the universe an evil spirit, and a good spirit, whose power and skill, as the heathen suppose, are tolerably well balanced, and which have constant access to the hearts of men, the one prompting to good, the other to evil? This strange belief is not founded on a written revelation, for of this they are destitute; nor on tradition merely, but on the heathen's internal consciousness. Every pagan feels the contest within him. The struggling forces of good and evil are on the field of his heart. Hence his notion of two great spirits, the one opposed to the other. To this terrible internal struggle, of which all men, everywhere, are conscious, the Apostle Paul refers,

when he speaks of the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh ; these being contrary the one to the other. This strife is now going on in all our hearts. If we have a thirst for distinction, we may have it by siding with the true and the holy. For we would have our noble youth remember, that, to be ruled by principle and not by passion, by our sense of right and not by our love of wrong, to have the good predominant, and the evil of our nature in entire subjection—this is true greatness—this is true heroism. Without it there can be no true nobility.

Our subject is so thoroughly practical, that we can scarcely avoid adopting, occasionally at least, the more direct and personal form of address. Moreover, we adopt this form because it will enable us to bring our subject home with greater force and fulness to each individual mind, for the subject is one we want you not only to understand and master, but one that we would have you all practise in everyday life. A sketch of character, or a scene from history, would doubtless have been more attractive on the placard, and perhaps more entertaining to you. Be that as it may, it can do us no harm to shut ourselves up from the outer world, to lose sight of the stirring magnificence of history, and the great characters who have figured on the theatre of human activities, and to spend an evening with ourselves, to study this mysterious thing—our own self-hood, and to see what we can do to improve it, to ennoble it, and to raise it to its proper and destined dignity. In passing, we may glance at a great character, here and there, as an example to avoid or imitate ; but our theme is *ourselves*. Dry and unattractive as the title we have selected may seem, it is not so in reality. Who among you can fail to be interested, when you understand that we are going to speak to you about yourselves ? There are not many of us poor mortals so sublimated, so detached from self, as seriously to object to be either speaking

or hearing about ourselves. It is a weakness of human nature, and, we may hope, a very pardonable one. I am quite prepared to believe you would not be pleased with me were I to publish to this audience all your faults and failings, and exhibit all the ill-humours that ever and anon develope themselves on the surface of your character. This, however, is not our business. You may therefore dismiss your fears, and calm your perturbation. Our object shall be, *not* so much to show you what you *are*, as what you *may become* by self-discipline and self-subjugation.

Philosophers commonly speak of man in a two-fold aspect, mentally and morally. While paying some regard to this distinction, we shall not embarrass either ourselves or you with the technicalities of a philosophic diction.

One important branch of self-conquest consists in the right regulation of *Thought*. For man to think is as natural as it is for the sun to shine. By controlling the thinking power we do not mean that you are to cease to think. This is impossible. Think you must. Mind moves onward as if touched by invisible impulses. *Arrest* it you cannot, but *regulate* it you may. Stationary it cannot be; but it is in your power to give it a right or a wrong direction. If you were the proprietor of a mill with costly machinery, it would be for you to decide what materials should be worked by that machinery, whether cotton, or wool, or flax, or silk. You *are* that proprietor. The thinking faculty is a vast and costly machinery. To supply it with workable materials constitutes a solemn part of your responsibility. If you do not supply it with that which is good and profitable, it has a terrible facility for seizing the worthless and injurious. It is a prodigious power for good or for evil. Rightly regulated, it may ascend to an equality with the angels; leave it neglected and uncontrolled, and it will become debased, and sink you to a level with the fiend. Your character is just

what your thoughts make it. Your thoughts constitute the mould where your character is formed and fashioned. Your life is only the embodiment or development of your thoughts. You think first, then act or speak. Thought is the fountain whence action and speech flow. How important to keep the fountain pure, that the entire life may be one pellucid, perennial stream, ever mirroring forth the brightness of heaven. It is a lamentable fact, that there are many towering intellects lying waste. The world is unhappily full of the spendthrifts of mind as well as of money. If all the mind that has been enervated with excesses, and paralysed for want of healthful exercise, had been vigorously and legitimately employed, Art would have been still more refined; Philosophy would have shed a purer light; Science would have made prouder discoveries; mankind would have reaped a richer harvest of knowledge, and brilliant thoughts, like shining stars, would have studded more thickly our mental horizon. The man who has learnt to think well and rightly, never need be alone, for he can people solitude, and cheer the dreariness of night with bright and pure thoughts. He may languish innocently in the dungeon, whither the tyrant's hand has thrust him, or he may be stretched on his restless couch in the hospital, or he may lie emaciated on his pallet of straw in his lonely garret; but alone he cannot be, for holy and happy thoughts, like angels of mercy, flit to and fro before his mental vision, and become his joyful companions. Our young men have mind, and we would have them remember, that one important branch of self-conquest consists in learning to think well, so as to be able to people the whole scene around them, whether in the office or in the shop, whether in the market-place or in the walks of commerce, with pure and smiling thoughts—thoughts that shall chase away, by their very purity, those degrading and debasing thoughts in which many young men indulge to their utter ruin.

By controlling the thinking faculty, we do not mean to assert, that you can always prevent evil thoughts from presenting themselves to the mind. A whole embattled squadron of them float invisibly around you, and spiritual adversaries are ever ready to thrust them on your consideration. Sometimes an evil thought will seize a man suddenly and unawares, like a fever, without any premonitory symptoms. It will pounce upon him unwarned, like a beast of prey leaping from his ambushment on the unsuspecting traveller. We shall find it a grand art, which we do well to cultivate, to be able at this moment of attack, to call up a pure thought, which, with its burning eye, shall gaze on the foul demon that has assailed us, and make him cower and quail, and return to his hiding-place defeated and abashed.

One of the besetting evils of the present day is the indulgence in trifling, useless, vain and volatile thoughts. These must be distinguished from thoughts that are positively vicious, polluted, and impious. They are nevertheless very injurious, and, when habitually indulged in, exert a baneful influence on the character. Books of travel inform us, that in hotter climates the locusts swarm so thickly in the air, as sometimes to hide from the traveller the light of the sun, and cast a dark and cold shadow on his pathway. So is it in the world of mind. Swarms of vain thoughts are ever floating over some minds, intercepting the beams of truth from falling on the heart, and thus keeping that heart barren of all virtue and goodness. Or, like a set of evil birds falling on the newly sown field, these winged wanderers of thought fall on the heart, and pick up many a precious seed sown by the hand of the great Husbandman, and which, otherwise, would have brought forth much fruit. If we would avoid the evil, we must, like the farmer, set up something to scare these flitting spirits away. Nothing can do this so effectually as the presence of nobler and better thoughts. The light and frothy

literature of the day has lamentably contributed to vanity of thought. A glance at the contents of a railway bookstall, and the fantastic titles of new works screamed forth into your ears as you step into a railway-carriage, will enable you to form a tolerably correct estimate of the character of the mental food most relished in this age of fiction. The architectural superstructures of the age are also, for the most part, light, cheap, and gaudy, wanting in the massive, granite grandeur of those of other days. There are no Westminster Abbeys, no York Minsters, reared now. As it is with the architecture of the age, so is it, for the most part, with its literature. It abounds with the ærial, the fanciful, and sentimental, but is lamentably wanting in the bold and majestic. The fault is in the public taste creating the demand. The remedy is in the elevation of the taste. The habit of novel-reading must inevitably enervate your manhood, and dwarf the mind, and give you a disrelish for the great, and grand, and true in the world of thought. If our noble youth would be men, yes, we mean manly men, and not sink into effeminacy, they must leave the region of sickly sentimentalism, rise above the childish pursuit of butterflies, and live in regions of lofty thought, and associate with the master-minds of creation, by pondering over the productions of their splendid and affluent genius. This will enlarge the sphere of the thinking faculty, give it quickening impulses, and lead the mind upward to all that is glorious and divine in the world of intellect.

Another faculty that must be controlled and brought into subjection is the IMAGINATION. It is a faculty, which, to some extent, all of us possess. It is not equally vivid and vigorous in all. In youth it is commonly busy, peopling the future with fairy scenes and fancy pictures never to be realised, and with hopes never to know fruition. Although an important and serviceable power, it is not to be dominant. It is a peril-

ous power if abused. No man can well conceive the evils occasioned by it when uncontrolled. He who yields himself up to an uncurbed imagination is ever running to extremes. One moment we find him the subject of fanatical excitement, imagining himself wiser, richer, and happier than others; and anon, we see him plunged into the depths of gloomy melancholy, harassing himself with imaginary woes, and fancying himself the most neglected and most wretched of beings. He oscillates from one extreme to another, and becomes the victim of an ungoverned fancy. Take the case of a man who has had a long run of success in business. After having been favoured for years with an uninterrupted tide of prosperity, he at length suffers a momentary check,—a slight but sudden reverse meets him. Unaccustomed to defeat, he is alarmed, and fancies that this first reverse is only the forerunner of others, and a sure indication that his descent will be as rapid as his ascent. An awful gloom hangs over him, and his future seems thronged with even sadder calamities, and more fearful misfortunes. Instead of meeting them with noble fortitude and manly courage, his imagination actively broods over them, until they become fearfully magnified and distorted before his diseased vision. Ghastly spectres haunt and torment him night and day. Sleep departs. An unconquerable restlessness seizes him. He fancies every one has become his foe, and that every event militates against him. He yields to depression until the mind becomes affected. Under the pressure, reason and the imagination come into collision. A deadly conflict is waged on the field of mind. A wild, revolutionary imagination wrenches the sceptre from the hand, and the crown from the brow of reason, and herself usurps the throne of reason, and with despotic power sways the sceptre. The intellect gives way, reason is quenched, the imagination becomes dominant, and the maniac is hurried on by a fierce fancy into a state of frenzy and violence. Re-

straint becomes necessary. He is borne away, for his own safety as well as that of his friends, to the asylum, where he languishes, and sometimes raves as the wreck of a noble manhood, and the victim of a diseased and cruel imagination.

We have no hesitation in affirming, that, on examination, it would be found, that hundreds and thousands of the pitiable inmates which crowd our asylums have become the victims of insanity simply by allowing the imagination to have the mastery over reason. Some of them have been disappointed in the objects of their love, some in the experiments of their science, some in the speculations of their philosophy, and others in the enterprises of their commerce. Over these disappointments they have brooded gloomily day by day, and as they have gazed on these evils, they have grown in magnitude, and become more hideous in form before their jaundiced vision, until, at length, existence became a burthen, their thoughts insupportable, and they a terror to themselves. The light of intellect goes spark out, and the wild raging fires of an uncontrolled imagination burn the brain, and the fierce, maniac glare gleams from the eye.

To keep this wonderful power in subjection is imperative on us all, and constitutes an essential part of self-conquest. The imagination must not lie waste or dormant. There is ample and legitimate scope for its exercise. By the aid of the imagination you may decipher God's image in the works of creation, and syllable forth His name on suns and systems, and through nature look up to nature's God. By the imagination you may hear the voice of the great Father speaking to you in the melody of the grove, in the roaring thunder, in the wild winds, and in the booming sea. By the imagination you may see the impress of His paternal hand in the vernal bloom, in the painted flower, and in the lighted star. By the aid of the imagination you may behold your paternal God opening the eyelids of the morning, and pouring on you re-

freshing light to gladden the heart, and then again, after the toils of the day, gently drawing around you, with more than a mother's tenderness, the evening curtain to afford weary nature a season for repose. A pure imagination is a rich, invaluable boon. Its pleasures are boundless. It exceeds the power of the magician. It can give to every blade of grass, to every leaf, and to every flower an intelligible voice that shall speak to me of great and profitable truths. Under its magic wand the inanimate lives, space is peopled with beautiful scenes, the solitudes become vocal, the wilderness smiles, all nature becomes eloquent with truth, and all the sounds of nature, above and around us, become sweeter than the *Æolian* harp.

By far the most difficult part of self-conquest consists in the subjugation of the *PASSIONS*. We use the term *passions* in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the emotions, whether good or evil. To regulate the good and to extirpate the evil is imperative on all. Many of the passions may be summed up in these two—Love and Hatred. Love is the happy passion, and contributes largely to the sum of human bliss. Desire, Hope, Joy, are only developments or modifications of love. *Desire*, which must be ranked among the passions, is nothing more than love going out after its object. The only difference between love and desire is that which exists between a man when he is sitting and when he is walking. He is the same identical personage, only in a different posture. Desire is nothing more than love travelling towards the object of affection. *Hope* again is another modification of love. The difference between hope and love is simply that which exists between the man when in his habitation, and the same man when on his watch-tower. Hope is nothing more than love on her watch-tower, casting a long glance onward, and anticipating the realization of its desire. *Joy* is another modification of love. It is love re-

joicing in the possession of its object. *Hatred* is a passion that stands opposed to love, and develops itself in anger, retaliation, envy, revenge, and lust of power. We stay not, however, to philosophise on the passions, or to classify them under different heads. We leave that for the moral philosopher. Our business is to teach their subjugation.

Man is a creature of emotion deep and strong, but he has superior faculties, to which the emotional nature must be subject. To invest the emotions or passions with the regal power would be perilous to our peace. The man who is controlled by feeling is wild, fanatical, volatile, impulsive, and never to be trusted in an emergency. He deserts you when you most need him. He forsakes the cause he espoused, just at a moment when his ardour and zeal, rightly directed, would have made it triumphant. If you offend him, his hatred becomes as hot as his former love. "I'll have my revenge," he cries, "for revenge is sweet." Sweet it may be for the moment while in the height of frenzy and of passion. Sweet it may be to a depraved and fiendish taste; but it will not bear reflection. Reason, in moments of calm, condemns it, and conscience will reproach him with it when the frenzy is past, and the revengeful blow irrevocably struck. When a man indulges in angry passions, he becomes at once conscious of losing self-respect, and he cannot therefore complain if he lose the respect of others. When a man storms and rages, and adds oaths and curses to his anger, he thinks his godless rhetoric gives him power, whereas, if he understood human nature better, he would know that it is weakness and not power—a weakness which brings him into absolute contempt. Judge of the feelings of others by your own. With what emotions do you look upon a man who gives way to violent and ungoverned tempers? However highly you respected him before, yet, now that he roars, and raves, and threatens, all respect departs, and you learn to

despise him. Nor should you, therefore, complain if others despise *you* when unfortunate enough to betray the same folly. If, in a discussion, you allow your combatant to irritate you, and to provoke you to anger, you may be assured that he has gained a point, and is far advanced towards victory. You are weak in your irritability; he is strong in his calmness, and fortified in his self-possession.

Our emotions or passions, although liable to abuse, are nevertheless useful and necessary. By their subjugation we do not mean their extirpation. They are not to be destroyed, but sanctified and regulated. We are no advocates for an unfeeling humanity, for the stoical philosophy which seeks to convert men into mere icicles, which, bright and transparent though they be, are nevertheless cold as death, and chill as the grave. We love the man that can feel, and weep, and rejoice. We love to feel the warm grasp of friendship's hand, and to behold the fires of the heart's affection lighting up the eye. Now-a-days there are not a few intellectuals who pride themselves on living high up *there*, in the clouds, far beyond the fluctuations to which we are subject, and who pour contempt on us poor mortals on account of the ebb and flow of our feelings. *They* dwell in a world of mind, in regions of lofty thought, and do not allow themselves to be touched by the tides of emotion which ever and anon swell the bosoms of ordinary mortals. Well, it may be a weakness, but we are bold to confess it, that we had rather live down here, where there is a little warmth, than be frost-bitten up there among those floating mental stars which unite with their brightness a deathly coldness.

Christianity, while it teaches us to regulate our emotional nature, presents ample scope for the exercise and development of feeling. There are not wanting men who maintain, that religion is a matter for the intellect and reason, and not for the heart, and that it consists in a true creed, an enlight-

ened judgment, and a mind well furnished with the evidences of Christianity. But this is far too cold for a creature of feeling like man. If you would meet the demand of his entire nature, you must give him a religion that affects his feelings, that will touch him at all points, and on all sides, and that will address itself to his moral as well as his mental nature, to his heart and conscience as well as his intellect. God demands the service of our passions in the first and great commandment—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul." You cannot love with your intellect. Love lives deeper down in the depths of our being. It grows and flourishes in the genial soil of the heart. The want of holy passion in the religion of the Laodicean church rendered her displeasing and offensive to God. The complaint lodged against her was, that she was neither cold nor hot. There was no fervour, no passion, no soul-fire, no bright ascending flame on the heart's altar, nothing but the ashes, the embers of what was once a vehement and spreading flame. Young men, our message is to you. Christianity calls forth the love of your deepest heart. It supplies scope for the exercise of all your ardour and energy. It presents you with an object worthy of adoring gratitude and supreme affection. It can inspire you with the highest hopes and purest joys. It can touch and move the springs of your deepest sympathies. It bids you not to check or destroy that genial flow of feeling which gushes warmly through your youthful soul, but it teaches you to control and regulate it, by giving it an upward and heavenward direction. Search out your dominant passion, and tell us what it is. Is it *Ambition*? Then, let it be the ambition to possess an immoveable throne and a fadeless crown, which shall abide when the glittering objects that worldly aspirants pursue have faded and for ever disappeared. Is it *Covetousness*? Then, covet nothing less than the treasures which cannot fade, the

inheritance which corruption can never touch, which the spoiler can never reach, and which death can never alienate. Is it *Love of Fame*? Then, seek the honour of having your name enrolled among the principalities and powers of heaven, and to be a member of God's own aristocracy; for that is a nobility that will abide when the paltry distinctions which now divide society are entirely forgotten and unknown. Is it *Lust of Power*? Covet then the power which prevails with God, and to which even the Almighty yields, the power which places the resources of the universe at your command, and which cries, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

At this stage of our proceedings the question will naturally arise in many minds: HOW CAN THIS DIFFICULT WORK OF SELF-SUBJUGATION BE ACHIEVED? To this important inquiry we now propose to address ourselves.

One suggestion which we would have you remember is, that *self-knowledge must always go before self-conquest*. When the commander of an army contemplates meeting a formidable adversary in the battle field, his first grand stroke of policy is to ascertain, as far as possible, the resources and hiding-place of the enemy. He studies a map of the country, masters its geography, ascertains the rivers to be crossed, the wildernesses to be pierced, and the mountains to be traversed. He carefully observes the most accessible part of the country, the easiest and safest route, and the most vulnerable points in the enemy's strongholds. No man skilled in warfare would hazard his reputation, the lives of his men, and the honour of his country, until he had first of all striven to master these subjects. To him a knowledge of them is paramount. Ignorance may bring ruin, defeat, and degradation. This was Napoleon's policy, and the policy of all distinguished generals. This must also be the policy of the man who addresses himself to the difficult task of self-conquest.

He must know, what is most difficult to be known, his own deceitful heart, where hostile forces are marshalled in dread array. He must carefully spread before him the map of the heart, study its deformities, ascertain the declivities that need levelling, the valleys that need uplifting, the ruggednesses that need smoothing, and the ghastly forms of evil which, ever and anon, flit to and fro across the scene, and which must be allayed by some process of spiritual necromancy. No knowledge more essential, none more difficult, and yet none more neglected, than self-knowledge. Men, without any forcible arguments to persuade, will explore with unwearied diligence the wonders of science, and joyfully bask in the sunshine of philosophy, and soar on the wing of poetry; but men are everywhere reluctant to dive into their own hearts, to explore the hidden avenues of the soul, and to study the secrets of their inner nature. The reason of this is obvious. Men are suspicious that this self-hood will not bear inspection, and that a severe scrutiny will serve only to discover unwelcome truths that must humble and mortify. Our proud nature dislikes to be humbled by a revelation of its evils; and as we all have a lingering suspicion that a deeper acquaintance with the heart will only annoy, if not disgust, we shrink with horror from the unwelcome task of self-scrutiny. We must rid ourselves of this reluctance to look in, else we shall never know what there is in us that needs combating and subduing. There must be not only a willingness to look in, but a firm determination to know the worst of ourselves. We must look at our foes and know them, before we venture to assail them; and having measured their strength, we shall find that we must bring a resolute heart to the fight. The foe is stubborn and subtle, as well as strong, and in order to overcome we must have time, and courage, and a firm, unbending will, and above all, implicit confidence in Him who spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly.

If you would suppress anger, revenge, and malice, together with other similar passions, *cultivate the habit of putting the best possible construction on the actions and motives of those who may injure you.* Provocation you will have. While men are so differently constituted, and while so many evil influences are abroad, it is folly to expect exemption. Our hearts are naturally suspicious and distrustful, displaying a strong tendency to put uncharitable constructions on the doings of others, and especially when those doings relate to ourselves. But, however fierce the temptation, none of us need become the prey of circumstances, or the unresisting victims of provocation. We have the power of resistance so as to roll back from us the revengeful spirit. There is no evil we are more disposed to palliate, and over which we more readily throw the cloak of charity, than the indulgence of evil tempers. When a man is provoked into a fierce passion, there will not be wanting friends to vindicate him, or at least to extenuate his faults by arguing—"Consider the irritability of his temper, that his property, person, or character has been injured without a cause; remember that he is of high descent, and that the man who insulted him is mean and despicable; and you will cease to wonder that he was betrayed into anger." Men who reason thus, assume, that unruly passions are necessary evils for which there is no remedy, and which, therefore, are perfectly excusable. But the very supposition is an insult to the provisions of Redemption, and to Him who emphatically declares to every struggling spirit, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let us suppose a case. A neighbour inflicts an injury upon you, either in your person, reputation, or property. The first tendency of your heart is, to hasten, without any investigation, to the conclusion, that he has been actuated by malign and envious motives, that the injury you have received is the fruit of his secret animosity and jealousy, and that, therefore, he should at once be visited with retribution.

Foster these thoughts, revolve them in your brain, let them float before your mental vision, and your heart will soon be fraught with diabolical revenge. The fuel being supplied, the fire will blaze forth with destructive fury. To quench it will be a work of no ordinary difficulty. Fierce impulses will hurry you onward, and no mind can conceive what diabolical act you may perpetrate before the spirit of revenge is glutted. But suppose you adopt a different course. Call charity to your aid in judging of the motives of him who has injured you. Put the most favourable construction you possibly can, in harmony with truth, on those motives. Cherish the hope, that the wrong he has done you was incidental and not intentional, that it was the fruit of thoughtlessness rather than malice, and you will find, that such thoughts enable you to quell the hostility, to extinguish the fiery anger, and to bridle the impetuosity of a revengeful temper, and thus, imitating the example of Him who, when he suffered, threatened not, and who when he was reviled, reviled not again, you will reap the blessedness of self-conquest.

One thing is certain, that the great work is hopeless if you attempt it in your own strength. The evil nature is too strong for every power but the grace of God. You may bring to it a resolute will, a well-disciplined mind, and an unbending purpose, but without divine aid fruitless must all your efforts be. Some of the noble philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome dreamt and spoke in wondrous strains of lofty virtue, and high moral attainments, but neither they nor their disciples ever realized all the excellencies they conceived. Their theory of virtue was in some cases sublime, but they lacked the power to reduce that theory into practice. They could impersonate virtue and robe her in perfect beauty and majesty, and make her flash with gems of purest lustre; they could, and did, urge their disciples to resemble that impersonation of virtue,

but they could not teach one to obtain the resemblance. The power of conformity was wanting. They could tell men *what* they ought to be, but they could not teach them *how* to become what they ought. They could expatiate in glowing strains on the excellencies of a perfect character, but they could impart no power to their disciples to form their character after that model. They might, and did, cry to their followers—"Excelsior, Excelsior, Up, Up, to those regions of purity and perfection where you may live undisturbed by the grievances and vicissitudes of the world;" but they could give them neither feet to walk nor wings to fly thither. They spoke of virtues which they never possessed, and dreamt and sang of excellencies, which, with all strivings, they never obtained. Their lessons of wisdom and virtue were admirable, but they were wanting in power to act upon them. The secret of their failure was in their ignorance. They knew not that the resources of their power were in the grace of God, and not in themselves. They sought to make themselves great and perfect, independent of grace, and hence their failure. Christianity differs from philosophy insomuch as it enables us *to be* what philosophy only *imagined*. Christianity not only points to perfection, but gives power to reach it. It not only discovers moral heights which it bids us climb, but it also supplies the power to effect the noble ascent. It speaks to the timorous and feeble, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Many a noble youth untainted in his morals, has left the parental roof, launched out upon the world with a full determination to maintain his virtue and to battle manfully with corrupting influences; he has had confidence in his courage and in the strength of his resolutions, but, unhappily, the temptations were more and mightier than he had apprehended, the allurements were more bewitching than he had suspected, so that the arm of flesh in which he trusted proved inadequate

for the emergency, and he himself became the victim of temptations, and the prey of evil habits, the very thought of which, at the outset of his career, appalled him. Young men, we warn you, have no confidence in your strength of mind, in the firmness of your purpose, or the might of your resolution. We do *not* say to you—Do not purpose, do not resolve; but we *do* say, do not trust in that purpose alone. Trust in the mighty power of divine grace, which alone can make you victorious. Stronger men than you have turned cravens, and mightier men than you have fallen on this battle field, because they trusted their native strength. If you would succeed in this deadly strife, you must have foreign aid, help from above, you must be clad with a heaven-wrought panoply, you must be sustained and shielded by the invisible, but Almighty arm of your God.

And now that we have given you an idea of the work to be performed, and how to perform it, of the battle you have to wage, and how to fight it, we would stimulate you to the enterprise by giving you an idea of its grandeur, and of THE VAST SUPERIORITY OF THIS MORAL TRIUMPH OVER THE MOST SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF MILITARY SKILL AND PROWESS. This victory over self, little as it may be thought of, and insignificant as it may appear to the superficial observer, is nevertheless a noble achievement—far nobler than taking cities, or subduing nations, or conquering embattled hosts.

It is nobler in *Itself*, and in its *Results*.—It is nobler in *Itself*. In this battle with the heart's evils, there will be wanting the stimulants which are so amply supplied to the soldier on *his* battle-field. *There*, martial strains fall in exciting tones on the ear; banners float from citadel and tower; the polished trappings of rank behind rank gleam and glitter in the sunshine; the shout of battle, the neighing and prancing of war-horses, echo over the plain. But in this great moral strife with yourself, there are none of these glit-

tering glories, or stimulating scenes, or exciting sounds to urge you onward. You will have to pursue it alone and unobserved. No human power can aid you, no human eye can behold the foes you combat; but there is One above all others, who has specially promised to be with you, and arm you for the fight. His arm alone can sustain, and His presence alone can cheer.

In human warfare the worst passions of the heart are developed. Men become fiends. Hatred, malice, revenge, barbarity, lust of power, and thirst for blood become the law of the battle-field. All that is malignant in human nature is commonly let loose unchecked and unrestrained. In the battle of the heart these passions are to be subdued, and brought into entire subjection to truth, right, and purity. The foes with which you have to contend are of no mean order, for they are the very passions and principles which make men formidable and terrible on the field of battle. Skill and science have wrought wonders. The world stands amazed at their achievements. They have tamed fierce beasts of prey, and brought even the elements of nature into subjection. They have spanned the ocean, annihilated distance, joined remote continents, given life to steam, a tongue to the wire, and a voice to the lightning. But there are passions in the human heart more fierce than beasts of prey, and disturbing forces more tumultuous than nature's stormy winds and tempests, and more difficult of control than the subtle but omnipotent element of electricity. No mere human skill can master these. Christian science—the science taught in the school of Christ—alone can enable you to obtain the mastery here. Let the man who sneers at the moral triumph of which we speak, only address himself to the task of vanquishing his ambition, avarice, pride, lust of power, or love of fame, or whatever else may be his dominant passion, and he will find himself a weaker man than he suspected, and his foe

far mightier than he apprehended, and the victory a far more difficult achievement than he ever imagined. "Many who have, with unflinching fidelity, and with iron hearts, started up as the martial drum has summoned them to battle, have fallen like infants at the soft tones of a siren. It is on the arena of the soul, in the moral conflict for right, that the greatest magnanimity is required, and the greatest heroism is displayed." Napoleon, whose name struck terror into tens of thousands of hearts, and beneath whose leaden foot-tread whole continents trembled, never learnt the art of mastering himself. Wellington, England's Iron Duke, was not his only master. There were terrible passions in Napoleon's own soul,—ambition, thirst for power and territory—that hurried him onward with a scourge far more terrific than that which drives the galley slave. His name is renowned for splendid triumphs, but the tumultuous foes within him, he never quelled. They were master of him, and not he of them. He might boast of having a vast and well-disciplined army under his command, and every man waiting to do his bidding; but legions of unholy passions within him swayed an iron sceptre, and wielded over him a despotic power. He was the mere slave of these passions, and they were his cruel oppressors. From childhood we have been familiar with the name of Alexander the Great, and with his march of triumphs. Great as he might be when leading forth his hosts to battle, he was a man of vile temper, and in the retirement of his home, he was often almost martyred by fits of demon passion. Illustrious he might be as a conqueror, but his own vile passions made a coward of him. Samson was great and mighty when he defeated the Philistines, but he showed himself feeble, and the helpless victim of his own base lust, when he suffered himself to be subdued by the wanton smiles of Delilah. The giant with ease bears away, up a steep and rugged hill, the ponderous gates of Gaza, and

wrenches from their solid base the massive pillars which supported Dagon's temple, but he sinks under the weight of his own sensuality. Give him an outward foe to grapple with, something that he can grasp and wrestle with, and his might astonishes you, but let him face his inner foe, his lust, and he is feebler than a newborn infant, and cowardly sinks beneath the more than giant-might of the siren. The withs of his passions have woven round him a web which his gigantic strength and muscles of steel can never shiver. Hercules, boasting of his strength, is said to have sought highway robbers to combat with, and to have challenged monsters to battle, that he might show how easily he could vanquish them. But impurity thoroughly mastered *him*. In the presence of his lust his herculean strength became weakness. The monuments of antiquity represent him carrying an infant on his shoulder as an emblem of voluptuousness, and beneath that unworthy burden the giant stoops and bends, and lets his frightful club fall from his hand. He may be a hero in the presence of monsters, but he is a craven in the presence of his lust. There have been men who could discipline and control armed legions in the most perilous encounters, but who never learnt the art of self-control. They knew nothing of fear in the most deadly strifes, when the slain around them were numbered by thousands, but they have cowardly shrunk from the contest with self. They have manfully fought for the liberties and honour of their country, but they have been the meanest slaves in the inner world of the heart. Hosts of vile passions like ghastly spectres peopled their souls, and they have never dared to look them in the face, or to take one of them as a prisoner of war. Instead of dragging them to the altar and slaying them like deadly foes before the Lord, they have succumbed to them, nay more, treacherous to their highest and best interests, they have cherished and fostered them. Bold as they may

have been elsewhere, they proved themselves too craven-hearted to assault these internal enemies, or to chase them away from the field of the heart. It is a lamentable fact, nevertheless a fact, that some of earth's greatest heroes have been the basest of moral cowards. As the reward of their victories they have been adorned with robes of office, their breasts have been decked with stars, and made to flash with gems. And well they might, for beneath that glittering robe there was a heart stained with foulest blots and infamous crimes. The gems, in many cases, were all outside. Not a single star of virtue studded the heart or beautified the soul. Within, like their own field of carnage, was full of dead men's bones, moral putrefaction and death.

The enemies we invite you to combat, are not external but internal, they are not in the material world without, but in the inner world of the heart. They are not visible and tangible, but lurk secretly in the hidden avenues of the soul. They lie in ambush, ready to fall upon you unawares when temptation is nigh, and you off your guard, and unsuspecting of danger. He who takes a city assaults an avowed and armed foe, but he who conquers the heart assaults himself. Look at the man who contemplates suicide. How weak and tremulous his hand when it touches the sword that is to be plunged into his own bosom; and yet, this is what you are in a moral sense required to do. You are to turn your weapons inward upon yourself, and with a vigorous hand, thrust out from the citadel of the heart those vile usurpers of Jehovah's rights, which have long nestled and even enthroned themselves within. Or, in the language of that Old Book which we all venerate, we are to crucify ourselves; we are to fasten to an ignominious cross our rebellious and sinful nature. Our own hand must drive the nail and fasten the victim. It requires a bolder man to do this than to climb the heights of Alma under the fire of a

Russian host, or to rush over the plains of Balaklava through bristling spears.

The victory over the heart is *far nobler in its results* than all the splendid achievements of war. The world's history, in many of its pages, is darkened with sad and gory records of the terrible devastations attendant upon war. What does the warrior leave behind him? Alas! he leaves in his track a soil crimsoned with human blood, vocal with the groans of the wounded and the dying, thronged with ghastly victims, with countenances blanched with the livid hues of death. He leaves behind him happy homes desolated, sacred temples wrapped in flames, the busy stirring sounds of industry hushed, palaces sacked, property plundered, innocence outraged, virtue violated, widows multiplied, children rendered fatherless, mothers mourning over lost sons, Rachel-like, weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. But turn from this scene to another. Look at the moral hero who has mastered self, who has overcome his covetousness, pride, and love of ease, who pursues a career of self-sacrificing beneficence, who spends his life, his energy, and an ample fortune in mitigating the wretchedness, and alleviating the sorrows of the guilty and the miserable. *He* leaves behind him tears wiped away, sighs hushed, groans stifled, sorrows soothed, a bleeding humanity raised and healed, widows' hearts singing for joy, and orphans made glad with the refreshing smiles of his kind philanthropy. Where is the man who would for a moment prefer following in the track of the warrior through wasted villages and sacked cities, and hear the heart-rending tales, and witness the sickening scenes with which the eye and ear soon become familiar, to the following the self-conquering Howard through dungeons, prisons, and hospitals, and listen to the benedictions of those whom he had relieved and blessed? Be it ours to covet the honour of a Howard, who rose into a

sublime forgetfulness of self in an absorbing desire to benefit the wretched and the guilty. He was a man who addressed himself to the momentous task of gauging the miseries of his fellow-men; not with the unfeeling heart of an official who goes to gather dry statistics, but who has no heart to soothe, and no tears to shed over the miseries which he seeks in vain to detail according to the cold and unbending laws of arithmetic, but rather as an angel of mercy to wipe the tear which trembled in the eye of distress and widowhood, to hush the sigh, to mitigate the anguish of the oppressed, and to pity those whom no one else pitied, and who would never have known that such a thing as pure philanthropy had an existence on earth, were it not for his visits of self-sacrificing beneficence. Oh, for more like him! Oh, for more hearts that shall either sink or rise into a total forgetfulness of this paltry self-hood, and enlarge so as warmly to embrace other interests besides their own. One of the grandest characteristics of the Redeemer is *unselfishness*. He lived, not for Himself, but for others. He suffered, not for Himself, but for others. He died, not for Himself, but for others. He has carried with Him to heaven that same unselfishness; for now, that He occupies His mediatorial throne, He intercedes, not for Himself, but for others.

Again, we would observe that the successes of the warrior cannot constitute him happy. Happiness is a boon which all seek. It is an object of universal ambition. All men covet it. But victory over armed legions and extensive territories cannot bring happiness. It may bring a jubilant, exultant feeling; but it brings no bliss to the soul. It may cause the badge of honour to sparkle on the breast; but it cannot enshrine the gem of contentment in the immortal mind. It may deck the brow with a proud and gaudy wreath; but it cannot supply the spirit with peace and joy. If it can, why did it not accomplish this for Alexander, one of the

greatest of conquerors? His ambition reached its utmost limit when all the known world lay at his feet. And yet he weeps, yes, hear it, ye men of thirsting ambition—he weeps. He had mastered all, as he thought, and yet, briny tears were the bitter fruits of his triumphs. Alas, those tear-drops were brilliant and mighty proofs that he had not conquered himself, proofs that his passion for power mastered him, and that he himself was the mere puppet of that terrible passion. If, instead of looking at the external world, he had looked at the internal, he would have discovered a wide territory which his marching forces had not trodden, a world within subdued. Only let him bring his military skill to bear on the enemies of his own house, let him lay his own mighty passions prostrate on the field, and he will then be great indeed, and dash away from him those base, crocodile tears shed over the folly of not having other worlds to conquer.

No distinction which the world may offer, no honour which the great and noble may confer, can ever impart to immortal man substantial happiness. Without the mastery over self, you would be miserable in a palace, and wretched though royal robes decked your person, and an imperial diadem adorned your brow. Come, and let us show you a man under the dominion of *pride*. He is the prime minister of Persia, a man laden with honours, and second in power only to the Emperor himself. In his hands are the destinies of a vast and prosperous empire. He has a lofty carriage, a dignified mien, and possesses a high consciousness of his position and power. But his master-passion—pride—renders him distressingly sensitive. The slightest disrespect, whether real, or only apparent, touches him to the quick, and pierces his soul with keenest anguish. A poor captive Jew sitting at the palace gate, refusing the obeisance expected by the haughty prince, mortifies his pride, and goads him almost into madness. He burns with intense wrath, meditates revenge, and

is eager with his displeasure to consume the insulting captive. He is driven as if by furies, and his very life becomes an intolerable burden. He would rather die than live to endure the insult of so despicable a being. Peace he cannot have until that contemptible object is out of the way. High honours are profusely lavished on the proud dignitary, the great and noble court his favour, multitudes look enviously at him, and he alone is invited to the royal banquet; but no matter, his pride is master of him, and the simple refusal of the sturdy Jew embitters all his pleasures, flings a gloom thick as midnight over his lustrous honours, and extorts from his haughty spirit the humbling confession, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

We can show you another, under the dominion of another passion—*covetousness*. He is a monarch, a coronet adorns his brow, and his hand wields a sceptre. He has ample stores of wealth, and great extent of possessions, but he is miserable notwithstanding his imperial resources of both wealth and pleasure. His heart speaks through his eye. An indescribable gloom flings its dark shadow over his face, while misery is depicted in his countenance. His wife at once perceives the change, and is anxious to know the cause of his sadness. That cause is easily ascertained. A poor man possesses a vineyard well nigh the royal abode. The monarch looks upon it with envious eye, and eagerly covets it for himself. To secure it, he made to the owner an overture of a simple exchange. This was declined, respectfully, but firmly. The son of the soil refused to part with his freehold because it was the inheritance of his fathers, and had been handed down to him through successive generations as hereditary property. On this account he venerated it, and felt he could not part with it even for his monarch. Now, mark the effect on the disappointed king. He throws himself sad and

sorrowful on his couch, refuses to eat, for his food becomes loathsome. The mortification of a failure he cannot endure. The coveted object he must have at any cost. The passion of covetousness becomes dominant. It thoroughly masters him. It hurries him on as though charioteered by a fierce demon, until, at length, he lends himself to a base and jesuitical plot to take away the life of Naboth, that he may, even though it be by robbery and murder, gratify the fiendish passion which has unhappily mounted the throne of his heart. It is better for you to endure the yoke of the vilest tyrant that ever occupied a throne, than the galling yoke of an evil passion. No drudgery so base, no thralldom so oppressive, no chains so heavy, as those of unconquered passion, whether covetousness, pride, ambition, or lust. If you would be great and happy, hold the reins, assume and maintain the regal power over your passions. Suffer them not to wrench the sceptre, and usurp the supremacy. If you would resist their tyranny, avoid the first apprenticeship, never sign the indentures. Once you have resigned the authority into their hands, they will firmly rivet their galling chains; they will drive you like furies, and be more cruel and fierce than the brutal slaveholder to the poor negro, whose only sin seems to be that his skin is browned by heaven's own sun.

Turn aside with me, and let us gaze on another scene—a happy contrast—that of a man who has learnt the art of mastering himself, and who, in virtue of that self-conquest, is happy and joyous amid circumstances the most unfriendly to happiness. We refer you to Paul the Apostle, one of the most illustrious instances of self-mastery that history records. Amid a life of unequalled vicissitudes, of provocations and cruel persecutions, his perfect self-control invested him with a dignity and power that awed and overpowered his opponents. He confounded magistrates and judges, made princes and nobles quail

as he stood before them in all the grandeur of his self-mastery. And even when immured in a criminal's cell, his soul was free though his body was bound, his heart was full of light though his dungeon was full of gloom, and although the aspect of things external was sober and sad, yet there was joy in the spirit, and a song on the lip. Rising far above the painful and alarming circumstances which pressed upon him, and while yet a prisoner at Rome, with nothing apparently before him but martyrdom for the truth, from his cell—yes, his prison-cell—he writes to the Philippian converts: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." That is, "I have so subjugated my nature that my happiness does not depend on external circumstances. The fierce foe may deprive me of my liberty, but of my peace of mind he cannot deprive me. This lives in my deepest soul, and is my joyous companion amid the gloom of my prison and the clanking of my chains." Let us look at him again, standing as a culprit before Agrippa. The court is thronged with inveterate foes, who are waiting with fiendish hate to pour on him their indignation, and with satanic glee to execute on him the sentence of death. If, at this terrible crisis, he suffers himself to be provoked, if he loses the mastery of himself, the base feelings of human nature will develop themselves—envy, malice, revenge, hatred—and Christianity will be for ever disgraced. But over these unworthy passions he nobly triumphs, and cherishes nothing but pure love towards all his enemies, and from his inmost heart wishes them as happy and joyful as himself. Feeling his religion to be within him a well-spring of happiness, like a fountain ever bubbling up fresh and free, he earnestly coveted the same blessedness for even his persecutors. With a grandeur which seems superhuman, and with a benevolence which seems divine, holding up his fetters in

the presence of the infuriated multitude, he exclaims, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

This victory over self *will secure the plaudits of the highest and noblest intelligences in creation.* You may have to live in obscurity, and fight your battles and win your triumphs noiselessly and unobserved. The historian of your country may not deem it necessary to record your name, or to sound your fame on a single page of his elaborate production. There may be no Macaulay to immortalise you with his eloquent eulogies, there may be no niche assigned you among the great in Westminster Abbey, no bronze or marble monument reared to your memory in the town of your birth, and no poet to waken up a song in praise of your virtue and heroism. Nay, rather, you may have to bear the look of pity and contempt, and be sneered at as puritanic, strait-laced, and mopish. Never mind. You can afford it. Yours is the greatest honour if you only achieve self-conquest. A period will arrive when the intelligent universe will adjudicate aright, when the man who masters an evil passion, who frowns down a popular vice, or upturns a ruinous error, will be deemed worthy of greater praise than the noblest of earth's warriors. The marble statue will crumble into dust, the niches of abbeys and halls will empty themselves of their memorials of greatness, as the earth reels to and fro beneath the foot-tread of the coming Judge; the emblazoned roll of historic records shall be consumed in the final conflagration; but the memorial of the moral hero will be imperishable. *He* will live in the grateful memory of those whom he has blessed, whose tears he has wiped away, whose wants he has relieved, whose gloom he has illumined with radiant smiles, and whose wandering feet he has brought into the paths of peace. *There, yes there, high up in that world of spirits, shall his memorial*

be reared, where the final flames cannot reach, and where the rocking and heaving of earth's last convulsive throes shall not be felt, where angels will ever flit to and fro, and with delighted eyes read the inscription traced to his immortal honour by the hand of Jesus Christ himself: "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

The Roman soldiers when returning home victoriously from the field of battle, were hailed by enthusiastic millions. As they approached their splendid capital, laden with the spoils of war, on them were lavished the loud plaudits of admiring multitudes. When Titus and Vespasian returned from the conquest of the Holy City, Jerusalem, they were met by exulting hosts who escorted the daring heroes with pomp and jubilant acclamations under the triumphal arch into Rome. Stirring and animating were the scenes of that memorable occasion. But the praises of the multitude have floated away on the breeze, the heroes themselves have died, and have been laid prostrate in the dust, their proud laurels have long since faded, and their memorials have perished with them; while the poor prisoner of Rome, who was left to languish in its dungeons—the self-conquering Paul, *lives*—*lives* in the imperishable pages of his inspired Epistles; *lives* in the grateful memory of multitudes who are before the throne of God as the fruit of his toil, and as the crown of his rejoicing. The Ptolemies and Pharaohs of Egypt have perished ages since, nothing that they have done remains to hallow their memory or to embalm their names; but Joseph, the youthful prisoner and the nobler resister of temptation, *lives* in the memorable declaration, "How can I do this great evil, and sin against God;" *lives* as an illustrious example of self-conquest worthy of the imitation of every tempted youth.

When you, young men, return to your heaven-home, the

metropolis of the universe, from the field of strife where a fierce battle shall have been successfully waged with the solicitations of an evil world, and with the corruptions, propensities, and passions of an evil heart, you shall be greeted not by sinful mortal men, but by sinless and immortal angels. Your honour will not descend from any earthly monarch, but from the King of kings. Your reward shall not consist in the approval of fickle multitudes who can be bribed into applause or hisses, but in the emphatic "Well done," proceeding from the lips of Him whose smile is heaven, and whose approval is of itself immortality. If, therefore, you would be truly great and truly noble, conquer self. Rise into the proper dignity of your manhood. Prove yourself superior to external circumstances. Let them not enslave you, but see to it that you control them. Let not circumstances mould you, but you rather mould them, and use them as stepping-stones to aid you in attaining your true position in the universe.

No matter what your possessions or what your attainments, you can never know true happiness, nor true greatness, until you have learnt the art of mastering your rebel self. Show me a man who is patient under injury, who endures insults without resentment, who returns good for evil, blessings for cursings, who feeds his hungry foe and slakes his fevered thirst, who loves all, and, without envy, rejoices in the prosperity of all, and without hesitation we say of him, Behold, a greater than Alexander is here! Show me a youth who has manfully battled with the evil propensities of his nature, who has bravely breasted the tide of temptations by which others have been borne away, who stands forth in the midst of a debased and depraved world, adorned with integrity, sobriety, chastity, and all virtue; and of him we say without any hesitation, Behold, a greater than Napoleon is here! He has conquered passions that have mastered some of earth's

greatest warriors, and brought into subjection evils that have led the world's heroes into degrading captivity.

Many brave and noble men have fought and fallen during our recent struggles on the plains of the Crimea and of India. We have reason to glory in the fact that so many of them were not only patriots, but Christians—Christians of the noblest stamp and highest order—Christians who were not ashamed to avow their Christianity amid the scoffs and sneers of godless officers, and the impiety of degraded companions,—Christians who diffused an influence for good to the remotest limit of the camp, and who were ever ready to solace the wounded and pray for the dying. Christianity did not make cowards of them, for they were second to none for bravery and noble daring. Their names are enrolled among the most illustrious of British heroes. But, great as may be the distinctions they have won on the battle-field, the distinctions they have won as moral heroes, the conquerors of sin and self, are inconceivably greater. Who does not feel that Captain Hedley Vicars was greater as a *Christian* than as a *Crimean hero*? The maintenance of a pure character, and of an unblemished moral reputation, amid such abounding evils, was a far greater achievement than the climbing the heights of Alma, or the taking of Sebastopol at the point of Russian bayonets. Who does not feel that *Havelock the Christian* was greater than *Havelock the warrior*? The subjugation of his sinful nature, the preservation of his purity, integrity, and virtue, amid all the terrible temptations incident to a state of warfare, was a far nobler achievement than the storming of Delhi or the taking of Lucknow. Both these distinguished men, the hero of Inkermann and the hero of Lucknow, are immortalised in the pages of their nation's history for their fortitude and courage; but the conquest they achieved over self has secured for them a far better immortality, an immortality worthy of the name, in a world

where glory never fades, where the laurels of triumph never wither, and where the victor's song rolls on its swelling strains for ever. Our Queen and Government proved their high appreciation of real worth by conferring on one of them the honour of knighthood. His ear was, however, never saluted with the proud title, his eye was dimmed in death before he could read the official dispatch which announced his promotion, and even before it received the signature of high authority. When his well-earned honours reached the field of strife, he had passed away to a region where human praise could not affect him, but where he had conferred on him true immortal knighthood by the Monarch of the Universe. He had become the possessor of a throne more enduring than Britain's, and a crown more brilliant than that which adorns the brow of England's noble Queen.

Young men, we challenge you this night to summon courage to address yourselves to this noble but difficult task of self-mastery. Bring your thoughts, imagination, tempers, passions, into subjection to a higher authority. Lead them captive, and let them not lead you captive. Put a hook in the nose, and a bridle in the lips of your leviathan passions. Venture not to let the reins hang loosely on their neck, else they will bear you away with fury, and you know not whither. Bridle them up. Curb them. Hold a tight rein. Ever seek the consciousness that you are master of them. This will give you a dignity and self-respect which nothing else can. Slavery you hate, freedom you love; take heed, therefore, that you be not that slave, and that you forfeit not that freedom, by allowing your sins to coil around you, and rivet on your soul their galling chains. If, unhappily, you find yourself enslaved by some evil habit, the wretched victim of some dread despot, we are bold to affirm, that you need not any longer endure that cruel oppression, for by the grace which is in Christ, you may rise with your earthly sinews

strung with more than an earthly might, and snap those fetters, and fling them for ever away ; and then, stepping forth into the liberty wherewith God makes His children free, you will learn to appreciate as you never did before, the truth of Solomon's declaration, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city."

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son :
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

Queen Elizabeth.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.,

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I AM not here as the fond eulogist, nor yet as the blind apologist, of that magnificent monarch whose name forms the title of my lecture. That her faults were glaring whilst her excellencies were glorious, that her weaknesses as a woman not unfrequently overshadowed her greatness as a queen, none but a determined partisan will deny. Yet with all her follies and her foibles, the strange incongruities of her character, and the stormy outbursts of her temper, she ruled this nation grandly! In her reign Britain boasted a constellation of men of genius and greatness unparalleled in the history of the world; in her reign the foundations of our incomparable constitution in church and state were laid deep, and broad, and permanent; in her reign that colonial empire, which has since become almost unlimited in its range, had its commencement; in her reign we won that sovereignty of the seas which we have never lost, and which makes England the wonder and the envy of mankind; but, above all, she was the great nursing mother of that blessed Reformation, which shines out amid the great and good events of earth's history as the morning star shines forth amid the stars that stud the firmament. Under God we owe the organization, consolidation, and permanency of that transcendent revolu-

tion in our land—its sound basis and sober character—more to Elizabeth than to any other instrument whatever.

Ought not, then, her memory to be cherished by England? Ought we not to be very jealous for her fair fame? Ought we not to feel that when her name is struck at, the blow rebounds upon ourselves? Ought we not the rather thus to feel at a juncture when so many Romish writers, and writers that sympathize with Rome, have exercised a perverse ingenuity in trying to exaggerate her blemishes and disparage her virtues—antipathy to the Reformation thus betraying itself in antipathy to her—the former aimed at, though the latter is assailed? Can it be doubted that one of the subtlest and most sedulous manœuvres of modern Jesuitism has been and still is to poison the streams of history? We may detect the noxious element sometimes in homœopathic infusions, and sometimes in larger administrations. We may trace it sometimes distilled through the pens of nominally Protestant annalists, and sometimes as exhibited by avowedly Popish hands. And of all the subjects upon which this stealthy practice has been tried, the favourite one has been the magnificent reign and the splendid renown of her whom, in spite of all that has been said and written against her, we do not hesitate still to designate—“Glorious Queen Bess!”

My subject, then, is emphatically a subject in season. It challenges attention on the score of justice no less than gratitude—of patriotism no less than Protestantism. I trust in God that I shall be enabled, in the sketch which I am about to furnish, to deal fairly and fearlessly—to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and thus, so far as in me lies, to do justice to the name of a much-traduced but illustrious sovereign.

It is not my intention to attempt to give you a compendium of the history, or even a delineation of the character of Queen Elizabeth. My purpose is rather, first, to suggest

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a few considerations which ought always to be borne in mind when we would analyse her conduct and weigh her merits; in the next place, to sketch a few of the most illustrative and impressive scenes and circumstances in her marvellous career; and then to submit a few remarks in extenuation of those dark blemishes which stained her reputation, and are justly censured by all impartial historians. Throughout, my aim will be to magnify the grace of God towards this favoured nation, and to trace the prints of His almighty hand in carrying out, sustaining, and defending the reformation of the Church.

In the outset, let it be laid down that if you would judge a picture fairly you must take care to place it in proper light and shadow whilst you yourself must mind to inspect it from the right point of observation. If you fail in these precautions you will fail to obtain a just impression of the painting. But as it is with a painting so it is with a character—especially with a character in the very dim because very distant past. It is utterly unfair to surround such a character with the lights and shadows of the present, to estimate it according to existing standards of taste, opinion, manners, and customs. Justice demands that we should, as far as possible, disentangle ourselves from modern circumstances and associations, and transfer ourselves to the precise period when the subject of our criticism flourished. We ought, as far as may be, to become contemporaries with the individual of whom we wish to form a judgment. For lack of such fairness how many a harsh sentence has been passed upon the private manners as well as on the public measures of Elizabeth. How many have charged her with coarseness, vulgarity, imperiousness, in a thousand particulars and instances in which, to a large extent, what appears coarse to us was deemed refined in her times; what appears to us bordering on indecent familiarity, was in her but conformity

to the forms and fashions of her age; what wears to us the aspect of outrageous arbitrariness and caprice, was often regarded by those around her as the legitimate exercise of her power. So unreasonable is it to test what took place in the dawn of civilization by the full light of its noonday! Hardly more unreasonable would it be to try a savage by the standard of our own polished nation, and to pronounce him personally culpable where, in reality, he is not to be blamed for his defects, but rather pitied on account of the disadvantages under which he has laboured. This, therefore, I regard as the first postulate, if we would arrive at an impartial judgment in relation to Elizabeth—we must judge her by her own times, not by ours.

In the next place, we ought to give full weight to the fact that she and her contemporaries had but recently and imperfectly emerged from the thick darkness of Popery, waded out of the deep quagmire of her pollutions and superstitions. No marvel, therefore, that their moral and spiritual vision should have long continued dim and distorted, and that somewhat of the slime of the pit should have clung to them. Was it to be expected that all at once they should be utterly free—free from influences the most debasing and corruptions the most inveterate? Was it to be expected that they should forthwith be disinfected from the leprous touch of a system which has enlisted falsehood into the service of the God of truth, and the sword of persecution into the service of the God of love; which has not unfrequently reputed murderers martyrs, canonized the vilest criminals, and consecrated the darkest crimes?

It is not possible for a man, except a special miracle be wrought, to burst at once out of moral darkness into the blaze of moral day. And if so in the case of an individual, how much more in the case of a people!—How superlatively so in the case of a people tenacious, cautious, deliberate, as

our own have ever been ! Just realize, if you can, the state of England slowly waking up out of the stupor of the dark ages, struggling through the semi-popish, semi-autocratic despotism of Henry the Eighth ; then tossed to and fro during the brief troubled period of Edward the Sixth's minority ; and afterwards torn and trampled under the bloody sway of the merciless Mary ;—realize, if you can, the consequent state of the nation, oscillating, as it had so long been, between freedom and slavery, truth and error, spiritual worship and gross idolatry, —and then say whether it ought to scandalize us that, on Elizabeth's accession to the throne, there was much to unlearn as well as to learn—much that was low in moral sentiment and revolting in political intrigue—much that seems harsh and overbearing on the part of the monarch, and crouching and sycophantic on the part of her subjects. To the Romish writers who taunt us with these things, our fairest and strongest answer is—"Whence came they? Whose offspring did their family likeness proclaim them to be?" More especially, the despotic character of the great Queen's government on the one hand, and the servility of her subjects on the other, these were the bequest of Romanism. We must wonder that the people were so much, rather than so little, alive to civil and ecclesiastical liberty, and the Queen so much, rather than so little, alive to the rights of the people, since the latter had been cradled in arbitrary power, and the former steeped in slavish submission. In truth, the people were not fit to be free. You do not leave a child uncontrolled as you do a man, neither do you put a naked sword into the hand of a maniac. You must fit a people to be free before you can give them freedom ; and a people who can bear to be free, to use liberty without abusing it, cannot long be enslaved—sooner or later they must be disenthralled. But to a nation self-disqualified for freedom, no external interposition can insure the glorious privilege. Secure a free

Bible to a country if you wish to make them free indeed—that, through God's blessing, will gradually, but effectually, teach them self-government, and thus teach them the source and the secret of liberty. So taught, God will not and man cannot hold them in bondage. But the nation in those days was but little acquainted with the Bible, and not more than half civilized: consequently, the Queen had to deal with a people in a transition state; and it is very doubtful whether the despotic character of her reign was not largely necessitated by the condition of her subjects.

Nor, in fairness to the Queen, ought it to be forgotten that she was nursed and trained amid peculiarly ungenial and unhappy influences. How often has she been blamed where she ought rather to be pitied! Her father, as is notorious, was a gross, sensual, sordid, sanguinary tyrant—a horrible example for his children. We utterly disclaim him as a Protestant. He was a genuine son of Rome, save that he was such a pope himself that he could not endure a rival. This was the whole amount of his Protestantism. However in the wisdom of the overruling providence of God, he proved a mighty sledge-hammer for the purpose of smashing many of the chains with which Popery had loaded the nation, still, what religion he had was the religion of Rome. Very pernicious therefore must have been the influence of such a father on the tender mind of his daughter in as far as it was brought to bear upon her. His habit of profane swearing, his frenzied paroxysms of rage, his wild caprices, his unbridled sensuality, his remorseless cruelty, must have told upon her very injuriously. Then the fell fate of her hapless mother, how it must have haunted her like a dismal ghost; how it must have brooded over her childhood like an oppressive thunder-cloud! At the same time, how unhappily circumstanced was she in her early days! How were her budding affections trifled with by that bad, bold, intriguing man,

Seymour, who had, for a time, an almost unlimited control over her, abetted, as he was, by Parry, her attendant, and Mrs. Ashley, her governess, both of whom seem to have been crafty, mercenary persons, working upon the feelings, and playing with the foibles of a tender-hearted girl not yet fifteen years of age. Surely it is harsh and hard to judge severely the indiscretions and levities of a mere girl so cruelly conditioned.

And when raised to the throne, how unwholesome the atmosphere of gross flattery which enveloped her; how pernicious the cringing sycophancy of all who approached her;—a spirit which, I must say, degraded and disgraced the illustrious names which formed such a galaxy around her throne. For though we must make large allowance for the manners and tastes of that period, yet, after making every abatement, we must feel that it leaves a sore stain on Burleigh, and Bacon, and Walsingham, and Raleigh, and Sidney, that they should have crouched and fawned so revoltingly upon a fellow-creature, however bright the crown she wore, and however splendid the attributes she displayed.

Neither, in estimating the conduct of Elizabeth when she ascended the throne, ought it to be lost sight of that there was much to constrain her to proceed with a caution and deliberation which to some seems like compromise, and to others like caprice. She mounted the throne when the whole bench of bishops, with one sole exception, were bitterly opposed to her, and clung most tenaciously to the superstitions of Rome. She mounted it when not a single ally supported her, and every surrounding nation was her enemy; she mounted it when it was very doubtful how far the people would, all at once, endure the full development of Protestantism: consequently, she was forced to advance in her ecclesiastical reforms gradually and discreetly. Nor is it fair to impute her tardiness and policy either to cowardice, which she never

was accustomed to betray, or to want of devotedness and loyalty to Protestantism, which the whole of her after career disproved. She evinced on a thousand occasions that her Protestant principles were dear to her heart, and that she was prepared to lay down her life rather than to sacrifice them.

But I will not dwell longer on the considerations which ought to weigh with us when we would form an estimate of the merits and a judgment of the character of the great Queen. It is time that I should call your attention to some of those striking scenes and incidents of her life which tend to illustrate the sterling excellences which underlay all the weaknesses and defects which we frankly admit sorely blemished her character as a woman and sometimes obscured it as a ruler. In the first place let me give you a few tracings of her early days. She was—and this ought to endear her to us—the infantine associate and cherished playmate of the lovely Edward VI., that Josiah of our country, whose name is embalmed in the national heart, as redolent of tender piety, simple purity, and holy principle. Just four years older than her brother, she was, as Heywood tells us, “better able to teach and direct him, even from the first of his speech and understanding.” They played together, they studied together, they blended their tears and their smiles, and there sprang up a sweet confidence and tender love between them, nurtured by relationship, strengthened by congeniality, and confirmed by community of faith, which, though somewhat blighted afterwards by the insidious efforts and crafty misrepresentations of designing parties, seem never to have faded away, but to have survived to Edward’s dying hour. Camden informs us that the young king ever spake of her as his “dearest sister,” or his “sweet sister Temperance.” Some of the little incidents of their childhood’s friendship are very touching. One deserves to be mentioned.

When the prince had reached his second birthday, a variety of presents were tendered to him, but the most interesting of all was a little cambric shirt, wrought by the needle and presented by the hand of the young Elizabeth, then only six years of age. Sure I am that all thrifty mothers will admit that herein she was a model for their daughters, and happy will it be for their daughters should they be provoked to rival the royal sempstress, who combined this homely but seemly accomplishment with all her skill in languages and all her attainments in science. A hard student from infancy, when she was no more than seven or eight and Edward no more than three or four years old they used to pursue their studies together with intense delight, so that we are told by Heywood: "As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome were their *horæ matutinæ* that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." Meanwhile, better than all, their first hours were entirely dedicated to devotional exercises and the study of Holy Scripture. How lovely an ensample for every nursery! Well were it if some who profess a pious horror of Elizabeth would teach their children to imitate her infancy. Thus devoted to application, her progress in learning, her proficiency in languages, and her attainments in general literature were something stupendous.

Her enthusiastic old tutor, Roger Ascham, exclaims in an ecstasy of admiration, that he would challenge all the young men in Oxford and Cambridge, and any ten prebends of any of the cathedrals to equal his one little maiden in her ripeness of knowledge and range of erudition. That God endowed Elizabeth with a mighty intellect and a profound sagacity, no one that studies her history can doubt. So great was her skill in modern languages, that she was able, in one day to answer three ambassadors, each in his own tongue: and when, in advanced years, she paid a visit

to Oxford, she composed and pronounced a Latin oration which, though it smelt a little of the lamp and savoured of ambitious pedantry, yet astonished the learned professors and doctors of that day.

Let me now, in the next place, sketch some of her scenes of early suffering. How often do we find that, when God would fashion an instrument for great purposes, He puts it into the furnace, there to strengthen, shape, and purify it. Almost all the great personages who embellish the history of the Church and emblazon the records of the world were rocked in the hard cradle of adversity. Few of them failed to pass through early hardship in order to fit them for after greatness; and so it was with Queen Elizabeth. Even in her girlhood she had to drink deeply of the bitter cup. Under the reign of her half-sister Mary, she was watched with a most relentless jealousy, surrounded with spies, and beset with snares: and though there is slight evidence that she ever faltered in her love and loyalty towards her morose sister, yet was she brought into such suspicion that she was arrested, kept under restraint, and at last committed to the Tower. In that dread place, whose very name sounded like a death-knell, when little more than twenty years old, she underwent a lengthened imprisonment; and once and again her life seems to have been in imminent danger. Yet, throughout her tribulations, she displayed an unsubdued and unfaltering spirit—a spirit which I hope, ere long, to show was sustained by her faith in God and submission to His will. Such was her meek and majestic bearing, her cheerfulness and kindness during her disconsolate incarceration, that she won the sympathy and commanded the respect of all around her, so that the very officers and attendants in the prison looked upon her and treated her with the deepest regard, whilst the hearts of their little children were drawn with special tenderness and confidence towards her.

Then, as ever afterwards, Elizabeth greatly loved and was greatly beloved by children. And be assured that no individual who attracts children as with a secret magnetic power possesses a hard and cruel heart; for children have an instinctive moral physiognomical discernment which leads them at once to discriminate between a ruthless, selfish person and a person of a tender and benignant disposition. Towards the latter they are instinctively drawn, and from the former they as instinctively shrink. It therefore speaks well for our heroine that, even amid the woes of her captivity, she charmed the little ones into love, and they became to her messengers of kindness. We read that three or four of them used daily to bring her little bunches of flowers. We are told of one little toddling thing, only three or four years of age, who having found a bunch of little keys, brought them to her and said, now "she had brought her the keys, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go out." What a sweet touch of infantile sympathy! There was another child, according to Fox, a boy of four years old, who every morning brought her a nosegay, until, in consequence of malicious suspicion or wanton cruelty, the little fellow was examined before the Privy Council, severely threatened, and forbidden access to the princess. Yet, faithful to the instinct of love, he next day sought again to present his customary offering; but finding the door fastened, he could only peep through the keyhole and cry out to her, as she walked in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now." Touching trait of infantile fidelity, and no less touching proof of the tender spirit which blended with the sterner qualities of the British lioness!

Turn we now to trace and illustrate some of the more vital elements of her character. As fundamental to all, let us note some indications of her having been actuated by higher and holier principles than unregenerated nature knows. I

shut up of their own suggestion or accord, meant that when she should have proved from the Bible that it demanded freedom, and that "search the Scriptures" was the voice of the Scripture, then she would grant their petition, and give them free course. Free course she did ere long afford them, as well as authorize the use of the Liturgy in the vulgar tongue.

And now let me direct special attention to her dying scene—that scene which so often serves to unmask the secrets of the heart—as giving touching proof that, after all her follies and frailties, her glaring errors and her heinous sins, she was no castaway ; but that though the lamp had long burnt dim, it had not gone out, and though the salt had sadly lost its savour, it was not fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

In her last illness, after a season of protracted and profound despondency, during which it seemed as though her inflexible will and indomitable pride refused to yield, and whilst she kept silence like David, her "bones waxed old through her roaring all the day long!"—at length she made signs for the Archbishop of Canterbury and her Chaplains to come to her. Whereupon, as we are told, the Primate said to her, "Madame, you ought to hope much in the mercy of God. Your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you." "My lord," replied the Queen, "The crown which I have borne so long, has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death." "After this," continues Carey, "he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary ; he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The Queen made a sign with her hand. My sister, Scrope,

knowing her meaning, told the Bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after, and then thought to leave her." Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted in that dark hour of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated,—the weakness of the dissolving tabernacle of feeble clay was forgotten. She made a second time a sign to have the Archbishop continue in prayer; he did so for half-an-hour more with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which "he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the Queen to all our sight much rejoiced therein," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late and every one departed, all but the women who attended her." "This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of this good lady."

Such a testimony to the humility, the penitence, and the devotion which characterized her last hours, when the pomps and forms of life had vanished, and she was within the very shadow of the judgment seat, speaks much in favour of the sincerity and reality of her piety, which, however long obscured, had not been wholly extinguished,—that early piety of the thoughtful child who had read and prayed with her infant brother Edward.

In illustrating some of her distinctive excellences we ought not to pass over her wonderful discernment of character and admirable sagacity. Who can doubt that she was no common woman and of no common understanding, who could discern the diamond even whilst encrusted? discovering

ofttimes at a glance latent talent and fitness for office where an ordinary eye could detect no merit? How many of her great men were raised from lower rank in consequence of her perceiving in them hidden powers! What shall we say of the glorious galaxy of genius which encircled her—of such men as Burleigh and Bacon, Sidney and Raleigh, Drake and Effingham, Shakespeare and Spenser! Never was throne of queen or king set in the midst of such a constellation. How eloquently, then, it bespoke her surpassing greatness, however some modern critics may disparage her, that she stood towering above them all—the centre luminary outshining all the rest! See with what reverence they regarded her, with what deference they received her opinion, with what unanimity they acknowledged her superiority. How prompt she was in decision, how sapient in counsel, how rich in expedient, how energetic in action, how consummately she mastered and managed all the mighty minds of her officers, so that she held them as in a leash, and guided and controlled them at her pleasure! Whatever we may think of her arrogant and overbearing treatment of them on many occasions, we cannot deny that she must have been a mighty and majestic woman who could overrule and overawe, as she did, a body of the bravest, most brilliant, and most gifted men this nation ever produced. Indeed, friend and foe, native and foreigner, alike did homage to her master-mind.

Nor let me overlook what, in my judgment, was one of the noblest features which distinguished her as a monarch—her love towards, and confidence in her people, reciprocated, as they were, by her people's love and loyalty to her. There never was, until Victoria mounted England's throne, a sovereign of our land so universally beloved, revered, and cherished by a grateful people as Elizabeth. She came to the throne on the spring-tide of her people's favour, and she retained that spring-tide, with scarcely an ebb, to her dying day.

And when called to give up her account to God, the nation were her mourners;—they watered her grave with their tears, and embalmed her memory in their hearts. Why and whence this devotion? Because she was emphatically the friend of the people. She knew how to please them, and she delighted to give them pleasure. She trusted them, and therefore they trusted her. She always treated them with consideration. If she taxed and oppressed the wealthy and the noble, she spared and relieved the mass of the people. If she sometimes looked sternly and frowningly at the aristocracy, she always reserved a sparkling eye and mantling smile for the multitude. As she drove up and down through your streets and outskirts, her people accompanying her with acclamations of joy, she never overlooked the poor man's reverence any more than the rich man's obeisance—her words, her looks, her gestures were eloquent of her good-will towards the commonalty. No less beautiful was her confidence in her people. When urged to be more careful of her person for fear of assassination, she answered nobly, "I would rather die than I would be a prisoner, shut up from my people." And on another occasion, when found walking abroad unattended amid a formidable crowd, and remonstrated with by some of her courtiers on the ground of her rashness in exposing herself to danger: "Your Majesty, said they, "should be surrounded with your guards."—"My guards!" she replied, waving her hand towards the people, "There are my guards." Glorious sentiment! Here is the best safeguard of the throne—a monarch confiding herself to the hearts of her people, and her people constituting her living shield, so that they would allow the assassin's dagger to pass through their hearts before it could reach hers. On all occasions when she addressed herself to the people she spoke to them as her "beloved people," "her dearest people." She made the poorest

feel she was their mother as well as their monarch. And, as has been done in these times, wisely as I must think, she acted largely on the plan of lightening the burden of taxation to the masses of the people, by laying it more heavily upon the property of the nation. It is true that she has been accused of covetousness and penuriousness. It is true that she frequently invited and welcomed in a manner not very dignified sundry oblations and gratuities from the various noblemen and municipal bodies whom she honoured with her presence. But let us do her justice. Did she do this in order to hoard up wealth? Let the result reply. She died comparatively poor. She left no accumulated treasures behind her. The truth is, she covered largely many of the national loans from her own private savings, in order that she might relieve her subjects. A noble avarice, whose aim was not to enrich herself, but to alleviate the burdens of her people. She displayed the same spirit on a memorable occasion, when the parliament, under the pressure of her authority—for she was very imperious in her fits of despotic passion—tendered her double the subsidy she had anticipated, she magnanimously declined receiving more than half the amount, saying, right regally, that “the money was as much for her benefit in the pockets of her people as in her own coffers.” How truly British and magnificent the sentiment! The people’s prosperity the monarch’s prosperity, the people’s happiness the monarch’s glory.

It may, perhaps, excite a smile of incredulity if I add that she gave many indications, notwithstanding all her severity, and, in some instances, apparent vindictiveness, that she was not devoid of a generous and forgiving spirit. Again and again she showed herself lenient and placable, returning kindness for harshness, and overcoming evil with good. So it was in her treatment, when she came to the throne, of many who had injured her in the day of her adversity; and

so it was in her dealing with the Romanists, at the time of "The Invincible Armada." But an individual exemplification of her magnanimity is worthy of all admiration.

An attendant of Mary, Queen of Scots, named Margaret Lambrun, bent on avenging her late royal mistress's death, armed with two loaded pistols, and disguised in male attire, made an attempt to assassinate the Queen. As her Majesty was walking in a garden, this woman rushed towards her; but, through the good providence of God, one of the pistols dropping from her hand led to her immediate detection and arrest; upon which Elizabeth said, "she would examine the prisoner herself." On examination, Margaret boldly avowed both her sex and design. Elizabeth heard her with perfect composure, and calmly asked her to say what she conceived to be her (Elizabeth's) duty upon the hearing of such a case. Margaret simply asked, in reply, whether she put the question to her as a queen or as a judge. Elizabeth answered, "As a queen." "Then," said Margaret, "you should grant me a pardon." "But," said Elizabeth, "what assurance can you give me that you will not abuse my mercy and attempt the like on some future occasion?" "Madam," said Margaret, "a grace so fettered by precautions is no grace at all." Elizabeth, turning to her courtiers, observed, "Thirty years have I now reigned, and yet never before did any person inculcate upon me so noble a lesson." And though she was strongly urged by her council to make an example of her, she nobly insisted upon granting her an unconditional pardon, and even went so far as, at the woman's own request, to have her safely and honourably conveyed to her native country, France. Who can withhold his admiration from such genuine grandeur of soul?

Even in relation to the hapless Queen of Scotland, to whose sad case I shall have occasion to advert more fully in the latter part of my lecture—even towards her, for a season

her sister's debts, it was only just they should be paid, and that, as far as might be in her power, she would discharge them. Noble reply, worthy of the champion of Protestantism! But most gloriously did she bear herself, as a true scion of the stock of Tudor, in that year which has been well styled the *annus mirabilis*—the marvellous year—in English history. You all know the illustrious story, how Philip of Spain, after long menacing our land, after making stupendous preparations during several years; after mustering an immense army and constructing and equipping a fleet unprecedented for number and vastitude; after boastings the most inflated, and menaces the most insulting, at length proclaimed war with England, and threatened to sweep her away as the whirlwind sweeps before it the heath of the desert. Then it was that the Queen rose into full grandeur. Enkindled herself, she kindled the spirit of her subjects. The patriotic fire spread from breast to breast, till the whole nation glowed. From the noble down to the peasant, one sentiment animated, one purpose absorbed all. It is a glorious scene—a nation roused and rallied in a righteous cause. The whole population for the time becomes unanimous. The selfish is lost in the social, and the mercenary in the patriotic sentiment. It is good and wholesome for a people to be so electrified. The decay of a country is heralded by the decay of its patriotism. And patriotism withers away under the influence of avarice, luxury, licentiousness, effeminacy, and selfishness. Whatever, therefore, serves to galvanize a people out of the spell which these habits cast upon them must be beneficial. Gloriously did our countrymen arise at the challenge of their warrior Queen. Men and ships were volunteered on every hand. There needed no mercenaries, there was room for no conscription. The nation armed. It was then, as thank God it is now,—a free, busy, peaceful people, when roused to guard their peace and

freedom, are mighty as the avalanche, and daring as the eagle. Take your own London as an exemplification. Though at that period containing only 17,000 men fit to bear arms, yet when Elizabeth demanded of the citizens whether they could furnish 5000 men and 15 ships, they, after conferring amongst themselves, entreated that they might be allowed to supply 10,000 men and 30 vessels. Such a people under such a monarch were invincible. She, meantime, so bore herself that she was the object of universal admiration and astonishment. Harken to the graphic but gorgeous description given by the illustrious Lord Bacon.

"See a queen," says he, "that when her realm was to have been invaded by an army, the preparation whereof was like the travel of an elephant, the provisions were infinite, the setting forth whereof was the terror and wonder of Europe; it was not seen that her cheer, her fashion, her ordinary manner was anything altered; not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance wherein peace doth ever shine; but with excellent assurance, and advised security, she inspired her council, animated her nobility, redoubled the courage of her people, still having this noble apprehension, not only that she would communicate her fortune with them, but that she would protect them, and not they her; which she testified by no less demonstration than her presence in camp."

Such was the noble bearing of this majestic Queen in that great emergency; but better than all, she not only took every precaution, as was meet and right, she not only looked well to her armaments and defences, but she had recourse to that without which all would have been in vain—she invoked the mighty hand of God to guard her throne and shield her shores.

How sublime yet simple the prayer for the occasion, which she penned with her own hands and indited from

her own soul!—A prayer which was circulated throughout the nation and ordered to be used in all the churches of the land; a prayer that might have issued from Lambeth, and would not have done discredit to the pen of the Primate. Give ear to it, for it is well worthy of your attention, especially at the present juncture.

“We do instantly beseech Thee of Thy gracious goodness to be merciful to the Church militant now on earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtle adversaries. Oh, let Thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they most of all for Thy Gospel’s sake do malign, into Thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, and a defence to Thy Church and people persecuted abroad. And forasmuch as this cause is now in hand, direct and go before our armies both by sea and land. Bless them and prosper them, and grant unto them Thy honourable success and victory. Thou art our help and shield: oh, give good and prosperous success to all those that fight this battle against the enemies of Thy Gospel.”

Assuredly, this beautiful prayer does not savour of insincerity: it is no mere stately official form. In composing it Elizabeth seems to have dipped her pen in her heart, and to have been guided by the Spirit of God. And who can doubt that prayer and faith did more for the nation than all its forces and all its fleets? So, indeed, the Queen acknowledged, when, after the stupendous victory which ensued, she went in holy triumph three times to St. Paul’s, with thanksgiving and the voice of melody, and three times in the midst of her people, blessed and magnified God as the Author and Giver of their deliverance. How eloquent of praise too, the memorable medal which she caused to be struck, and which is still to be found in some of our

collections of ancient coins, bearing in Latin the noble inscription—

“He blew with his winds, and they were scattered.”

But this is a digression.—When the Queen had thus prepared for the emergency, as the crisis came on her courage rose higher and higher. She went in person to inspect the camp at Tilbury. Clad in a steel corslet, and mounted on a splendid charger, she rode up and down through the ranks of the soldiery, and addressed them in the spirit-stirring harangue which I have not time to read to you, but which every Englishman should read, and which no Englishman, worthy of the name, can read without feeling his heart thrill within him. The result was, as you well know, that our fleet by sea and our forces by land acquitted themselves magnificently. The Armada of Spain, with all its boasted invincibility, its vast stores and varied artillery, with all its instruments of torture, hidden in its holds and designed to inflict upon us the tender mercies of the Papacy, with all its Papal benedictions and its freightage of abominable relics and images, encountered our fleet in the shock of war for eighteen days, and though our ships were but as a little flock of kids in presence of the monstrous array, which in crescent-form came mantling round our shores, extending not less than seven miles, yet could the huge unwieldy floating mountains make no head against the light barks of England, manned as they were with hearts of oak and hands of steel, with men who were strong through trust in God, bold through the consciousness of a righteous cause, and indomitable because of the free, fearless spirit with which protestant patriotism inspired every general, every admiral, every common soldier, every common sailor—for there was but as one pulse throbbing in every breast from the Queen on her throne down to the humblest drummer boy. Above all, the great God fought for us, the

winds of heaven were our best auxiliaries. The hostile fleet was driven to and fro upon the face of the waters; numbers of vessels perished in battle, numbers were captured, and still more foundered at sea. I remember it with a thrill of patriotism, that in my own native isle there is a huge projecting crag, forming a battlement to the extreme southern point of Mona, which bears to the present day the name of Spanish Head, because the last lingering ship of the enemy, drifting far out of its course into the narrow strait between the island and the Calf of Man, was dashed to pieces against that mighty bulwark, so that to the little isle belongs the glory of having dealt the last blow to the "Invincible Armada." The whole story of that splendid period ought to be stereotyped upon all our minds; and never was it more appropriate for us to call it to remembrance than at the present juncture in our history.

Nor let it ever be forgotten that, both at that crisis and throughout her reign, Elizabeth was the great antagonist of Popery and the great champion of Protestantism. Not only did she bravely uphold the truth at home, but she spread the shield of Britain over the oppressed for conscience' sake, all over the world. She sustained the Reformation in Scotland, she defended it in Holland, and she manifested the deepest indignation and sorrow when the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew clothed the skies of Europe with sackcloth. And when Henry the Fourth, of France, basely apostatized from his early faith, and, influenced by a temporizing expediency, sacrificed his religion to his throne, she wrote him a letter, which, for pungent power, indignant eloquence, and scriptural truth, is hardly surpassed by any of the writings of our martyred reformers. These are but a few of the proofs she gave of the genuine devotedness of her heart to the word of God and to the maintenance and diffusion of protestant principle.

But it is when one who acted a mighty part in life's chequered drama has passed away from the stage, and the collision of interests and the rivalry of parties and the incentives to adulation are gone for ever,—it is then that the calmest and soundest judgment on her character can be formed. Ere I close these etchings of Elizabeth, suffer me, therefore, to give you the tribute paid to her memory by the holy and heavenly Bishop Hall; a man whose “Meditations” and “Contemplations” have proved a sweet solace to many, and cannot be read by any spiritual person without his perceiving that the writer breathed the very fragrance of Eden. Such a man was not likely to flatter or to form an exaggerated estimate of the Queen's excellences; the rather since he pronounced his beautiful funeral oration, not while she could reward or blame him, nor yet while her fame was still fresh in the memories of her people and it was popular to laud her to the skies; no—but long after her successor had mounted the throne, and he one who must have regarded his predecessor and listened to her praises with anything rather than with complacent feelings. It was then that Bishop Hall, preaching at your own Paul's Cross—that memorable spot so brightly emblazoned in the history of Protestantism—on the tenth anniversary of the great Queen's death, uttered the following most touching and enraptured eulogium:—

“Oh, blessed Queen; the mother of this nation, the nurse of this church, the glory of womanhood, the envy and example of foreign nations, the wonder of times; how sweet and sacred shall thy memory be to all posterity! How excellent were her masculine graces of learning, valour, and wisdom, by which she might justly challenge to be the queen of men! So learned was she, that she could give present answer to ambassadors in their own tongues; so valiant that, like Sisea's drum, she made the proudest

Romanist to quake; so wise, that whatsoever fell out happily against the common adversary in France, Netherland, Ireland, it was by themselves ascribed to her policy. Why should I speak of her long and successful government, of her miraculous preservations, of her famous victories, wherein the waters, wind, fire, and earth fought for us?"

Who can doubt the sincerity and good faith of this glowing testimony from one who was so well qualified to form a correct estimate, and who enunciated it under circumstances which preclude all suspicion of adulation or of sycophancy? I must say that such a tribute, from such a man, under such circumstances, ought to far more than counterpoise all the surmises, insinuations, and gossiping slanders that have been forged or furbished against our heroine, till our very daughters are ready to cry out when we utter her name, "Oh, don't speak of that horrible old woman; we cannot endure her memory." Shame—shame on the daughters of England who thus pour contempt on the memory of one who invested their sex with such renown, and their country with such glory!

And now, with a special reference to those who have had their minds thus jaundiced by misrepresentation, let it be allowed me just to offer a few remarks (and they shall be very few) in extenuation of some of the chief blemishes which tarnish her character. First of all, a word about her flirtations and intrigues, her love of being fawned upon, and her greediness of flattery. Be it remembered that we ought rather to blame the times than the woman; neither ought our censures to be concentrated on her who allowed men to play the fool with her, rather than on the men who played the fool. Should we men bear hard on Elizabeth in these matters, the blow struck by us must recoil on ourselves; for however she may have encouraged the gallantries which enveloped her, and suffered herself to be incensed and

suffused with extravagant flatteries, yet still more degrading was their conduct who lent themselves to such pitiful prostration of intellect and spirit. Will my fair friends, too, who are disposed to be so severe on the infirmities of an illustrious sister, bear with me if I venture to enquire whether love of admiration and extravagance in dress are so uncharacteristic of the present day, as to entitle them to be so merciless towards Elizabeth? Before they laugh at her and her three hundred gowns, monstrous head-dresses, towering up not unlike a castle on the back of an elephant, let them cast a glance at the uncoveredness of their own heads, and the vastitude of their own figures. I say this playfully, yet in good earnest. Let me add, that the matchless career of the Queen must not be thrown into the shade, whilst the follies and foibles of the Woman are made to fill the foreground of the picture. I pity and deplore these weaknesses as much as any one; but at the same time I do most emphatically protest against the unfairness of overclouding all the glories of her reign on account of these motes in the sunbeam—these specks in a magnificent sky.

A more grave charge, and one that I admit has some plausibility—not to say foundation—is, that she was intolerant and cruel towards those who differed from her in religion—cruel towards the papists, and intolerant towards the nonconformists, or puritans, as they then began to be denominated. I do not pretend to justify her altogether, on either hand; but bear with me if I offer one or two suggestions which ought to abate our censure even on these points. And first, in regard to the papists. If, indeed, she was intolerant, whence did she borrow the bad principle? She borrowed it from them. She had not been quite purged from the virus of popery; she was not yet fully imbued with the spirit of the only religion in the world which

teaches true toleration—simple Christianity. The word of God alone teaches us to forgive, as God for Christ's sake forgives us, and inculcates upon us that to his own master every man standeth or falleth; and that no human power has a right to intermeddle with what is transacted immediately between man and his Maker. Let me offer another observation in relation to the charge of persecution so often alleged against Elizabeth.

After having sifted the question largely and carefully, I do not hesitate to affirm that the severities inflicted by her on the Romanists were not for the most part directed against their faith, but against their disloyalty; they were not punished as bigots, but as traitors. Throughout her reign they were perpetually plotting against her life, her realm, and her religion. And for my part I must say that to tolerate intolerance is next door to being intolerant. Nor is the plea of conscience any justification of treachery. How truly is it said in that wholesome service which modern liberalism has virtually blotted out from the Book of Common Prayer, "these men turned faith into faction, and religion into rebellion." Does not mercy as well as justice require that such should be kept under salutary restraint? Is it intolerance to cage the tiger, or to chain the bear? If you, knowing their instinctive tendencies, leave them at liberty to do harm, are you not to a large extent responsible for the mischief which may ensue? Was not then Elizabeth justified when the pope launched his infamous bull against her?—was she not justified when he foisted stealthily into her country swarms of Jesuit priests to sow disaffection and sedition amongst her subjects?—was she not justified when a succession of hired assassins were found lurking in secret to murder her?—was she not justified, I say, in taking every precaution, exerting all vigilancy, and exercising a stern rigour? Was she not bound, in justice to herself

and in faithfulness to her people, to battle with such aggression, and crush such perfidy ?

At the same time, I grant that her conduct towards the nonconformists does not admit of the same decided palliation. There can be little doubt that the Act of Uniformity was on the whole a disastrous Act. Even now it were well that its stringency should be relaxed. In grasping at the shadow of uniformity it sacrificed the substance of unity. Give me unity without uniformity, rather than uniformity without unity. Give me the unity that consists in common truth, common faith, and common love, rather than the uniformity which lies mainly in common ordinances, common discipline, or even common doctrine. Give me the free luxuriance of the branching tree rather than the clipped and trimmed uniformity of the box hedge. Give me the unity of the crystal, cemented by the magnetic properties of its various particles, not the uniformity of the iceberg, which binds together all heterogeneous materials by one torpid spell. Both are best, unity and uniformity, if we can have them ; but never let us imperil the former for the sake of the latter. Much to be deplored, therefore, is the severity with which the Queen treated the puritans. At the same time, let me remind those who would brand her too harshly on account of this mistake, that the nonconformists themselves, who were the sufferers, still venerated her as the great champion of Protestantism, and accounted her a chosen instrument raised up of God to defend His truth and be the guardian of civil and religious liberty. They never exhibited any disloyalty to her. They prayed for her, they loved her, they blessed God for her, and they themselves would have been the last that would have told you to scout or scorn her because she too fondly aimed at a uniformity which was alike impracticable and unjust. Meanwhile it ought to be borne in mind that it was natural

for her, accustomed as she had been to one sole Church in her early days—trained up under the fullest impression that all ought to be of one faith and one form, which Rome has ever held to be the essence of the Church—it was natural for her to doat blindly on the illusive phantom, and strive after an unattainable uniformity. This consideration serves to extenuate her bigotry, though not to vindicate her. Besides, let it not be forgotten that with all her imperiousness and capriciousness, she often behaved nobly to the very men whom at other times she wronged; thus seeming to indicate that it was rather policy and prejudice than ruthless disposition which led her to persecute and oppress the puritans. For my part, I believe that if she had acted with more of generosity, more of comprehensive liberality, and striven to win and conciliate, rather than to force and control, we should probably never have had the troublous times which followed; and perhaps even in this day we should have been nearer to each other, and more at one amongst ourselves than external coercion ever did or ever can make us.

But I hasten to touch upon the last and gravest blot on Elizabeth's character. You will have anticipated that I mean her treatment of the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots. It is that treatment which has most largely jaundiced the minds of so many against Elizabeth. It is that treatment which has made so many of our gallant young men look with an unfriendly eye upon her, and served to alienate the minds of the greater number of our Christian ladies from her. And yet it would be well were they just to ask themselves whence their strong antipathy sprang. Was it simply from their indignant sense of the wrongs which were inflicted upon Mary by her rival? Let them just suppose that the former had been very ugly—an old woman furrowed with wrinkles, instead of a young one wreathed in smiles;

with eyes dead and lustreless, instead of bright and beautiful. Let it be supposed that she had been neither accomplished in manners nor sentimental in mind, poetic in taste nor brilliant in conversation, and that no halo of romance hung round her memory,—in that case, let me ask them, would they have felt so much virtuous indignation and resentment against Elizabeth? But ought beauty—like charity—to hide a multitude of faults? And ought Mary's fascinations to induce them to forget that there is another side of the unhappy woman's character? Far be it from me to traduce her memory, or to rake up her faults; but I am bound in candour to state, that though her death was not due at Elizabeth's hands, it was at the hands of God; for there seems to me conclusive proof that her own hands were virtually and accessorially imbued in her husband's blood. What court of justice but must have decided that the miserable Darnley's death was with her concurrence, not to say of her contrivance, and that she wheedled and beguiled him to mount the dread funeral pyre which was to be lighted underneath his bed? But it may be said, and justly said, "Elizabeth had no right to be her executioner. Mary was her sister queen, and simply sought refuge in her dominions; and was it befitting, was it just, first to imprison her, and then at last to order her execution?" It was not. I deeply deplore the conduct of Elizabeth in the affair. I regret it the more that she did not order Mary's execution, if she deemed it needful and right, openly and at once; but that she delayed it so long, and gave unequivocal intimations that she would have been gratified had her rival been secretly put to death, instead of being publicly executed. This was craven and ignoble. Yet, let it not be forgotten that she betrayed intense reluctance to condemn the prisoner; there was a fearful conflict in her breast. She was tossed to and fro by resolution and doubt. How

strong her language to Keith, ambassador from the king of Scotland: "I swear by the living God," said she, "that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off, so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance!" Nor had she at the last, as it appears to me, made up her mind to have Mary executed; and there is much reason to believe that neither her grief nor her indignation on the occasion was simulated. Besides, if we bring Elizabeth to our bar and pronounce her guilty, we must bring and sentence along with her the whole English nation of that period, with the exception of the papistical and disaffected, for all England concurred in the justice of the execution; yea, it was largely in consequence of the importunities of her entire council, harmonizing, as they did, with the wishes of the people, that the hapless victim was at length led forth to the slaughter. Is it, therefore, fair to single out Elizabeth as the sole criminal, when she shared the guilt with the country at large? And were not her wise counsellors, and her subjects at large, more competent judges of the necessity for the step than we at this distance of time can be? Did the exigencies of the State require it? Did the Queen's own safety require it? Did the security of the Protestant faith and realm require it? Rapin, a foreigner, and therefore a more impartial judge than a native historian could well be—Rapin, who is considered by most students of history to be one of the fairest of the historians of our country—he and Wellwood, another distinguished writer, give it as their deliberate opinion that the safety of her life, the security of her State, and the protection of her Church rendered the execution of Mary imperative. True, "necessity is the tyrant's plea;" yet the opinions of such writers, qualified as they were to form an opinion on the point, ought surely to have more weight than the opinions of many of our modern sentimental annalists, who often

view events through the medium of their feelings, and breathe the spirit of a special pleader rather than of a dispassionate judge. At the least, therefore, my young friends, keep your judgment in abeyance until you have examined both sides of the question; not blindly accepting either the tirades of papistical calumniators of Elizabeth on the one hand, or the enthusiastic encomiums of the fanatical eulogists of Mary on the other; but giving as full and fair an audience to England's Queen as you give to the Queen of Scotland. I ask no more.

But it is high time that I should wind up this lengthened lecture—unduly lengthened, although I have not adduced many historical passages which I had marked for quotation, as fitted to sustain or illustrate my several positions. I shall, probably, incorporate some of those passages with my lecture when I correct the report of it; and so endeavour to make it more complete. For the present I must content myself with deducing from the whole a few of the practical lessons which almost force themselves upon our minds. And, first of all, ought we not to be filled with the lowliest and liveliest adoration of the marvellous grace and mighty hand of God, as exemplified in the whole of Elizabeth's eventful history, shielding her from countless dangers, rescuing her from divers deaths, endowing her with profoundest prudence, upholding her against embattled Europe, and enabling her to exalt this country to be what she now is—the brightest daughter of the Reformation, God's ambassadress and earth's benefactress—a light set on high as on a mountain top to lighten the world, where she will stand as long as she stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made her free? In the next place can we have failed to learn that we have no foe on earth so subtle, so implacable, so malignant as Popery? Ought we not then to watch against her subtlety, place no reliance on her pro-

fessions of peace, and withstand her arrogant and insatiable claims? We rose as a nation by dethroning her, we should be ruined as a nation by restoring her.

Ere I close, I cannot forego the opportunity of drawing a slight comparison, together with a passing contrast, between the Queen whose character we have been dwelling upon, and the Queen under whose sceptre it is our privilege to live. Were you asked to review the history of this nation and to single out the two most glorious reigns with which the country has been favoured, is it not an illustration of how God perfects His strength in weakness that you should have to single out the reigns of two female sovereigns? Did not the sceptre of Elizabeth shine peerlessly until that of Victoria threw it into the shade?

Very notable are some of the points of parallel between the two. Did Elizabeth come early to the throne?—our own Queen came still earlier. Did the one display from the commencement of her rule a singular maturity of judgment, surpassing prudence firmness and wisdom, soundness of understanding and solidity of character?—so has the other yet more surprisingly done. Was the one the nursing mother of our naval power, delighting to foster and further our maritime supremacy?—the other is pre-eminently the ocean-queen, never more in her element than when ploughing the stormy deep. Had the former a noble voice, one which sounded like a trumpet through the ranks of her soldiery when she harangued them?—it is eclipsed by the clear, silvery, melodious, expressive voice of the latter. Was the ancient Queen distinguished by the plastic power which she exerted over those who surrounded her, and the majestic authority with which she bore herself?—the bearing of our own Queen, whether in the social circle, or on high state occasions; whether in the august assembly of the council of the nation, or abroad amid the thronging myriads

of her people, is always dignified, commanding, and becoming. At the same time her naturalness of demeanour and unaffected simplicity of apparel contrast felicitously with the stiff stateliness and elaborate gorgeousness of the great maiden Queen. Then, as a wife, as a mother, in all the domestic virtues, the former stands out a model for her subjects, whilst the latter had her peace torn, and her path tarnished, because she had no scope for discharging these relationships. The moral character of our own beloved monarch the breath of slander never ventured even to try to stain; on the fame of Elizabeth her gallantries, indiscretions, and absurdities have left many a spot. Was the court of the latter, notwithstanding, illustrious for its purity and propriety of regulation?—the court of the former excels all that have gone before. Could the great Queen rise to the mightiest occasion, and exhibit all the spirit of the house of Plantagenet?—our own Victoria can no less rise to the occasion, and manifest more than the spirit of the house of Brunswick. During the terrible struggle in the Crimea, during the late appalling mutiny in India, and not less at the present eventful and critical juncture, our Queen displayed and displays all the force, the dignity, and the energy which characterized her illustrious predecessor. Then, mark again, how our Queen has trodden in the steps of the warrior Queen, but in a more fascinating and graceful style. Mark, how she has gone up and down through the hospitals of her sick and wounded soldiers, breathing sympathy, and diffusing comfort. She has gone amongst them as if she had been their nurse or their mother. And Victoria in the hospital is nobler than Victoria in the camp,—the tenderness of the woman adding lustre to the majesty of the monarch. At the same time, with what words of eloquent kindness, and with what unaffected grace and gentleness has she re-

warded the services and exploits of her brave troops of every degree—with her own hands putting the Victoria cross round the neck of the common soldier, as well as of the general officer! Neither can we doubt that if the emergency arose, and it were so that another “invincible armada” should come from a nearer than the Spanish shore, looming and hurtling round our rock-girt isle,—and again, as we see beginning, the voluntary valour and unprompted patriotism of a free and loyal people were to transform the nation into one vast army, as by the touch of an enchanter’s wand, there can be no doubt but that Victoria, though she might not clothe herself in steel, nor gird the falchion by her side, would in her own feminine attire mount her charger, and ride through the ranks of her embattled people, and with words of thrilling power and pathos stir them up to trust in God, defend their country, and defy her foes.

Thank we God, then, and take we courage. Under the auspices of such a queen, if only we be true to our principles, true to our liberties, true to one another, and above all, true to our God who has given us all we have and made us all we are, what have we to fear? Our country will never fall, except she fall self-betrayed. She can never be ruined unless abandoned by her God; and her God will never abandon her till she abandon His truth, His service, and His glory. Afresh, then, and emphatically, let us reiterate the glorious language of the greatest dramatic poet of Elizabeth’s day, or of any other day:—

“This England never did, and never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,
* * * * *

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true.”

The Influence of Society in the
Formation of Character.

A LECTURE

BY THE


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THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIETY IN THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

THERE are ceaseless activities in all nature around us ; and those that may be most noiseless in their operations are often most momentous in their results. Great chemical changes may be going on silently for ages in the earth's interior, till they announce their completion in earthquakes and volcanoes. Alluvial deposits may be accumulating unnoticed, till they form valleys and deltas that shall change the course of the commerce of the world. Coral-reefs are silently and slowly a-building, on which populations and cities may yet exist. So it was in the dim eras of the pre-Adamite earth, when divine power, by the steady operation of law, was depositing and compacting those strata which have preserved for us so many wonders of the past. God worketh hitherto, and is still working ; and in the silence of his work there is " the hiding of his power." It is not, however, to formations in nature, whether noticed or unnoticed, that I am about to direct your attention in this lecture ; but to a formation which is steadily, however silently, progressing within us all, and which of all others is most momentous and enduring. It is a formation not without, but within us ; not in the earth, but in our own souls ;—a formation that shall live in imperishable spirit when the strata of the earth shall have been melted down


in the final fires. We shall discuss the influence of society in the formation of character. By *character*, I do not mean what we seem to others to be, or what we wish to be, or even think ourselves to be; but what in our controlling biases, tastes, and habits we really are. Character, in this sense of the word—rightly formed character—is to us the one thing needful to happiness, worth, and usefulness in this life; and shall be still more so when each probationer takes “his own place” in the life to come. As to the eagerly-sought outward goods of life, “we have brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall carry nothing out of it;” but character formed here shall cleave to the soul for ever. That immortal texture, woven by the spirit in its probation, it must for ever wear. It may have been washed whiter than snow in the blood of the Lamb, and shall be a wedding garment of sanctity and joy; or it may have been steeped in the corruptions of sin, and shall prove a vesture of shame, a close-fitting robe of tormenting fire; but, whether the one or the other, it must be worn for ever. Whatever masses consolidate around a central crystal, they must retain its specific form; and so, the bias of the spirit’s will settled here shall be its bent for ever—the deliberate choice of good or evil made here shall be unalterably confirmed by the stamp of destiny in the judgment; and “he that is holy shall be holy still, and he that is filthy shall be filthy still.” However fondly some may desire a purgatory for sinful souls in the future life, and however eloquently they may expatiate on its possibility and probability—and it may *seem* very humane to do so—the God of the Bible is silent on the theme; or rather he speaks out most distinctly, as we think, on the perpetuity of character and its consequences. Except the change of “waxing worse and worse,” or the “change from glory to glory,” our only revelation of the world to come reveals




neither the fact nor agency of any other moral change, when present opportunities for forming character shall have passed. And this is what invests our subject with a solemnity and importance which no language can exaggerate. If we believe in the changeless perpetuity of the character we form, does it not seem an axiom of self-interest and common sense, that what is to last for ever should be guarded in its formation by most vigilant care? It is *too late* for the artist to lament defects in his mould, when the unyielding material is fixed in a permanent malformation. "*Too late*" has often a volume of woeful meaning through life in regard to temporal interests; but who can fathom the depth of agony in "*too late*," realised at life's close, and in regard to the interests of the life to come! My young brethren, our subject does not directly appeal to party or patriotic spirit, or even to literary or scientific taste or curiosity; but, when the exciting topics of the day shall have burst, like other bubbles, on the stream of time, the influence of society on the formation of *our* character shall stand forth to us as a subject of impressive, changeless importance. May we so consider and treat it! While we pass over many interesting questions collateral to our subject, we shall call your attention to the *extent*, *inevitableness*, and *nature* of the influence exerted by society in moulding our character, and shall then indicate a few lessons the subject should teach. It is not our desire to exaggerate the extent of social influence in moulding us. Truth never gains by even well-meant exaggerations; by making her to appeal rather to the imagination than to the reason and conscience, they take the edge off lessons which, if fairly interpreted, she should teach. A conviction of this launches me into some modifying and prefatory remarks as to other influences, that divide with society the formation of character. As to the agency of *the Spirit of God*, I

believe in the Bible. I believe that his gracious power must be sought to quicken, regenerate, and renew the lapsed and paralysed moral nature of man; and that his continuous power is needed to sustain, as well as originate, the growth of all holy character. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, *and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.*" This much we say, first of all, and once for all, on an agency which, though not our subject, is one of the highest moment, and which should never be lost sight of in connection with our theme.

Constitution mightily influences the bent of character, by furnishing the subjective material out of which it is wrought. And as from a few elements the endless forms of matter are built up, so out of different proportions of mental and moral qualities the endless varieties of human character are formed. In matter, an almost infinitesimally small portion of a foreign substance may quite alter the chemical character of a compound; and in mind, the smallest excess or defect in any given faculty or feeling may make all the difference between two apparently opposite characters. Some, indeed, appear to have had certain qualities left out, and some to have had others thrown in by sovereign Wisdom, when he measured and mixed the elements of their constitution. But we see in past generations, and in the present, a boundless variety of disposition and endowment; and this it is which so illustrates the riches of Divine resource, and which gives such charm to all nice characterization, and to all books which faithfully hold the mirror to the endless and innocent varieties of man. But be it observed, that as in the mineral kingdom there are fixed laws we cannot alter, and that as in the animal kingdom structure necessitates function and habit, so it is, more or less, with the formation of our character. Man, it is



true, is endowed with a self-directing power, and is much more plastic, within widely-drawn bounds, than any other being on earth; yet his bounds for liberty in the formation of character are definitively marked. Here, as well as elsewhere, while God permits moral agency, he asserts his own sovereignty. I do not mean that the Sovereign agent compels us to good or evil. Were that dark dogma true, "how then should God judge the world," and where were the dictates of conscience and the Bible? But I mean that, when we freely attach ourselves to good or evil, our specific variety and progress therein must be greatly determined by constitution. This we see illustrated in good men and in bad, in men of the same calling, and in members of the same family. No power of will or circumstance could ever have made St. Thomas and St. John, or Peter and Paul, or Wesley and Whitefield, or Cowper and Wellington, or David Brainard and David Livingstone, *like men* in character and action. Their constitution compelled that variety which early developed itself, and the distinctive outlines of which deepened and diverged within the limits of good to the last. And is not this part of that mighty scheme of Divine development, whereby, on a limited field, the great I Am is progressively illustrating illimitable perfections? Through what overwhelmingly multitudinous varieties has the Creator passed the typical idea of a plant, from the first trace of vegetation in the Silurian rocks down to the hundred thousand species whose endless varieties now clothe the diversified surface of our earth? How still more various the forms of animal life, whether considered in existing species, or traced back through endless ages to the first faint dawn of time. So also in the mineral kingdom what forms and hues may we trace, from the diamonds of the royal crown down to the rocks of the everlasting hills! And shall we not expect to find equal varieties in




the world of mind? Shall not God's resources find their amplest illustration in his last and noblest work? If no two plants on earth are exactly alike, nor even any two leaves on the same plant, shall we expect uniformity of faculty or temperament among men? Here we cannot repress a condemnatory reflection on the tyrannical folly of those, who would compress all consciences and characters into their own particular mould, and that mould one of the least generous,—one narrowed and distorted by prejudice and tradition. The Creator's divinely generous plan is to let each mind develope, under liberal culture, its native energies, and so fill up the circle of variety and beauty; man, with wicked presumption, would curb the heaven-given liberty, and would have his brother think, feel, do, and worship like himself. But all nature, while teaching conformity to God's ideal, teaches us to revolt against man's. Legalised tyranny tried to work out its darling idea of uniformity in these islands for ages; but the experiment shattered more than one throne, and revolutionised the country, and drenched it in the blood of its sons, until the stubborn individuality of Englishmen was demonstrated at a cost that, we trust, will deter all kings and governments from such terrible experiments in future. Some petty tyrants of the hearth, the altar, and the press, ply this, their pet trick, with mischievous mimicry still, to the annoyance of small circles; but England's full-grown liberty can now laugh at all priestly efforts to re-induce the dark ages, and can snap, at one stroke of honest indignation, the brittle chains of self-inflated Lilliputian tyrants. But how different is it, alas, on continental Europe! There, rulers and priests appear loath to let the dark ages pass, and seem utterly to ignore the nature and rights of man. But they cannot, by the power of armies, reverse the wheels of time, nor by the bayonets of their myrmidons charge back the

on-rolling tide of the purposes of God. God will assert his right to the throne of conscience, and will illustrate himself in the freely-developed attributes of the free spirits of men. As certainly as the rising mind of these islands burst the slough of serfdom and uniformity to make way for its growth, so certainly the growth of mind in all lands shall burst through all cramping restrictions in Church and State. I do not mean to say that, either nationally or socially, *we* are perfect in free development. The eagle of English liberty has burst the shell which tyrants would have made her tomb, and is rising in flights which oppressed nationalities think perfection ; but even yet there is a fragment of the shell on her head, and her wings are destined to a stronger and ampler sweep. Indeed, in this direction lies one of our greatest social defects — our impatience of others in differing theologically or politically from us, and taxing them with perversity because they do not see as we see, and do as we do ; and thus we practically forget their diversity of constitution and culture, and their accountability to God alone. We should rather rejoice in every variety of unsophisticated nature that saves society from a dead level, and that throws charming harmonies into the hymn of life. Give me the wild and free forest, rather than the clipped uniformity of a Chinese garden ; let me see the bounding steps of the breezy mountain maid, though her sandals are the homeliest, if she have any at all ; but save me from the sight of the pinched and crippled Chinese lady, though her grim and statuesque husband have set her baby sandals with gems and gold. Let us gladly enjoy unaffected, refreshing eccentricities ; but against all intolerance and affectation let the sharpest arrows of truth be discharged. Ere we censure, let us ask, Do not different faculties ensure the cultivation of different tracts of truth ; do they not also minister to different classes of mind ? The dove cannot

live in the feeding-grounds of the snipe ; the sparrow and the eagle, the swan and the swallow, occupy far different spheres. And if I bask in the valleys of simple gospel truth, shall I blame another for rising to the heights of science and the mountains of faith ; or shall I despise another for sinking with sharp metaphysical powers into frozen depths, where he says he luxuriates, but where I know I should starve ? I have seen the birch of Ben Lomond twist its roots around the rocks, and flourish against the storms, where the arbutus of Killarney would have perished in a year. I greatly prefer the arbutus to the *birch* ; but, as Scotchmen have not the one, I am glad they have the other. Let us learn that lesson, not easily learnt—that dictate of nature and outcome of experience and culture ; let us learn to live and let live, to think and let think, and to respect and love all who live and think within the limits of rectitude and truth, however they may differ from us. Let us remember the vast and inevitable influence of constitution in the formation of character ; and, ere we censure a brother, let us pause and ask whether we may not, in doing so, be blaming an inevitable development of the creature, and whether our blame may not thereby strike askance against his Creator and ours ?

While constitution gives the material and the tendency in forming character, other influences may have a powerful, though secondary, operation in developing, distorting, or refining the original elements of the man. Natural scenery may early and indelibly photograph itself on the soul, and give a life-long bias to taste and reflection. The mental food on which a man lives from day to day must deeply affect the style and character of his inner life. Even the climate in which we live, and the avocation in which we work, must have their influence upon us. And while all real culture must be self-culture, and all right formation self-



formation, we cannot deny the moulding power of external agencies. None of them are compulsory, and none of them, therefore, does away with our responsibility to God; yet every wise man will take them into charitable account when judging of others, and will jealously guard against their undue influence on himself.

As to the extent of the influence exerted on character by association with our fellow-men, we might, even antecedent to experience, expect it would be great. All ANALOGY would lead us to expect that mind would act on mind, and heart on heart, with a power proportioned to their energetic qualities. All things around us are receptive and impartative of influence. The pebbles of the ocean round each other as they roll. Chemical bodies, by fixed affinities, attract and combine; and every atom of matter is as certainly endowed with attraction as it is influenced by it. Mutual influence is a law that embraces all worlds, pervades all kingdoms of nature, and rises in strength till it reaches creation's climax in man. All the elements and laws of the lower kingdoms are summed up in him; and magnetism, affinity, and gravitation find their spiritual archetypes in the influence of mind on mind. Every man is surrounded with an invisible atmosphere of influence, that is ever receiving something from, or giving something to, all that breathe it. There is a mental as well as an animal magnetism; and every moral agent, however unconsciously to himself, is absorbing or radiating an influence more subtile and potent than electric fluid. Indeed, that subtile substance, which appears to pervade all bodies even to the earth's centre, affords one of the aptest symbols of mutual influence. Electric agency is present, not only when we see it flash from the cloud or sparkle from the wheel; it is ever present and active; and its positive or negative character, its redundancy or defect,

are tested by that most sensitive of all electrometers—the brain and nervous system.

And so it is with social influence. It is not only amid the thunders of eloquence and the lightnings of genius that there are the emanations of influence from soul to soul; every social circle is charged with this power, and by example and conversation it enters the heart, and acts on the character.

FACTS and EXPERIENCE also confirm this view. Indeed, proofs of the mutual influence of men of the same period and country have accumulated through ages, and lie all around, even now. Look at the great *national* circles of society; and do you not find in each nation characteristics which mark it out socially and morally from others? I willingly grant, that to judge *individuals* nationally, to form our opinion of them by the peculiarities of their country, is to them unfair, and to ourselves fallacious. Americans, as individuals, are not all the children of swagger and bounce and go-aheadism; Germans are not all philosophists, dreaming in clouds of smoke, or awaking but to gutturalize theories, which themselves cannot comprehend; the French are not all frivolous votaries of glory and revolution; the Italians give proof that they can do more than paint and dance, and ~~kiss the pontiff's toe~~: or, to come nearer home, the Scotch are not all close-handed economists or keen metaphysicians; neither is every Englishman freighted to the water with generosity and practical sense; nor is every Irish bog fermenting with fun; nor is every Irish cranium ready to go up in rockets of Donnybrook frolic and fight. Real life often compels us to rejudge our early judgments on such matters; and to remember that, as all men are the fallen offspring of the same fallen parents, so all are naturally

selfish and depraved ; and that as, wherever found, men have the same number of bones, and muscles, and nerves, and the same ingredients of blood ; so we shall find them substantially the same as to their mental faculties, and their natural passions and propensions. But still we shall find that nations, *as nations*, have their idiosyncrasies and characteristics, as attested by their history and by present facts. This cannot be fairly denied ; and whence does it arise ? Partly, perhaps, from climate and geographical locality, and necessities ; and partly from early traditions, and from similarity of interests and pursuits, and government ; but, without doubt, principally from acting on each other by social contact ; that is, from the influence of society in the formation of character.

Take a narrower social circle—the *church* or the *sect* ; and there, as association is closer, so characteristics are more distinct. I need not remind you of one of the plainest and toughest of facts, that every religious community has its own family features, clearly marked and firmly set ; and that, however unlike they may be to early Christianity, and unpleasing to other sects, they are familiar and dear to the denominational heart. And just in proportion as a sect excludes its members from others, and keeps them to itself in close association, its sectarian features become prominent and marked.

Again : Take a narrower circle still, where a given *class of men*—lawyers or literati, artists or artisans, physicians or clergymen, or any of the endless worlds that revolve in this great social and unsocial system of London ; each clique, club, coterie, corporation, society, and service has its own *esprit de corps*, and its own distinctive features, while all have the strong family features of Englishmen as distinguished from foreign nations. This is illustrated in every regiment of the service, and in every vessel of the fleet ; in every pro-

vince, county, city, and town: it is illustrated in every English circle, from that which shines with stars and coronets around the throne, where, crowned with a nation's love, sits the model monarch, the model mother, and the model Englishwoman, down to the society of mechanics in their Institute, and the jolly circle of John Bull farmers at the prize cattle show. From the exalted circle, with loud cries of "Hear, hear," and "No, no," in the Upper House, down to the no less applausive "Hurrah," or "Never, never," in the circle of foot-ballers on the village green, all are typically like and specifically unlike; all are happy grumblers, that say about themselves and their government what they would knock another down for saying; all complain of taxes, yet call for national redresses and defences that the copious extract of taxes must pay; all tread hard on each other's corns, yet would tread to death the foe that would touch a hair of an Englishman's head,—whose ears perhaps deserve to be pulled, but may only be pulled by English hands. There they are—so uniformly various, so constantly inconsistent, so radically conservative, so selfishly patriotic, so factiously loyal, so repulsively cohesive, so warm in heart, and reserved in manner, such followers of peace, and makers of war, so local and so cosmopolitan, so like and so unlike each other, that the world does not understand them, and they do not understand themselves. We repeat it, with all this diversity, the social features of every class and society of English-folks are strikingly alike; and whence does that likeness arise, but principally from the influence of association in the formation of character?

The same influence is illustrated in the mental and moral likeness of the members of that most intimate and original of all societies, the family. Affinities of constitution, no doubt, have much to do with this; but let one child of an aristocratic family be brought up in the social circle of a

cottage for a dozen of years, and how unlike will he be to his brothers, on his return ! And let the adopted child, long since transferred from the cottage to the mansion—let him, after years of moral culture in high associations, return to visit his uncultured, perhaps coarse and vicious kindred, and what a contrast to them is he in the style of his manners, feelings, and thoughts ! Indeed, the plastic power of home is so great, as almost to be appalling. Home society works on the very foundations of character ; and in our first home, the home of our childhood, it was incalculably great. In no stage of life is social influence so strong as in youth ; and no influence is so strong as that wielded by parents. Other influences touch childhood occasionally, but this is ever present and pressing ; this acts on the heart, and is ever acting, and that too when character is in a state of fluidity, and will easily take the mould into which it is cast. As the concentric circles of society narrow around us, they affect us in proportion to their nearness ; but this is the innermost and most affective of all. Unions so close as that of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, must, where cordial and constant, be fraught with strong assimilating powers.

At home, the heart seeks repose, and is most open to influence. There we breathe freely, and take into our life-blood whatever elements the atmosphere contains. There the pulses, feverish and exhausted from the toils of life, seek coolness and supply. But if, instead of refreshment, there be exasperation ; if, instead of emollients, corrosives ; if, instead of calm joy, there be stimulants and excitements : a succession of life-fevers will vitiate the character, and wear down life to sluggish dregs. Little do business-men know how much of the bland salutations of the morning they owe to the tranquillizing influences of

each other's evening homes. Many a bill-sickness and office-fever, that would have spread contagion on 'Change, has been gently dissipated by the prattle of baby, the music of daughters, and the conversation of wife. A pebble may change the course of a river in its secluded mountain home; and more characters, counsels, and actions are moulded by home than by any other influence.

Of all perversions on earth, that of home is the worst; for it works most deeply for evil, and is a foreshadow of, and preparation for, the society of the hopelessly lost and depraved. Alas, alas! for the home of the drunkard, the home of the gambler, the home of the brawler, the home of the licentious! Homes without the Bible, the Sabbath, and the fear of God; these are clouds without rain, wells without water; corrupting sores in our national prosperity:

“The pitted specks upon the garnered fruit,
That eating inward slowly moulder all.”

The characters formed within them feed the swell mobs, the penitentiaries, and penal settlements.

But the godly homes of Old England are the secret and surest bulwarks of her strength—are what specially endear her to her sons on field and flood, to the ends of the earth. A home whose atmosphere is transparent with purity, and redolent of Christian grace; a home warmed with the vestal fires of faithful domestic love, and lighted with the knowledge of Jesus Christ: *such* a home is the holiest formative of character, and the most heart-touching picture of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. As to my argument, however, I need only remind you of your own home and its heart-woven associations, to convince you of the influence of society in the formation of your character.

Among no class of society can we find more striking illustrations of this power, than among both sexes of the

young. In early youth the heart lies almost as open to the influence of chosen society, as does the sponge to the liquid that saturates its pores. Youth is the season of growth; and its panting sensibilities then imbibe whatever elements the moral atmosphere may hold in solution. It is truly awful to observe the assimilating power of society on natures apparently alike; or even on the same nature when the influences are opposite. Let the child of refined and saintly parents change homes with the child of parents coarse and profane; and does it require a prophet's vision to see what different characters they will form?

And so as to the possible change for evil in the same individual. You have read, perhaps, the anecdote of the painter who transferred to canvas his glowing ideal of innocence and purity from the countenance of a cottager's child. Many years after, in a jail, he painted, from the sinister face of a haggard felon, his ideal of depravity; and in process of the work, discovered that the living subject was *the same*, but altered by years of depraving society and the vices it superinduced. How fearfully like to this, could we know their real history, should we find many cases in the catalogue of juvenile ruin and crime! The antecedents of final perdition are often these:—The youth, by disposition or artifice, was led to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and imbibed their principles; then the young man stood in the way of sinners; then the hardened sinner sat down in the seat of the scorner; and that seat, long rocking on the verge of ruin, toppled over in an unexpected hour; and by his own act, or the stroke of God, he disappeared into the blackness of darkness for ever. But one sinner does not see where another is gone; and he will not believe the only authority that can tell him; and, therefore, the scorner's seat is not long vacant; for some other, that has graduated in the preparatory schools of sin, soon fills it as

a teacher of "the depths of Satan," an adept in the science of damning souls.

And she too—the fallen daughter of the first human tempter who opened the floodgates of the curse on her race,—she who, having "laid waste the inmost sanctities of her own nature," now ministers at the inmost and foulest shrine of social corruption,—she whose paths take hold of death, and whose house is the nearest way to hell, where many of her guests have sunk amid the wailing dirge of despair,—she whom Solomon saw in the black and dark night, but whose brazen effrontery is now familiar with open day in our streets,—she, so weak in herself, yet the destroyer of the strong,—how came she to be the thing of immodesty, impurity, and pestilence that she is, having sold herself to evil? And O, thou Father of spirits, have I thus to speak of a WOMAN? one who might have been the companion of our mothers, our sisters, our daughters, our wives! one who was endowed with their nature, and who was herself a daughter and a sister, and was originally as pure and innocent as any daughter of Eve! How has the gleesome child, the guileless maiden, been metamorphosed into such a vile infamy to womanhood, such a ruined decoy to ruin? The guilt is not all, or mainly, hers. But how has this fall been effected? Ask the Holy One, who knows the secret things of darkness, and can exactly apportion penalty to guilt; ask him how this daughter became an outcast and a plague; and, in language as close as the case will admit, he replies, "evil communications corrupt good morals." That is, it was the power of society in the formation of character.

Need I multiply arguments to prove the fearful power of this influence when perverted? Alas! their accumulation all around us, in stern and festering masses of depravity, precludes the necessity of proof; and by all the agencies of religion and philanthropy we cannot fully neutralise their

force. Indeed, one of our greatest difficulties is to reconcile the extent of this power of mutual influence with the equity and benevolence of the government of God. But if it is part of the mystery of the origin of evil, it also throws light on the method of its origin; and if it be mighty in its perversion, it is most blessedly beneficent in right use: and the use shall flow on with increasing good for ever; while mutual influence for evil shall be confined to one hell; and the influence, though now powerful, is *not* by any means irresistible, as we shall more fully notice by-and-by.

Here let us inquire WHAT THERE IS IN OUR MENTAL ECONOMY that gives and receives the influence of society, and makes it powerful on character.

A brief analysis of the impartative and receptive elements of our social nature will more intelligently impress us with the reality and extent of that influence of which we treat.

We are not unconscious of an instinctive desire and effort to imbue others with our sentiments, and conform their practice to our own. This *ambition* is inevitably strong in a mind of high intensity; it is the natural yearning of active powers for appropriate activity; it is the mind's impulse to develop its energies and extend its dominion. Minds that burn with the fires of genius, or the nobler fires of zeal and love, cannot repress their energies; but have the will, and seek the way, to influence society. There have been souls which, as scourges or blessings, were designed to rule; magnetic souls which could penetrate men with their looks and inspire them with their sentiments. When "the bravest of the brave"—when Marshal Ney was charged with high treason in leading over to Napoleon the army of France from Louis XVIII., his only defence was that when he met Napoleon "he lost his head;" the will of the stronger than he galvanized him into compliance. The mightiest minds of all ages and countries afford illustrations of this desire to

impart themselves, and to mould others. This desire may be associated with good or evil principles. If rightly directed, and joined to an enlightened comprehension of the rights of others, this impartativeness may impel a St. Paul, a Howard, a Moffat, or a Livingstone. The good, in proportion to the intensity of their goodness, must desire to exert their influence on others for the noblest ends ; while an earnest will, devoid of charity, and allied with power, may make a remorseless persecutor, and write out its animus in *auto da fés* and St. Bartholomew massacres. This desire to influence is chief of the restless forces that animate proselytism, and that make controversies often so intolerant and intolerable. It was to disciples, animated by this fire, that Jesus said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

Did such persons but detect the elements at work in their zeal, they would find them to be principally of an earthly or a still lower origin. Were they as honest in their confession as was John, they would find the "because he followeth not *with us*" to be a principal spring of their fiery anathemas. And, strange to say, bad men are often as zealous as the good, and will compass sea and land to make a proselyte, though all they can do is make him tenfold more the child of hell than themselves. One would think the fruitlessness and shame of their course would deter them from inducing others to walk therein ; but not so. There are no spirits more active than the spirits of darkness, who, raging against God, and envious of his best works, go about seeking whom they may devour. Strange it may seem that there should be no canters more canting than those who have recanted all faith except in unbelief ; that there should be no bigots more narrow than those of latitudinarianism, and no zealots more fiery than those who are furious for negations—the blank creed of the nothingarians.

But there must be a restless something that inspires their zeal; and that something must be in the source of action—the heart. Is it the desire of companionship in idleness; is it the hatred of the good they have abjured—an intensified form of the carnal mind which is enmity against God; or is it that unrest in doubt which seeks confirmation in the disciples it may gain from the ranks of the believing opposition; or is it simply the instinctive but perverted desire of exerting influence on others? Sometimes, we know, the bad have a pecuniary or sensual interest in the seduction of others to a partnership in crime. It may be their trade to extract a living out of the vices of society; and, therefore, themselves and their agents wage Argus-eyed and Briarian-handed war on society in London. The carrion birds and carcass-worms are interested in the numbers who may fall by the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wastes at noon. Oh, how hell opens her mouth and kindles her flames for those who corrupt our youth in scenes made attractive to the passions, and soporific to the conscience, in places lurking in lanes, and staring in streets, and using the strains of music and the embellishments of art to decoy the prey into the inclined and slippery path to woe!

Well, young men, though *you* may not go into such seductive society, you never can go into society that shall have a merely neutral effect. The good will affect you for good, and the evil for evil, if you mix among them; and they mean to do so, and must do so in proportion to the fixedness and strength of their character. Thoughts, and words, and tones, and looks, and smiles, and gestures, and acts,—all expressions of thought and feeling—are channels of influence converging on your inner man, and moulding your character. And then think of your susceptibilities of these social emanations.

You are conscious, if you know yourself, of a tendency to imitation ; and this imitativeness, strong in most natures, is specially strong in youth. We see its full power in childhood, when by imitation the child learns all it learns, and amuses us by the artlessness and perfection of its mimicry. And, as to imitation, are not men and women but children of a larger growth ? Why do we speak English rather than French, and eat and drink, and salute and marry, so differently from the Turks ? We answer—by imitation. And by imitation most people believe their creed, and pray their prayers, and do their alms, and say their sayings. Now, that there is a right and beneficent use of imitativeness in all arts, as well as those called *imitative*, I do not deny ; but one of the most ridiculous chapters in the records of both genders of our species is the history of imitation when combined with vanity. Let some high-lived personage at home, or some dictator of costume across the Channel, appear with some part of dress modified by mistake, or chance, or affectation, or personal defect ; and behold how soon imitation takes it up in the service of vanity, and sets half a million of needles at work to copy the model, which may well grin at the wonders it has wrought. Fashion, it is true, is fickle, and keeps imitation in a constant drive. She whips her steeds from sign to sign in the zodiac of costume, till in a few years she completes her circle, and her starting-post is her goal. She is very near that point now ; and I am looking out for a stir among the Society of Friends—the younger tittering, and the elder Friends aghast—to find their costume the rage of Regent Street—the top of the fashion. This I affirm as an historic fact on the evidence of my own eyes, that the farmers of Ulster, twenty-five years ago, wore great pilot-cloth overcoats, with bagged sleeves and half-acre skirts. They slowly followed a cumbrous fashion which had once been in vogue ; but for a fashion-

able gentleman then to have worn *such* a coat would have been to be a gentleman no more. But now, were one of those old farmers to walk by Piccadilly or St. James's Street, he would think that all the farmers of Middlesex had buttoned themselves up for a London market. But it is not pleasant to speak of things so familiar. Let me, then, direct your attention to the power of imitation in one of the planets of the solar system,—a planet some time since discovered and described.


Through a modern glass, the following facts have been seen in the customs and costume of its inhabitants. One class of beings have been discovered somewhat like the image of empires which rose on the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. But these beings are, it is true, not at all symbols of power or greatness; and in them the brass and the clay predominate over the iron and silver and gold; brass especially takes the place of gold. Some were seen to have faces entirely smooth and white; some, the opposite; and some were seen in a state of chequered facial mutation, like cleared and hopeful interspaces in a half-conquered jungle, or vistas unfortunately opened on a blank background. The costume of these was principally of a composite style, like one which in our own world might be made up of all the modes prevailing, from Persia to Paris; being principally Turkish about the lower extremities, and German about the upper. What appeared strange, from the observatory, was that, in a former observation, the same beings had their limbs in a tight costume, swathed like living mummies; and in a later observation, it was seen that great bags and folds were left for their muscles, as if they had declined from the growth of Brobdignag to that of Lilliput, or as if each one, originally a Mephibosheth, were resolved on becoming a Samson, and was *then* in a transition state. Many other points could only be dimly seen, as they ap-

peared bent on obscuring their practices by artificial clouds of malarious mist. Another portion of the inhabitants, conjectured to be of a different sex, by a series of observations at intervals, were seen to be equally Protean in colour and form. At one time the head-dress was really a dress for the head, and modestly shaded the face; shortly after, as a phrenologist on the observatory remarked, the covering shrank from the sinciput to the occiput, as if it would leave benevolence and veneration to shrivel through exposure; it scarcely covered conscientiousness, merely touching the bumps of caution, but fomenting those of approbateness, combativeness, and self-esteem. In fact, the whole *parterre* of head-ornamentation appeared to contract itself to one bouquet at the cerebellum; and with some it had degenerated into an overgrown rosette at the nape of the neck. He augured badly for cerebral development in that planet, except some revolution in that department of costume soon took place. By the analogy of worlds, we expect it soon shall. Other parts of costume were equally changeable from the graceful to the grotesque. The microscopist of our world stands in admiration at the modes of multiplication in water-animalcules; by voluntary bisection, gemmation, &c., they play into shoals. The increase of costume in that world appeared, through the telescope, somewhat to reflect these wonders. The latest observations were, however, somewhat ominous. As population increases, costume should contract; except we verify the fears of Malthus. But *there* it was the opposite, to such an extent that, if they imitated nature, you would say that all their flowers must be party-coloured bulbs; or if they took a hint from logic, that they moved in hard circles; or if from rhetoric, that there was not a figure but glaring hyperboles in all their language. Tapering stems and graceful contractions there were none in *that* world, if art reflected nature. When the

philosopher attempted to trace these outward forms to any fixed internal principle, he was sorely perplexed ; till common sense suggested that the fixed principle was fickleness ; and that indiscriminating, weak imitation, under the despotism of vanity, was the ruler of Vanity Fair in that world. So much for the power of imitativeness as an element of social influence there. In our world it is truly astounding, by whatever scale it is measured. In modes of thought and in styles of expression, from the woolsack and the pulpit to the debating-club and the drawing-room, in things outward and things inward, the power of imitation is developed ; and it must give the society we frequent a mighty influence in moulding our character. Should we not, then, so choose our society, that, consciously or unconsciously, we shall choose only what is worthy of imitation ?

Another susceptibility of our nature, which gives influence to society, is the tendency to *sympathise* with others in their moods of thought and feeling. All matter has a tendency to conform to the temperature of surrounding matter ; and all minds have a tendency to cool or kindle with surrounding minds. Few, very few, indeed, there are who can long resist the surrounding mass. We all know something of the contagion of mirth or sorrow, hope or fear, love or anger, devotion or indifference. Enthusiasm, by sympathy, kindles a host to cries of " No surrender ! " or panic spreads panic, till " *Sauve qui peut !* " rises from broken ranks. As sympathy is an element of such power in our nature, may we not expect that in deep and wide workings of the Spirit of God, it shall be largely used by that Sovereign agent, who operates in harmony with the nature he has given ? Some are anxious to attribute revivals of godliness to anything but God. They bear with God in Pentecost ; for it is long past, and implies no present God or duty : but, though a repetition of the substantial good of Pentecost is promised to

occur by the same agent, and although it does occur on a broader scale, with exactly similar results, as attested by eye-witnesses,—yea, though they in their Creed say, “I believe in the Holy Ghost,”—yet they will not believe that that Divine agent ever comes out of the Creed and Bible; and they will persevere in attributing the most wondrous work of this latter day to nationality, hysteria, sympathy, or anything except what believers pray for, and a faithful God has promised. Now, I believe that the Spirit in revivals of religion uses human sympathy, just as he uses intellect, conscience, hope, and fear: he uses them because they are elements of power; and because they need to be awakened and purified. We have lately seen a whole people moved and kindled by a mighty religious impulse; a people not Celtic, but principally Saxon in origin; a people of cool temperament, cool creed, cool forms of worship, and with very cool ministrations of truth;—we have seen them turn a whole province into a proseucha; as many as forty thousand souls met in one prayer-meeting; and the testing-day of Ulster’s piety—the anniversary of the victory of the Boyne—the twelfth of July, was not a day of loyalty and rancour and drunkenness, as formerly, but a jubilee of spiritual thanksgiving and prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of holiness and love. There was a deep-moving sympathy in meetings where so many pressed into the kingdom of God; but that sympathy was at first an effect, and was afterwards but a very subordinate cause, whose character and direction were from the Great First Cause. Sympathy is, indeed, a mighty power; why should it not be mightily used for good? It had been used for destruction in the public-house; why should it not be used for *salvation* in the house of God? It had spread from hearts glowing with political rancour; why should it not spread from hearts glowing with love to God and man? It had brought sinners into sympathy with




sinners; why should it not bring sinners into sympathy with saints, and saints into sympathy with angels and glorified spirits in heaven? Great is the power of sympathy; and we long for that state of society when all shall sympathise in the beautiful, the good, and the true. In the meantime, happy is the speaker or author who can deeply draw it from wrong to right; he sways an influence nobler than that of imperial sceptres, nobler even than that which the tides obey. In no land does sympathy work more deeply than in our own, where the power of a free press, free speech, and free association are moulding all into sympathy with the most powerful minds. Its gentler play, or its deeper movements, are everywhere felt for evil or good. It lays all open to influence, but especially the inexperienced young. I remember, once, observing in a cottage meeting a face scarred and seamed as I never before had observed human face. It was the face of an old Indian pensioner. He told me the cause occurred under the burning sun of India. He fell asleep in the open air; and through the opened pores of his face certain flies deposited their eggs, unfelt by him then; but in due time the capillary larvæ commenced the torture of their ravages, and only by deep scarifications and caustic medicines could the tenacious tormentors be expelled. My young brethren, sympathy softens and expands the heart, and, in society, lays it open to those invisible seeds of scepticism, and passion, and impiety that float in the moral atmosphere, and settle, and germinate, and establish themselves in the heart and habits; and nothing but the fires of God's Spirit and the sorrows of deep repentance can drive them thence. Yes, and in your inner man you shall long bear the mementoes of your cure;—the marks of evil influence in the formation of your character. Judge, I pray you, of the kind of society

with which you sympathise ; and remember that prevention is both easier and better than cure.

Another element, that adds susceptible power to imitation and sympathy, is *the desire to please* and be pleased ; or what the phrenologists call approbateness. Granted, that it is weak and sensitive natures that pine most for approbation, that are most gratified by it, and that writhe most under scorn ; still, there is truth in the Chinese proverb—“ that the sting of contempt will pierce the shell of the tortoise ; ” or in other words, there is no mortal so insensitive that some form of disapprobation, whether denunciation, irony, or satire, shall not pierce him to the quick : “ cruel mockings ” may smart the spirit more than scourgings do the flesh. Many a soldier could better face the bayonets of foes in the field, than he could the ridicule of comrades at mess.

This love of approbation, like every other natural instinct, has its right use. The desire to please the good and to receive their approbation is in itself a good and useful motive, when kept within due bounds, and associated with other right principles of action ; but it may become vanity, that feeds on the wind of foolish applause, and that loves the praise of men more than that which cometh of God only. There is no man, however, that is not accessible to approbation under some form, from some persons, when they know the right avenue by which to approach his heart. Indeed, we generally choose the society in which we are most pleasing and most pleased. No man chooses society which he habitually despises, or in which he is despised. He may occasionally be among those who bitterly disapprove of his principles and conduct ; and this he may joyfully bear through approbation of conscience and God, and the prospective approbation of the judgment-day ; so far he acts



like the apostles ; but like them, when released from opponents, he will go "to his own company" for sympathy, approbation, and strength. To what lamentable lengths in the sacrifice of principle have some young persons gone to please companions, whose approbation, rightly interpreted, was the deepest censure ! For fear of a laugh some have omitted prayer and the house of God. For fear of mortal frowns they have incurred the frown of Heaven ; and have suffered themselves to lose self-respect in order to gain the applause of fools. Wretched men, to be laughed out of heaven and laughed into hell ! While the love of pleasing and being pleased may act as oil to take off the friction from social intercourse, it may be an oil to smooth our motion to the chambers of despair. It is, however, in us all an operative principle to ensure the influence of society on our character ; and the character of that influence depends on the society we keep.

Again : In addition to the afore-mentioned susceptibilities, there is a law of our emotional nature that contributes to expose us to the influence of society : it is what we commonly call *familiarity* or habituation. Emotions of wonder, dislike, or horror, subside by repetition of the acts or sights that produced them. The young surgeon becomes so familiar with scenes that shocked him at first, that by-and-by they awaken only professional interest. I remember going to visit a distressed family during the Irish famine of 1848. When I entered the garret, where a mother and seven children lay ill in fever on a bed of straw, so exhausted and noxious was the atmosphere, I almost staggered back ; but, as I entered into their sorrowful case, I lost sense of the discomfort and contagion ; and every successive visit made the unpleasant impressions less and less. You have heard of the coast-guard, who, accustomed to the night and morning gun on the tower, utterly lost his sleep when

removed from it. I know a gentleman, who for forty years resided in this city, at a great commercial angle, where the tide of traffic broke off into two streams:—a place where the ceaseless low thunders would, I fear, drive me mad; but to him it had become such a necessary accompaniment of rest, that he told me he really lost his sleep the first night of a visit to his quiet country seat. The power of habituation is felt in society, where it often lulls to sleep shame and fear and horror, the natural sentinels of virtue. Many a youth, who was shocked when he first entered the society of drinkers, gamblers, swearers, or sceptics, by-and-by had his aversion worn off by familiarity, and came to delight in the scenes and practices he once abhorred. This gradual initiation of the tyro into crime is one of the greatest secrets of success to his destroyers.

To habituation succeeds *habit*. The susceptibilities we have described induce emotions, thoughts, and actions, which by constitutional law tend to repeat themselves; and acts repeated, like the cable formed by the repetition of twisted threads, soon consolidate into habits, that form a second nature stronger than the first. This law of our moral nature “renders our perseverance in a right course of action, the longer we continue in it, more and more certain. Virtue becomes increasingly subjective. Each act of goodness imparts new strength to the will, and renders it more certain the act will be repeated. And thus it is ever presenting us with the strongest incentives to a right course of action. For, if every act tends to the formation of habit, and if every habit goes to form character and render it unalterable, who can calculate the interminable consequences attached to every moral voluntary act?”

The power of habit to consolidate virtuous character is illustrated in the increasing stability of every good man; while its all but invincible power for ill is illustrated in the

increasing depravity of sin. One melancholy instance of its power tenaciously clings to my memory. It was the case of H. M. He sat under my ministry some three years. Often have I seen the great tears roll down his cheeks as he listened to truth that searched, or condemned, or gave a ray of hope. He was highly susceptible of influence; and, in the factory where he was foreman, formed associations that led him into the love of strong drink. This fiery demon intrenched itself in his appetites and habits, till its insatiable cravings became stronger than conscience, self-interest, or the love of home. Often did his faithful, pious wife try to wean him from his destroyer. One day I called at his house, when he was in a state of tormenting remorse for relapse into drunkenness. As if my presence added energy to a resolution he had been forming, he opened the Bible, and laying one hand on the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where he had read the parable of the Prodigal Son, he lifted the other to heaven, and solemnly swore that, from that hour to the hour of his death, he, by God's help, would abstain from intoxicating drinks. Poor Henry! I dreaded the consequences. For several months he stood firm, though the power of old habit often returned with fearful craving and restlessness. One day he met some of his old companions, and in the excitement of their society went to the public-house, but firmly determined, as he thought, not to touch liquor. Increasing excitement and entreaty overcame him; and one glass made way for another, till reeling he left the publican's death-dealing den. On his way home he fell, and, by fracture on the curb-stone, got concussion of the brain. For days and days he lay in a raging fever, and never had an interval of sanity but once. Then, as his poor heart-broken wife told me, he appeared for a moment to wake up and roll the clouds of madness from his brain; and, looking round at her and all things in the room

with wonder, he exclaimed, "O, my God! where am I? God, have mercy on me a sinner!" They were his last sane words: he relapsed into the burning madness of brain-fever, which consumed his life, till his spirit fled from the pulseless clay into the presence of the Judge. As I heard the parish minister read the burial service over his body I could not but think his epitaph might be, "Here lie, in a drunkard's grave, the remains of one, whose troubled life and melancholy death illustrated the power of society in the destruction of, what might have been, a noble character." An epitaph too applicable, alas! not only to his, but to countless other premature graves.

No matter how acutely you analyze the laws and tendencies of the human heart, you will come to the conclusion that, from our very nature as social beings, we are and must be profoundly influenced by society. The analogies of nature, the facts of human history and life, and the susceptibilities of the human soul, as our rapid review has shown, assure us of this truth. But what saith the Scripture? If such be the influence of society for good or evil, we expect the great guide of life, the Bible, will give a proportionate prominence to its teachings on the subject. The fall of man, the moral causes of the deluge, and of the destruction of the cities of the Plain,—does not the Bible attribute these, in great part, to perverted social influence? Why did God call the father of the faithful to leave his own country and kindred and father's house? Why did he prohibit him and his descendants from settling in Canaan for four hundred years? Why did God hedge in the Israelites in Goshen, and finally lead them forth a separate people, and denounce their alliance or association with surrounding idolatrous peoples? How did Balaam succeed in drawing down plagues on those he could not curse? Was it not by the fatal device of inducing alliance

with idolaters? Why did the prophets denounce alliances with idolaters; and why did those alliances always tend to corrupt the good, rather than reclaim the evil? Why did the mightiest judge of Israel die the mock and terror of the Philistines; and the wisest king disappear as the greatest fool? The answer to all these, and a thousand such-like questions, is found in *the influence of society in the formation of character*. Hear a sample, but only a mere sample, of Bible precepts on this subject:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, . . . cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse: my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." (Prov. i. 10, 11, 14, 15.) "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Prov. iv. 14, 15. Such was the language of the wisest of men, the royal sage, who spoke under the inspiration of the Spirit of truth. His inspired father opened his immortal Psalms on the same key. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." His own resolution and practice were in harmony. "I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers. I have hated the congregation of evil-doers; and will not sit with the wicked. I will wash my hands in innocence: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord. . . . Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." Ps. xxvi. 4—6, 8, 9.

He strongly avers his delight in the society of the godly, with whom he took sweet counsel together. "O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord; my goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the

earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight." Ps. xvi. 2, 3.


The strongest terms are used, on the last page of the Old Testament, as to God's approval of the communion of his people with each other: a communion which helped to keep their piety alive in the midst of spiritual death. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Mal. iii. 15, 16.

These jewel-spirits burnished and brightened each other by communion; and were thus preparing to shine in the light of the Lord, and to reflect each other's radiance for ever in that region of pure and perfect fellowship, where long since they have rejoined.

The New Testament gives equal prominence to the influence of society. When the Divine Master would form the character of disciples, who were to be entrusted with his gospel, and to found his church, he separated them from society around; and, for more than three years, kept them in the inmost circle around himself, to be moulded by his influence and example. He knew what was in man, and therefore knew the danger of corrupt example, and so warned them to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees:" the influence of the one engendering hypocrisy, and that of the other unbelief. He himself, as "the light of the world"—as only he harmlessly could—mingled with all kinds of society, to reveal and heal their sorrows and diseases; but for his people he has made provision for the communion of saints in the fellowship of his church. Some speak slightly of the Church of Christ, and its teachings and fellow-

ships. No wonder *some* should ; for nothing so obstinately stands in the way of some doctrinal and social reformers, "falsely so called," as does the Church of Jesus Christ, with her Bibles, pulpits, and organizations. Brethren, I am not unaware of the imperfections of our churches. It is our business to see, and by God's help to mend, them. But the church's Great Founder knew it would be imperfect, as all things here are, and yet *he did found it* ; and no more can character be rightly moulded without some form of Christian society, than the heart can be happy without a home. Indeed, next to her happy homes, the churches of Old England are the sources of her vitality, and the pillars of her strength. Upwards of seven millions of souls frequent her holy convocations from Sabbath to Sabbath ; and refresh and strengthen their best feelings and purposes by worship and truth. Her noblest, holiest, characters have budded and blossomed and ripened in her churches. In her Sabbath gatherings, holy influences have reclaimed prodigals, and confirmed falterers. There, amid tears of sorrow, were laid the foundations of characters, whose topstones have been long since laid on in heaven, "with shoutings of grace thereunto." Our holiest associations on earth are with the Church of Christ ; and some of our most joyful anticipations of heaven are connected with the fellowship of perfected saints. Most sincerely do I hope that every young man here may be found a loyal member of the Christian congregation, whose laws and spirit he thinks most in accordance with the will of God. Such membership, if real and hearty, will be a defence against evil influence and a guarantee of good. By founding, for the fellowship of his people, an institution against which the gates of hell were not to prevail, the Lord Jesus showed his estimate of the influence of society in the formation of character. Let us not act as if we were wiser than he.

The ministration of the Spirit by the apostles powerfully developed the social principle in connection with religion. They, and others like-minded, "were all with one accord in one place," when the Spirit baptized them with his fire. On one day three thousand were added to the Lord; and, as a consequence, they were separated from surrounding society, and were united in fellowship with the apostles and each other. Wherever the gospel came it recognised the formative power of social influence; and gathered fellowships out of the Gentiles. The Christians of a district were not isolated units; but a *flock* fed by a shepherd, and associated for mutual safety and comfort. The ingathering and organizing of these societies is annalled in the Acts of the Apostles. The epistles show the apostolic estimate of the influence of society on character. Thus Paul, writing to one for whose safety and usefulness he was most deeply concerned, having spoken of the perverse and covetous, says—"from such withdraw thyself;" and again, "Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, *with them* that call on the Lord out of a pure heart." 2 Tim. ii. 22. And yet again, concerning the conversation of some corrupters of truth, he says to Timothy: "But shun profane and vain babblings; *for they will increase unto more ungodliness; and their word will eat as doth a canker;*" or, as it is in the margin, as doth "a gangrene." To the Corinthians, who were so lax as to fellowship, yet so proud of gifts, he uses the humbling interrogatory—"Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" And adds, "purge out therefore the old leaven;" which he subsequently explains by saying of a corrupt member—"put away that evil person from among you." And, as if to a classic people he would quote their own classics, against their criminal association with corrupt society, he again says to the Corinthians, quoting an iambic of the Athenian



Menander—"Evil communications corrupt good manners." And, as if the soporific contagion had drugged them into fatal sleep, he adds, "Awake to righteousness, and sin not!"

Thus this inspired teacher of the churches compares the power of evil society to the action of invisible contagion, to the silent spread of leaven, to the loathsome progress of a gangrene eating its way into the flesh. And could we trace its deleterious operation, as it taints the springs of action and loosens the restraints of virtue, we should feel that the proverbs of sages, the examples of the Bible, and its precepts and warnings, were not needless cautions or false alarms; but the dictates of deepest wisdom, soundest experience, and earnest love. When the heart of a model pastor would utter its concentrated love in a most important warning, it is this: "And let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works: not forsaking *the assembling of ourselves together*, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Heb. x. 24, 25. And what is this but an appeal to make a right use of society in the formation of character. And, when God himself would pour forth his richest bounties into his people's hearts, he makes separation from evil society a condition of bestowment: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 14—18.

Separate yourself from the influence of evil men, whether imparted by their books, their teachings, or their personal

converse, and then you may have fellowship with the highest, with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the Spirit. And this is the fellowship that alone can cleanse the deepest springs of the soul, and stamp on the character the image and glory of the Holy One. The more of this you enjoy, the more pregnant of holiest power will your character be, and the more fitted for heaven.

Of this I am persuaded, that the man who deems lightly of the influence of society upon himself, does not rightly read nature or his Bible; does not know one of the deepest lessons of history, does not know himself or the great interdependent system of which he forms a part. Some are more susceptible of influence than others; but I should as soon expect to find a stone devoid of gravitation, or a magnet without magnetism, as to find a human mind or heart that had not been more or less affected with the atmosphere of social influence. No proposition in morals or psychology is to me more settled than this: while we may choose our society, and thereby choose indirectly the effect it may have on us, when once it is chosen, we must needs be affected by it according to its character. It will communicate impulse and assimilation according to its kind and our intimacy with it.

Now, observe, I do not want to prove or assert too much. In the commencement I repudiated exaggerations even of truth. I do not mean to leave the impression, that we must needs be the passive clay on the wheel of society, irresistibly formed by its influence: that would be to sap the foundations of moral agency, and make the one helpless among the many. There is not a source to which I have appealed for evidence of the power of society, that would not also yield proofs of the resistibility of social influence, in all things that touch the basis of moral character. Analogy would teach us, that as there are in the material

world robustness of constitution that can resist disease, disinfectants that can purge tainted air, antidotes that can neutralise poison, so there *are* resources in the spirit-world, by which social influence may be resisted. The Christian knows that there is a possibility of being left in the world and yet kept from its evil; and the vilest sinners—even a Judas—may mingle with the good and not imbibe their goodness. There is in the human soul what asserts its individuality—a centrifugal force from the attraction of society, which may be made an equipoise to balance the spirit in the orbit of duty. While in some this self-assertion is repulsively strong, in the very weakest it may be made strong enough to resist all evil, as the martyrology of the church records. Even as to constitutional defences against the tyranny of influence, endless are the forms they assume. Did time permit, it would be both instructive and amusing to trace the analogies of self-defence between men and the lower tribes. Here we see the sensitive plant drooping from the touch; there we see the echinus erecting its *chevaux de frise*; there the cuttle fish, grasping with its sucking disk, or blinding pursuers with ink; the skunk also and the wasp, the sword-fish and the eel, the mole and the eagle,—all find their evasive or combative powers reflected among men; who often, alas! resist, retaliate, or elude, in a fashion more worthy the animal kingdom than the kingdom of Christ. But, apart from analogies, we know it is a happy truth that the Christian may have his caution and conscience so aroused, and may be so armed and strengthened by the word and spirit of God, that he shall not only resist evil, but “overcome evil with good.” In the midst of corrupt associates the believer may hold fellowship with the purifying presence of God. The diver, beneath water or deadly gas, may breathe safely through a tube that communicates with the atmosphere above. In factories,

workshops, and offices, there are those who live among moral pollution, yet breathe in communion with God. So did Daniel and his three companions in Babylon; so did Joseph in Egypt; so do missionaries among the heathen in Calcutta or in London. Yes, these men go deeper to win souls than ever did diver sink with his bell to recover lost treasures or gain precious pearls. The high achievement of resisting corrupt society, is one effected by many young men in London; who, in their providential places, are the salt of the earth and the lights of the world; and who shall receive a crown of righteousness, not less bright than that of martyrs, from Him who witnesses their struggles and their loyalty from day to day. Every act of such resistance deepens the holy principle from which it springs, and braces for nobler efforts; and thus society's evil is made to subserve the growth of the good. No man has such sweet and conscious communion with God as he who has confessed him most faithfully among his foes.

No character has a fibre so firm, or shall bear a weight of glory so exceeding great and eternal, as the character that has been formed amid the warring elements of evil. Therefore be not timid to go where duty calls. But, go not in wantonness or presumption to test by storms a ship, whose timbers may start; neither try by poisons the strength of a constitution predisposed to disease. Look well to it, that your motives and principles are sound; and then, leaning on God, go bravely and bear your Master's cross, even among his foes. And ever remember that it is only by fellowship with Him and His friends, you can resist the power of evil society on your heart and character. Look away from the mob of scoffers to the cloud of witnesses. Think of the final approval and benediction of Him who bore the contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your mind. Think of the rapturous joy,

the sublime intelligence and devotion, of that society we shall enter, if faithful unto death. Think of the blessedness of being caught up *together* to meet the Lord in the air, and so for ever to be with the Lord. Think of these things, and your faith shall be as a diamond shield, as a two-edged sword, and as an uncontaminated atmosphere surrounding you in a vale of death.

This subject is replete with practical lessons. It should teach young men *caution* as to the associations they form. Character generally takes its set ere the third part of our threescore years and ten has elapsed; and "a fool of forty will never be wise," we fear. I have chosen this subject to awaken the vigilance and prayer of young men. I think with deepest sorrow of my early associates and my native town. There there was no Young Men's Christian Association; but there was the social club, and the Orange lodge; and I solemnly testify, as a faithful witness, that scarce one-fifth of those young men—some of them youths of uncommon promise—scarce one-fifth escaped the corruption and destruction of character, through the influence of depraving society. And those of us that did escape, escaped by providential removal from vortiginous circles, that would have sucked us down to ruin of body and soul. Is it any wonder, then, that one, narrowly escaped from such a wreck, should warn fellow-voyagers of shoals and quicksands—of the Scylla and Charybdis where companions have perished? With our young men's Christian associations, no young man in London need complain of difficulty in forming right companionships. A short time since, I travelled in the same carriage with a young man coming from the country to reside in London. As I saw he had a violin and music books, I made some remarks on the value of knowing music. He replied, glancing

at his violin, "The knowledge of it is always a passport to society." Alas! young man, I thought, have you no better passport to society than your fiddle? It will be but volatile and perilous society that will secure. I strove to point out a higher direction for his musical powers; and directed him to one of your branch associations. Young men, the devil would give you plenty of passports to every street and institution of Vanity Fair; but God your Saviour offers you passports to all the privileges of His Church on earth, and to the glories of His Jerusalem above. But according to your passport shall be your destination.

Society has its concentric circles increasing in influence as they close around us. Look well to the practice and principles of the man you adopt as your bosom friend. There is a friendship so sacred we seldom speak of it, so intimate that it pervades the inmost channels of the heart; so divinely adapted to purify, comfort, and sustain us, that, even in Eden, "God saw it was not good for man to be alone." I speak, of course, of conjugal friendship: that on which our kind Creator pronounced His own benediction, amid the songs and fragrance and sunshine of Eden. This world of ours is neither wholly paradise, nor entirely desert; but it never is so like to Eden as when the young man meets the companion, whose society is to be the most gentle and plastic power of his future life. Surely his prudence his judgment, his conscience, his faith, should be exercised in the formation of a union so permanent and momentous.

This subject should also teach us *a sober estimate of ourselves*, as to independence and originality of character. How little as to what is really original in thought or feeling can any man boast? Our minds are analogous to our bodies in this; and we could no more give account of all the animal and vegetable products that have contributed to


our bodies, than we could of the books, the men, and the society that have built up our character. The old minister was not far wrong, when he said to his junior, "Whether you rob the living or the dead for a sermon, it wont do them much harm; but be sure to give a good sermon to your people on Sunday." None of us can be absolutely originals, though we should scorn to be servile imitators; but let us be characters of the right stamp, and give the praise to the original Fountain of all goodness and truth.

Our subject should also teach us *charity in our judgment of others*. Were you to meet a being from a different world, you would not judge him by your social standard: we have seen that human society is a system of worlds, and you cannot tell what influence his world may have exerted on the brother you censure. No being but God can say precisely how much or how little is to be attributed to his perversity of will. I do not speak to exculpate immorality in any character, or wherever found. To do so is one prevalent disgrace of fashionable literature. Many throw a glittering veil over evils which tend to eat out the life of souls and of society, and with untempered mortar of false charity daub walls that are bowing to their fall. But still, as we see that social influences are so many and so strong, and while we bless God for our favoured lot, let us remember how little of what is good in our own character may be attributable to ourselves, and how much of what is objectionable in others may not be really attributable to them.

Again: Our subject would teach the necessity, or at least the expediency, of *unsectarian sociality*. If any class of artists or professionals move only in their own circle, they will become socially contracted, distorted, artificial, and false in their views of men and things. So it is with religious sects. A thorough sectarian will carry the squint, and

the gait, and the tone of his sect wherever he goes. This is part of the penalty suffered by his character for the narrowness of his heart and his partial associations. While our principles are fixed, let our charity be universal; let our character have the fixedness of the tree whose growth makes all influences tributary to itself; but not the fixedness of the growthless block or the cold granite, ever inanimate and ever the same. We shall correct our ideas and expand our hearts by communion "with all those that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth"

Again: *Let us care for the characters of others as well as our own.* Should not young men be strong for the moral warfare of our age—the warfare against ignorance, error, and irreligion? Think of the masses of souls in this city shut out from Christian influence. Think of the working classes, but little more than two per cent of whom, it is calculated, attend the house of God, while seventy per cent at least visit the public-house. Think of the social influences under which their own and their children's characters are being formed for eternity, and then say, should young men stand aloof from Sabbath school and Christian instruction efforts? Yes; and let your eye sweep the horizon of heathen lands, where society festers in its own corruption, and say, should you, young men, forget the missionary enterprise? The ten branch associations of this metropolis, with their 1,100 young men meeting every Sabbath in Bible classes; the 110 associations of Great Britain and Ireland, the 112 of North America, with their 20,000 members; and the 378 associations of Christian young men in continental Europe—all these are doing much for themselves and society: some, as in America, have done vast service to the cause of God; but much, much more remains for them to do. And for this let them



recruit their ranks, learn their discipline, and wait to be led forth by the Captain of Salvation.

We have spoken at length on the influence of society; let us conclude with a word on the deep and indispensable benefits of occasional retirement. Without the secret exercise of retirement you will lead a life of mind and heart dissipation; a stranger to your real self and to serenest joy; superficial in your attainments, and unprotected by the strong wall of self-knowledge and self-control. Solitude must leisurely build up the materials society throws into your possession. Solitude must catch up and expand the germs of thought society gives; solitude must mend the flaws and fill up the defects of character which society reveals; solitude must smooth the tempers society has ruffled, and purge away the evils society has left in the heart. Solitude, by contact with books, must bring us into the society of the mighty dead; solitude must take us "into the desert to rest awhile,"—must burnish our armour, nerve our arm, and kindle our valour for the battle of life. Our highest life more certainly demands the silence of quiet thought and prayer than it does the excitements of society. But the truth is, man was meant for both. Always in solitude, we should be as sickly plants without the sun; always in society, we should droop like plants in a tropical noon. Dewy night and sunny day, silent shade and open sky, solitude and society, are equally needed to the growth of those characters that are to be transplanted to the climes of eternal life. Even heaven itself, we believe, shall have its meditations as well as its songs; its bowers of retirement as well as its august gatherings around the throne. And although here, amid the din of London, girdled with the low thunders of its commerce, stunned with the beatings of the world's tumultuous heart,—even here, it is our own

fault if we have not our daily and Sabbath moments and hours for searching introspection and quiet thought.

"For thee ; seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess, nor morosely ;
Seek her for her precious things, and not of thine own pride.
For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice will talk with
thee,
Truth's whisper, heard, and echoed by responding conscience ;
There thou shalt gather up the revelled skeins of feeling,
And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile from duties ;
There thou shalt hive thy lore, and eat the fruits of study,
For solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts :
There as thou sittest peaceful, communing with thy fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares :
There, as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy soul ;
Thou shalt weep in solitude,—thou shalt pray in solitude.
Pass on, pass on ! for this is the path of wisdom ;
God make thee prosper on thy way ; I leave thee well with solitude."

The Earth framed and furnished as
a Habitation for Man.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, M.A.



THE EARTH—FRAMED AND FURNISHED AS A HABITATION FOR MAN.

OUR subject is the "wide, wide world;" but, as our instrument is this narrow, narrow mind, and our allotted space this short, short hour, you must not expect either the fulness of an elementary treatise, or the freshness of original discovery in geographic or geologic science. Few have time, and fewer talent, for doing the work of Dr. Livingstone on the surface of the globe, or of Hugh Miller in the strata of its crust: we must be content with the humbler task of examining and exhibiting the facts and laws which others have found out. But the facts and laws of nature are jewels that do not grow dim with age: bright, bright jewels the oldest of them are to-day, and fit to glitter on a royal crown side by side with those which have been fished out of the ocean or quarried out of the earth in our own time. God's work does not, like man's, grow shabby by length of wear: real pearls will shine as brightly after they have been worn a thousand years, as when they first emerged from the mother shell.

I occupy the humble place of working jeweller: the old brilliants are placed in my hands, with orders to set them in a diadem yet once more; and be sure,—so my instructions seem to run,—be sure to set them so that they shall receive the sunlight on different sides, and glance upon each other with new varieties of colouring.

We start, then, with the globe as it came into our possession, whirling round on its own axis once a day, and round the sun once a year. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth:" this is the whole amount of our knowledge regarding the *creation* of the world: the process of finishing and furnishing it as a habitation for man has been much more fully revealed. In Genesis a perspective view of the work is given on a scale all but infinitely reduced. As nearly all the space of the Bible was required for displaying the moral government of God and prosecuting the moral education of man, only a single page could be spared for all the processes of nature, throughout all the prehuman periods of time. On that page the work of unnumbered ages is represented in miniature. The landscape, from that eastern horizon where created being first dimly dawns, down to where the historic period lies on this late evening-tide of time, is reduced on the camera to an hand-breadth, and so photographed upon the first leaf of Revelation. Most precious is that unique ancient gem: as the magnifying instruments of science increase in power, and gradually resolve its mysterious nebula into separate stars, it will become more and more manifest that, though its scale is marvellously diminutive, its execution is divinely true.

When a microscope reveals the Lord's Prayer all beautifully legible on the space of a pin-head, if the observer were not aware of the modern art of painting by sunlight on any scale, he would suppose that a miracle must have laid the letters on. It was a miracle indeed that sketched the processes of creation on a page, at a time when photography was unknown. The coincidence between the days of Genesis and the successive periods of geology corroborates the proof of the inspiration of Moses, whatever special interpretation you may prefer: such knowledge of the geologic successions as is implied in the first chapter of Genesis seems not


possible, without an extraordinary divine intervention, in that day.

A fuller record of the earth's prehuman history is written, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the rocks which constitute its crust. As might have been expected, some doubts and disputes have sprung up in regard to the meaning of the ancient manuscript: the learner in this book penetrates from the surface downwards and reads, like a Chinaman, in vertical, not horizontal lines: the characters, moreover, like the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt, are not alphabetical letters, but plants and animals figured in full. These circumstances render the process of deciphering difficult and slow; but the meaning of nature's hieroglyphs, when the key is found, becomes more sure than that of the Pharaohs; and the sense, when obtained, will better repay the labour of translation. The learners in this subterranean school were astounded, indeed, to find, on opening their hornbook, instead of sober letters, words and sentences, a huge dinotherium here and an enormous crocodile there—a pretty fern-leaf spreading beneath and a tall pine towering over it; but, after recovering from their first surprise, they have been conning their lesson diligently for several years, and have now traced, so far, a clear and connected record of the process by which the habitation was finished and furnished before the inhabitant was born.

The earth on which we live has a somewhat rough exterior: it is not smooth, like a child's marble; and none but children find fault with it on that account. Too much smoothness of surface is not a desirable quality either for the earth or man. Things that are excessively smooth are apt to be slippery. Some people would level the earth by way of improving it: but to level it would be to lose it; for it would all become a sea. Neither politically nor physically are we at the mercy of those rash reformers; and for this

we should be duly thankful. The mountains are too high and too hard for becoming plains under the onset of their picks and shovels. They collected a mighty band of navvies in France about the outgoing of the last century, and proposed, politically, to level the earth by the labour of the gang: they succeeded in levelling their own bit of it; and over the levelled France the deluge came. It is but a sorry sort of ark that our neighbours are fain to float in to-day: Louis Napoleon or the deluge!—that comes of levelling a world which God has made with undulating ridges. Ye plains, do not absolutely and in all cases fret against the ridges: for if the ridges were not there, the water would not run away.

Throwing up ridges, or throwing them down again, is a rugged process at the best: but there is a wide difference between the manner in which the Creator threw up material ridges on the surface of the earth, and the manner in which Frenchmen threw down the social elevations which variegated the face of France. Old men and women, and children, were nestling thick upon the soil while these latter levellings were going on: multitudes accordingly were crushed in the process. When the crust of the earth had become hard by cooling, and the struggling heat of the interior threw up the hills, there was nobody on the spot to be hurt by the rude operation; all the rough work which was necessary in furnishing the house was over before the children were brought home. Ah! this world would have been an uncomfortable dwelling for mankind, the little children of the great Father's family, at the time when the Andes and Himalayas were rising, and the basins of the Pacific and the Atlantic sinking down. The foundations of the house were fixed, and its walls reared, and its star-spangled canopy overhung, and its floor carpeted with soft green, and fuel and water laid up in storehouses, before the favoured family were allowed to come in.



A very remarkable expression occurs in the Apocalypse (xvi. 18) bearing on the work of preparing the earth for man, before man was made. "And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." There the advent of man, as an inhabitant of this earth, is formally given as the epoch after which great earthquakes did not occur. It is well known now that earthquakes must have rent this globe before the birth of man, which make all that have occurred since sink into insignificance: but how was John, the fisherman of Galilee, led to employ, eighteen hundred years ago, a phraseology which the researches of our own day have now for the first time shown to be philosophically exact? Speaking of this verse, and quoting it freely, John Bunyan ("Reign of Antichrist") says, "For the earthquake, it is said to be such as *never was*, so mighty an earthquake and so great." He thought the phrase "since men were upon the earth" was equivalent to "never;" so he wrote, and fell into the blunder. Who led John the Apostle safely past the mistake into which John Bunyan fell?

Whatever the process may have been, the actual result is very like the effect produced on an apple which a boy has roasted by suspending it in a thread before the fire, whirling it rapidly round, and changing from time to time the point of suspension. The internal heat causes a lava-like stream to rise, which bursts through the rind, and becomes mountains in miniature on the surface, very picturesque in form, and very savoury in character. These mountains rise chiefly in ranges along the line which, for the time, is the horizontal equator of the apple; and if its revolving axis is changed now and then, the disposition of the ridges will be very similar to that which is actually exhibited on the larger world: the main ranges of a continent are parallel; but local exceptions occur here and there, and the backbone

of one continent may be found at right angles to that of another.

In a human dwelling, Water, Warmth, and Light are essential requisites: if any of these is altogether wanting, the house is not habitable; if any one is seriously defective, the house is not a happy home. In framing and furnishing the earth as our dwelling-place, our Father in heaven has provided these three in great abundance, and in due proportions. Omitting the last, as our time will not permit us to touch them all, we shall glance at the grand and simple contrivances of the Supreme Architect for *watering* and *warming* his world.

I. WATER.—Here, taking everything in due order, we must survey the Reservoir before we examine the method of distributing the supply: we must consider the Sea before we touch the rain or the rivers.

Two seas, one above another, are wrapped round the globe like an upper and an under garment. The idea is not new; it is borrowed from a very ancient Book. The Hebrews under David the king were wont to sing in the Creator's praise,—“Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed for ever: Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment.”—Psal. civ. In the arrangement of the clothing, the practice which prevails among smaller bodies has been adopted also for the larger: while the under garment covers only a portion of the person, the upper robe envelopes all. The upper cloak covers the wearer's body and its garments too. The water-ocean is the earth's under and partial covering; the air-ocean is its upper and all-encompassing robe. The sea covers large portions of the earth, and the atmosphere covers both the earth and its water-sea.

The coast lines of these two seas are dissimilar, in that the



one is horizontal and the other vertical; but they are alike in the rich variety of their configuration. There are not many straight lines either on the sea-shore or on the earth's surface. The line along the shore which divides the land from the water, and the line along the surface which divides the earth from the atmosphere, are both in the highest degree picturesquely irregular: of the one you may see specimens everywhere on the winding coast, and of the other specimens in the rugged outline of every hill-top which props the sky.

The upper garment is the thicker although the lighter of the two. The atmosphere, even though the soundings were taken over the summits of the Himalayas, is thought to be little short of forty miles in depth; whereas no depth of water has anywhere yet been found much greater than five miles.

Some kinds of creatures live in the water-sea, and would die if they were placed in the lighter element: they would be "fish out of the water." Other kinds, ourselves among the number, prefer the sea of air, and thrive best somewhere near its bottom. If it were possible to jerk a man out of the atmosphere and lay him down above it, as anglers treat a trout, he would gasp once or twice and die. Whether there are any creatures who sail on the top of the sea of air, as we sail on the sea of water, it would be unprofitable to inquire, and presumptuous to decide; but if any such there be, they must be very light characters. Hitherto, we who live on the bottom of that sea, as our fellow-creatures the molluscs live on the bottom of the other, have never observed any anchors cast down from super-aërial ships, nor any electric cables submerged by super-aërial men and dangling over our heads.

It would be unprofitable to institute an inquiry regarding the comparative value of the two seas, in the process of

watering the world ; for both are necessary and both alike. Without the sea there would be no water ; and without the atmosphere the earth would get none to drink. We turn our attention in the first instance to the great reservoir of water in its direct relation to the dry land, and without reference to the intervention of the atmosphere. The figure of the coast line is evidently one of the determining elements in moulding the condition of continents and the character of their inhabitants. Due prominence has been given in our day to the fact, that Europe and Africa lie at the opposite extremes of the scale, both in the degrees of civilization which they have attained, and the indentations of the coast-line which they exhibit. One fact is, at least in part, the cause of the other. The solid lumpish form of the African continent has something to do with the degeneracy of the African race. The map of Europe is rugged like a piece of ginger ; the map of Africa is round and smooth like a prize beet-root. Land and water seem to be, in their original constitution, the necessary complements of each other ; and either remains barren until the access of its mate. The continent from which the sea is excluded remains a desert from generation to generation : the continent which opens its bosom for the ingress of the ocean is fertilized and civilized through all its borders.

Until recent times the Mediterranean and its surrounding coasts exhibited the grandest example of the earth opening to receive the ocean, and the ocean entering to fertilize the land. Those who speak of the Mediterranean as a French lake, speak in the future tense ; the Emperor has no such spacious sheet of water in the heart of his pleasure grounds. Gibraltar, the porter's lodge at the entrance of the demesne, shakes out the British flag still from its hoary ramparts. In ancient times, however, that grand inland sea was, without a figure, a Roman lake ; and the empire was little

more than the fertile belt which fringed it. Phœnicia, Egypt, Carthage, Italy and Greece, with the less celebrated lands which fill the interstices between them, constitute the main circle of the ancient world. For that favoured region an helpmeet was early found, and the result was a numerous family of thriving nations; while interior Africa, with at least equal capabilities of soil and climate, sentenced from the first to a single life, has no such progeny to brighten her early history or sooth her later days.

The Mediterranean between Europe and Africa was the most important inland sea of the ancient world. It has enjoyed its day of glory as chief; but it must now retire into a secondary station, and make way for its betters. The modern Mediterranean is the Atlantic. It lies between the Old and New Worlds, precisely as the old Mediterranean lies between Europe and Africa, dividing yet uniting them. Although unequal in size, their proportions are similar; and the larger lies at right angles to the less. The old great Eastern continent had room enough to afford a berth athwartships for its Mediterranean; but ours is so large that when laid lengthwise it stretches from pole to pole. Such is our superiority in the structure and management of ships that we cross our sea as frequently and as safely as the ancients crossed theirs, notwithstanding the disparity of breadth.

The coasts of Spain, France, and the British Isles, occupy in some respects towards the Atlantic the position which Palestine occupied towards the Mediterranean in ancient times. The advantages of position for obtaining and keeping the supremacy are nearly equally divided among these three countries. About the time when they were discovering America and doubling the Cape, Spain and Portugal had the ball at their foot; but now the twin nations of the Peninsula are nowhere, while France and Britain maintain a neck or nothing race for the championship of the world. The result

does not depend on a single cause. The two principal determining elements are the moral qualities of the several races, and the physical features of the territories which they possess: it is only the latter of these two that comes directly and legitimately within the scope of our observation here. Logic, if not charity, forbids any self-laudatory comparison between the French and ourselves as to personal characteristics. We may think them smaller men than ourselves, but at present we have no business to say it. Our place as to influence on the world is fixed, in part at least, by that which is no disgrace to our neighbours and no credit to us,—the moderate size and insulated position of our territory. They may occupy their own soil, or even make aggression on conterminous states, without asking our opinion or dreading our interference: but we have something to say when the question relates to the wide world where the sea is the common highway for our neighbours and ourselves. By the position which God has given us, and the energy to occupy it, we have acquired a right to be consulted on all great questions connected with water. Besides its chief use in watering a whole world, the sea is precious to us as a means of defending our own bit of it. It is good for us and our families—good for the liberty and progress of the race, that the sea encircles this portion of the land all round. By aid of that circling sea, and by the blessing of Him who holds it in the hollow of his hand, we intend to keep this portion of the dry land for our own use, and for the benefit of all the oppressed who seek here an asylum from cruel power. Our neighbours need not exhaust themselves in beating their sides against the ribs of their cage: nature is against them. In the last resort the question will be determined not so much by docks as by ships; and not so much by ships as by shipmen. In spite of all her efforts we shall have more seamen than France, for this plain reason, that we have more

sea. The shore-line of Great Britain and Ireland would, I suppose, go nearly three times round the shore-line of France. No whipping and spurring can ever surmount that inequality. England has no Cherbourg, it is true ; but she need not break her heart about it, for France has no Liverpool. Not stationary stone walls, but living sailors in well-built ships, will, in the last resort, determine the dominion of the world, whether in peace or war. Considering all the circumstances, we should trust in Providence and keep our temper: no crowing among our neighbours can dry up the Channel. When you become too much excited by reading the newspapers, fold up the broad sheet, and look to the map of Europe. The sight of the sea is the best prescription for cooling the fevered brow. Let all the lovers of freedom study the Bible and the map ; while they study, let them give fervent thanks to the God of the whole earth for pouring the green sea round all the circumference of this land, and scattering the seed of his word over all its breadth. In these two our great strength lies : the one is Providence ; the other, Grace.


It is interesting in this connexion to see a complete hemisphere map, constructed with London, instead of a point on the Equator, as its centre. There, to the eye as well as to the understanding, the Atlantic appears the true Mediterranean Sea, and these islands seem designated by the Creator's hand as at once the asylum of liberty, the emporium of commerce, and the fulcrum of moral and political power for the whole world.

But patriotism, like iron in a ship's hold, has been tampering with our logical compass, and seriously diverting us from our course. We must not allow Frenchmen any more to draw our attention away from the sea.

As a feature in the furniture of the world the Tide occu-

pies a distinguished place; we do not refer to the well-known cosmical powers and laws which cause and regulate the phenomenon; we speak here only of the providential fact and its economic uses. An analogous fact is familiar to mercantile and manufacturing circles. A stout yeoman with a whip in his hand, a brown wide-awake on his head, and a leathern pouch belted and buckled round his waist, calls at your counter, and politely inquires if there are any parcels to-day:—his tame, contented, glossy-hided horse, standing with the waggon in the street meanwhile. You give him some bales to be conveyed to their destination; or you say, "Nothing to-day," as the case may be; but in either event the same man politely taps at your door on the morrow with the same offer to carry any parcel to any place; and he is honoured when he gets an order. This process goes on all the year round.

It is Art imitating Nature: a carrier, a strong, steady, willing worker, comes twice a-day up every creek and estuary, quietly tapping on the shore, and in dumb signs begging to know if there is anything to be carried to-day to America or the Mediterranean—to San Francisco by the Horn, or to India by Good Hope. This mighty burden-bearer never misses his call. Although he come to one place twice every day for a thousand years, without being once honoured with an order, he continues to come as steadily as if he had been loaded at every trip. How many times did that patient porter ascend the Thames ere he obtained a single freight! And how many more spacious harbours is he canvassing to-day where his diligence has not yet been rewarded by a bale! At the approach of Christmas a modest request is sometimes passed in to the head of the house to remember the carrier or the postman: if I were commissioned to speak for the dumb burden-bearer, I would



say;—England enriched by the sea, should gratefully remember its Maker.

But there is another characteristic of the sea, which, as matters go among men, ought to be more effective in stirring us up to gratitude; inasmuch as preservation from a near and great danger affects a human mind more than those many benefits which distil as the dew from heaven, and are therefore seldom observed. Dutchmen never forget their dykes. They know well that these earthen walls constitute the constant and only barrier against a desolating inundation. When you hear the storm at midnight, and think of the poor Hollander sleeping beneath the level of the sea, with nothing but a mound of earth between him and a deluge, you turn on your other side with a thought of thankfulness that Englishmen are not at the mercy of the treacherous element, as it is fashionable to call it. There you are reckoning without your host: at this moment we depend on a mechanical contrivance to defend us from a deeper flood. If the wheels of the huge machinery should be clogged and stand still to-night, the sea would, before morning, cover our highest mountains, by the mere operation of the ordinary law of gravity. You are aware that the earth is not perfectly spherical, and that it revolves rapidly on its own axis. These two facts bear an intimate relation to each other, and together exercise a decisive influence in making the world a fit habitation for man. If either fact were changed, the earth would be no longer habitable. If the globe should become a perfect sphere, while its diurnal revolution continued, the water would be all withdrawn from the regions round either pole, and heaped up in a deep and all-devastating ocean across its midst: if, on the other hand, the revolution of the earth should cease, while the configuration of its mass remained unchanged, the waters would recede wholly from the middle regions, and form in two great circular seas around the poles.

The case stands thus:—The diurnal revolution being necessary in relation to day and night, light and heat, and other essential qualities of a human habitation, the form of the globe has been moulded accordingly. It has been made in the main spherical, but with a comparatively minute deviation. The diameter which would pierce it through the poles is about twenty-six miles shorter than the diameter which would pierce it through the equator. If the solid matter of the globe were perfectly spherical in form, the centrifugal force of the revolution on its axis would raise all the water in a ridge with the culminating line on the equator: but the globe has been cast in a mould which gradually rises by a gentle slope from either pole till it terminate in a ridge twenty-six miles in height, girding it round the centre. This elevation of land in the middle regions of the globe precisely counterbalances the centrifugal force of its revolution; and therefore the disposition of land and water, with the earth whirling round, is the same as it would have been on a perfectly spherical body at rest. This is, perhaps, at once the most beautiful and most palpable adaptation in nature. It is a mark of the Maker's hand left upon his work. "Glory to God in the highest" is inscribed upon the earth below; and so large are the letters in which the inscription has been written, that he who cannot read it must be helplessly shortsighted or wilfully blind. It is because an Almighty arm keeps this heavy ball always swinging round, that we can lie down to sleep without the fear of being awakened by a deluge.

But we must turn now from the great reservoir in which the water is contained, to the channels by which it is distributed. In this department new and equal wonders meet our eye. Whether we look, on the one hand, to the veins and ducts of the human body, or, on the other, to the rivers and clouds of the earth and sky, we find an apparatus at once complicated in plan and simple in operation for carrying on

the circulation of the system. But look to the streets and lanes of our cities, and, notwithstanding recent efforts to improve them, we observe still a marked contrast. As to the sap-circulation provided *for* man, whether within or around him, behold it is very good: as to the sap-circulation provided *by* man, behold, as yet for the most part, it is very bad! Every time a navvie or a lecturer is suffused with perspiration, many miles of sewers are flushed, and the health of the system is thereby maintained: as a general rule, the sewers of our cities are never flushed except when nature inundates them by a shower.

The Psalms of David supply a formula for expressing the circulation of the world. "The waters stood above the mountains: . . . at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunders they hasted away. They go up by the mountains: they go down by the valleys into the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth."—(Psal. civ.) It is a wonderful hydraulic machine, and it never goes out of order. How manifest its design; how skilful its contrivance; how mighty its power!

Here lies the earth, with its mountains and valleys, its islands and continents; but unless it be watered, it cannot become a habitation either for man or beast. There lies the sea alongside; but there the sea is useless to the dry land. Although an ocean three times the area of the land lies weltering all around it, the land will remain an unmitigated wilderness for want of water. It would be "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." The earth could not arise and dip itself in the ocean every morning, and would not benefit by the bath although it were possible to take it. The sea, on the other hand, could not periodically rise and inundate the land; nor would the visitant be welcome although he were able to come. They sometimes propose

such an immersion as a sovereign remedy for the ills of Ireland; but I observe they are not Irishmen who prescribe that cure. Helpless and useless for the great purposes of life would both earth and ocean be, if each were imprisoned by gravitation in its own separate compartment. As well might you try to enclose a space by two straight lines, as expect to carry on the functions of cosmical life with only these two elements. But there is no such defect in the construction of Nature's machinery, and no such halting in the movement of its wheels. The air comes in as Mediator between land and water, laying its hand on both, and enabling them to meet in peace. Behold the Trinity of Nature, and the Redemption which it brings!


The function of the atmosphere is to mediate between the land and the water: the three links are formed into a circle, and the stream, not of electric fire, but of pure water, runs round the endless ring in a true perpetual motion. The air, heated by the sun, draws up into its bosom vast quantities of water from the ocean, carefully leaving all the salt behind. Indeed, that same air is very dainty in its tastes, and very skilful in gratifying them. It not only draws fresh water from the salt sea, but it distils for its own use the pure liquid from stagnant pools which men permit to fester round their dwellings, leaving all the filth behind for the punishment of those who allow it to accumulate. So the Sun of Righteousness bends down towards a polluted world, and draws up to heaven a multitude whom no man can number; but in the spiritual as well as in the physical updrawing "nothing shall enter that defileth." When, in the processes of the new covenant, the love of Christ draws a people to himself from the sea of wickedness, all the bitterness is left behind. As these stainless clouds that stud the bosom of the sky in the noon of a summer day were drawn from stagnant pools, and slimy, fetid rivers, and briny seas,

so those risen saints, who stand round the Redeemer's throne in white, were taken from many a pit of sin, and made as pure as the heaven in which they dwell.

Look up to these clouds—these great water-carriers for a world; how joyously and jauntily they career along! The huge masses skip and whirl, and chase each other like lambs at play, neither wearied with the weight they bear, nor dizzy with the long look down. Here, for once, is perfect engineering applied to water-supply. No retaining walls are needed, and no sharp turns to keep the level. How softly they lie; how quickly they move; how gently they fall, where they are needed, and when! You are awakened from your first sleep by a rattling in the casement and a rumbling in the chimney. You rise and look out on the moonlit sky: the cause of the nocturnal commotion is explained in a moment. An interminable line of laden clouds, like a huge luggage-train, is spinning eastward through the sky from the Atlantic to the dry table-lands on the confines of Europe and Asia. Those thirsty regions had telegraphed, by electricity through the air, most probably, to their correspondent in the western waters, that the Caspian and Dead Seas were in danger of becoming dry. The correspondent, ever watchful, and having withal a large stock in hand, immediately dispatched an extraordinary night-train, with orders to run express all the way, “for the King’s business requireth haste.” And there it goes, frightfully quick and with an infinity of imposing sound: but you perceive it is running on the main line; the axletrees are well greased, and the switches all right: you tumble into bed again, by way of shunting yourself off into a siding, and sleep soundly till the morning, confident that no collision will take place. “O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea.”—(Psal. civ.)

While the heavens declare the glory of God, earth and sea in unison echo back the anthem. Who could be an Atheist, with his foot on this green earth, and his eye open toward that blue sky? Standing here on the solid mass of the world, feeling the pulse of its life, and observing the law of its gigantic circulation, can you still say, "I do not believe in God?" Then, you may go next through the docks of Liverpool and the mills of Manchester, and cry at the close of your pilgrimage, "I do not believe in man!"

The whole apparatus of exhalation and cloud-carriage corresponds to the arterial system of animated bodies, whereby the purified blood is borne outward from the heart to the extremities for nourishment: the fall of rain and the flow of rivers correspond to the venous system, whereby the used blood is carried back to the heart and lungs for purification and propulsion again. Unlike man's best machinery, this process produces absolutely no waste: not so much as a dewdrop goes a-missing in a thousand years. A drop exhales from the ground as the morning sun grows hot: it goes out of sight in the fathomless ocean of air; but it is not lost: it is in the book, and in by double entry; it must and will cast up at the balance in the proper place. It dissipates from a daisy in your garden in June: if stock were taken at Christmas, it might be found frozen in near Petersburg on the Neva; or sparkling in the summer sun from the paddle of Dr. Livingstone's little steamer on the Zambesi: it might be found on a pinnacle of the fantastic icicles that adorn Niagara; or springing in the unknown fountains that feed the mysterious Nile: it might be found adhering to a feather with which a mother at midnight is wetting the lips of her dying child; or constituting a tenth part of a great tear, standing on the black cheek of an African youth, while the white slaver is counting out the price and stowing away the cargo: it might be found—but




where might it not be found? Only one thing is sure—it could not be lost. Into the hands of the same “faithful Creator” goes the body of a redeemed man, when it returns to dust. We need not be afraid. It does not go out of God’s sight, and he is able to gather it into a glorious one again. “Fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” Fear not, ye are of more value than many dewdrops!

After they have scattered showers here and there over a continent, some mountain range shooting far up into the sky fairly stops the career of the clouds, and compels them to disgorge all their treasure.

South America lies flat like a flounder on the map, but its vertebral ridge does not run straight along the middle of its body; it follows the curvature of the left side, not far from the margin all the way. When an uninformed observer meets a similar structure in an animal, he thinks it a kind of monster spoilt in the making; but in all such cases there is a sufficient reason for the apparent deviation from the normal form. So in that Continent, the position of the great mountain ridge, not on the eastern side, nor in the middle, but near the western shore, is an outstanding evidence of design in the configuration of the globe. Had the mountains run along the Atlantic instead of the Pacific seaboard, the trade-wind continuing to blow from the East, the bulk of South America would have been an arid desert. As it is, with the mountains on the west, and the winds blowing all the year from the east, the water which the wind wafts from the sea is carried almost across the continent ere it is discharged, and therefore is compelled to traverse the whole breadth of the land, on its return voyage by the rivers. Such, accordingly, is the natural fertility of those regions, that when they shall be subdued and possessed by man, they may sustain a multitude almost equal to the present population of the world.

I have sometimes thought that the mountain range on the western brim of South America does for the cloud, what Death on the extreme edge of this world's life does for misers. Having sucked up the wealth from the earth and sea, they soar along, obliged to let down a few drops here and there, but keeping all they can, obeying the law of grip as simply and strongly as the Earth obeys the law of gravity; but when they strike upon the bare shoulder of that grand terminal Cordillera of Time they must let all their treasure go. The treasure, when the vessel which carried it is dissolved, obeying now another law of God, gushes backward by many channels, refreshing all the Continent in its reflux. Guineas are God's drops; and He can use the gatherer as he uses the cloud—to carry them to the place where they are wanted, and pour them out there.

I love rivers. A sweet little river was the chief companion of my childhood. It moved, and twisted, and sparkled, and chattered, and seemed to speak to me. It knew me well, for all the summer over I was in it every day, and sometimes almost all the day. Devoutly yet every year I make a pilgrimage to its banks, and revive my early friendship. Every river has its own character, and its distinguishing features. A fancy still lingers within me, that if you should carry me blindfold to the spot, and open my eyes on a square yard of that river's surface, I would recognize it, and it would recognize me. Its eddies dance about in their own way, not exactly like the way of other respectable streams. If I had been bred to reverence any of the powers of nature, the spirit of the rivers would have been my tutelary. Fifteen years ago, I stood at the foot of the rock, and saw Niagara throw its giant drapery over my head; I seem yet to hear its awful hum. Two years ago, I reached the Rhine bank for the first time late at night, and from a lofty view-point looked upon the stream, when the moon was striving with all her might to make up for the absence of her lord. It is




something to have seen these two once in one's life. I would willingly undergo the toil of travelling, if I were permitted to visit a few more of the hoary chiefs in the regions where they reign in equal majesty and mercy,—the Mississippi and the Amazon, the Nile and the Ganges. Flow on, flow on ye rivers, to the sea; and from the sea again feed all your fountains: from it, and to it, flow ye all. Rivers flowing from the sea, and flowing to it, ye remind me of created being in the aggregate, coming from the Infinite and returning to the Infinite. Of Him and to Him are all things.

II. WARMTH.—But our time has been nearly all spent in bringing in the water, while our house is neither warmed nor lighted yet. How the heat is conveyed to the earth, distributed, retained, and regulated, cannot now be noted. Omitting all the great central facts and laws, let us glance at one or two characteristic incidents.

Besides its own proper functions, water performs an important part in the transmission and distribution of heat. Indeed she seems to have been engaged as maid-of-all-work in the house; it would be hard to say what the patient drudge is not expected to do; and yet she was never heard to complain. She does all her work well and cheerfully. Among other things, she makes herself useful in the custody and application of heat. Both the earth and man are cooled at times, and heated too, by water. There is nothing equal to a warm bath, either for a cold continent or cold feet. The coast of Labrador, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the same latitude with these islands, is an icy desert: the reason of the difference is, that they get a cold bath all the year round, while we get a warm one. How the other side is supplied with cold water, you may easily perceive. A current right from the North Pole flows constantly along,

the coast, studded at certain seasons with icebergs, more beautiful than kindly. Our hot water reaches us by a process more complicated, but equally constant and sure. On the map of America, look to that great bosom which lies between the northern and southern portions of the continent, the Gulf of Mexico. It is the most circular of seas : and why has Nature deviated from her usual rule of irregularity, to form an almost perfect circle there? Because these our islands, lying in a northern latitude, needed hot water, and a pot must be provided for holding it. The Gulf of Mexico is the great tea-kettle of Great Britain. Poor Mexico seems to have the singular faculty of keeping both herself and her neighbours in hot water. The rotundity of that vast cup secures that the stream of water which flows into it from the coast of Africa, and is heated during its passage under the equator, shall be thrown out on its north-eastern brim, in such a direction and with such a velocity, that it bathes the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland all the year round with a gently-flowing current of moderately warm water. The great oceanic current called the Gulf-stream, with its graceful bend and fan-like spread, is precisely like the last comet's tail, but neither so large nor so alarmingly quick in its motions. Some of our neighbours fret against our supremacy at sea. To deprive us of it, they build big ships ; but two can play at that game, and they will probably not succeed. I shall give them a hint : if they could pierce the Isthmus of Panama, and send the contents of our tea-kettle straight through into the Pacific, farewell to Britain's commercial wealth and naval power. The Mersey would be frozen eight months of the year. But the isthmus has a bone in its sleeve : the merchants of Liverpool may invest in yet one dock more.

Next after the Gulf-stream, we are indebted to our coal-beds for the quantity of heat which is necessary to make us



comfortable. Some recent writers have done good service by earnestly directing attention to the wonderful process by which the coal-cellar of the house was filled long before the family took possession. Vegetations inconceivably exceeding in vastness all that we now know, grew and faded alternately upon this globe, during many ages, while they were apparently useless in creation. Had a solitary philosopher, born before his time, obtained a footing on the world then, and been permitted to make his observations, he could have given confirmation strong as Holy Writ, that no one wise and provident Being presided over creation. Witness, —he would have said,—witness all this waste! Aye; witness this other waste,—these heaps of dirty torn rags lying within and around yonder factory; and do these supply evidence that the manufacturer has lost his wits or never had any? In some of the finest of human works, waste is most precious: a pure paper rises from the grave of these soiled rags. In the Creator's purposes the vast vegetation of a chaotic world was needed: it was allowed to run waste, because it was waste that the Omniscient Operator wanted as the raw material of the manufacture which he had in hand. Soft, deep, damp soils, and hot steaming skies, brought forth herbs and trees with a luxuriance that baffles our imagination, now that it has passed away from the senses; these were deposited in layers along broad valleys, covered over, hot-pressed and caked into coal, that it might keep till it should be required as fuel for the coming man. Now, we have nothing more to do when we wish to mend our fire, than to go down to the cellar for coals: at least we send the colliers down. Although cats and monkeys like well enough to warm themselves at one of our fires when they find it, no species of animal except the human has sufficient skill to light a fire. Here you have amazing complication and exactitude of plan. When the fuel was stratifying and

crystallizing and caking, man was designed and promised: the coal measures promised him. If he had not come; or come other than he is, the promise would have been false and the preparation abortive. For man these stores were provided, because he only can use them: but these stores were accumulated at a period when man did not exist. The only rational account of the matter is:—Our Father in heaven provided warmth for his children before he brought them home


Here without noticing at all the processes by which light is distributed, we must draw our sketches to a close. You might profitably and pleasantly occupy many evenings in studying the physical geography of the earth and the sea. The world is fearfully and wonderfully made. The inhabitant is guilty of ingratitude to the Architect of all, if he fail to observe and admire the structure, the furniture, and the decorations of his dwelling. Some months ago, as I sat in a railway carriage at a junction of the Scottish Central, waiting for a converging train, I overheard the conversation of two porters employed on the line. One of them, according to his own account a most worthy but unappreciated man, summed up his complaint against men and things in general with these words:—"Well, this is the queerest world ever I saw." Rightly spoke, but wrongly thought, the illused porter of the Scottish Central Railway! In another sense than the querulous labourer intended, it is the queerest world that he or any of us ever saw; and the queerest thing about it is its chief inhabitant. Considering his ignorance and improvidence and quarrelsomeness, it is a wonder that the Great Proprietor permits him to run his lease. The house and furniture are perfect; all that is wanted is an industrious and contented tenant.

Although Adam's family count now some ten or eleven



hundred millions of men and women, the lodgings provided for them are still greatly too large. Like a prudent couple who have married early, the family at first left portions of the house unoccupied, that they might afterwards gradually take possession of it room by room. It would have been very awkward if the whole house had been occupied at an early period of the family history; for there is no other world conveniently near to absorb the surplus.


The rapid outspread of the race to take possession of the still unoccupied apartments of the dwelling, is one of the characteristic features of the present age. When the fullness of time arrives, the world will probably be found full of men. This consummation approaches in our day at a greatly accelerated speed. It is instructive, and sometimes also amusing, to see the machinery for spreading men over the world at work. As a general rule, it requires a considerable force to induce human beings to leave the thickly peopled places of the Earth and settle in its solitudes: the force applied is sometimes a drawing, and sometimes a driving, and sometimes both together. In regard to the power which impels them forward, there is some analogy between asses and men. I have seen a pair of pictures which, by way of parable, represented the two principal propelling forces in action as applied to an ass. In one picture a brace of boys are belabouring a loaded donkey on the hinder parts with a stout stick, but all in vain, for the poor brute has evidently made up his mind that it is better on the whole to bear the blows than trudge to market with his burden: consequently he stands stock still in the mud. In the other an old woman is comfortably seated on her donkey's back, above a couple of panniers stuffed with vegetables; she is armed with a long slender pole like a fishing-rod; but in this case it has neither a fly at the one end nor a fool at the other. A fine fresh carrot by way of bait



attached to the front of the pole, the cunning angler keeps dangling a few inches before the donkey's nose; and he in consequence is carrying carrot, fishing-rod, mistress, panniers and all, at a rattling pace to market. This wise woman seems to cast out of the canvas a leer of satisfied superiority upon the boys as she gallops past.

Thus you may perceive there are two methods of urging forward a donkey or a man: one is both more easy and more successful than the other. Some proprietors in the North of Scotland try the stick—the technical term is Clearances—but the animal won't march. The peasantry refuse to go to Canada sometimes even when their huts have been pulled down about their heads. But as soon as the gold was hung out and seen to glitter in the sky, "Westward, ho!" became the word, and the exodus began at a gallop. Man uses gold for many purposes: God uses it chiefly for one—to draw surplus humanity from the barren moors and dense city lanes, where it squats and starves, in order that the empty apartments of his prepared mansion may be furnished with guests. The emigration which the gold produces is more valuable than the gold which the emigrants get. In this great hunt on the wide field of the world, as in others which expatiate on a narrower sphere, the chase is better than the game.

In the division of the world we are getting the lion's share. Already the English-speaking race own one-fourth of the earth's surface, and rule one-sixth of humankind. It is reported that, once upon a time, before the schoolmaster had gone abroad, the Emperor of all the Russias, having heard that Great Britain was interposing a barrier against some of his ambitious schemes, called for a map, and in his private study searched it diligently for the obnoxious land. He saw his own vast territories stretching away in gorgeous yellow across two continents; but nowhere could he descry




that other country which he understood to be by pre-eminence denominated Great. Wearied with his search, the royal scholar called in his secretary and demanded of him where Great Britain lay on the map. "Please your Majesty," that functionary replied, "your thumb is on it." The place which this country occupied on the map was covered by the Emperor's principal digit: but that comparatively diminutive space is the central heart which animates by its life-pulses a territory larger than his own. Queen Victoria is the greatest landed proprietor in the world. In spite of the Pope who gave all the West to Spain, and all the East to Portugal, his infallibility not enabling him to perceive that the rivals would meet in the middle and quarrel over the spoil, both the East and West are falling to the Anglo-Saxon's share. On the West, we reach the nearest portion of the American continent in five or six days from Ireland; and thence to Vancouver's Island in the Pacific the present generation will probably run by rail, on our own territory all the way. In the East we have by sea turned the flank, and overland penetrated through the heart of the broad belt of Moslem mysticism, which the god of this world has strategically thrown in between paganism and Christianity. Beyond that border we have planted a firm foot on the richest and fairest empire of the earth. We are contemporaneous proprietors with the Emperor of China. When the cattle of our fellow-subjects on those border lands break the fence, they may be impounded by a mandarin for trespassing among his tea.

Our privilege marks and measures our duty: from him to whom much is given, much will be required. Commerce, territory, gold—all the chief agencies which act in replenishing the earth—are falling into the hands of the twin-brother nations who use in common the English tongue. The *Parlez-vous*, although a supple, pliant tongue, suited

for the diplomacy of courts, is prostituted in laws and edicts for repressing social liberty and Protestant truth: God is not permitting it to spread over newly-peopled continents. The language of Italy sounds softly in music and poetry, but it is the tongue of the Pope and the Inquisition and the Index; it is confined almost entirely to its own narrow peninsula. The language which we have learned from our mothers (with one exception, great in moral delinquency, but small in geographical extent—the laws which forbid the education of negroes in certain States of the American Union) is not employed to hinder the circulation of God's Word: therefore, if we may be permitted so far to interpret the prophecy of Providence, God is spreading it over his world. Let us know our privilege, and do our duty. An open Bible is "the secret of Britain's greatness," the palladium of her liberty, the cause of her success. Providence is in these days taking from the Scriptures, and printing legibly on the page of history, that ultimate principle of the Divine administration, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." In the expanse of the nineteenth century, like letters of light on the evening sky, stands out the inscription which every seeing eye may read:—God is giving the earth to that people whose language transmits his Word, as these blue heavens transmit the sunlight, neither tampering with its integrity nor impeding its progress, but simply and quickly passing it on.

The progression of Life from its initial stage in primeval chaos, to its consummation in redeemed and perfected humanity, is like the advance of a ship through the locks of a canal from the sea to the summit level of the land. At a period far remote, with no landmarks near by which its distance from the present might be measured, life in the lowest type of vegetation leapt, at the Creator's call, from




the amorphous mass; the ship has left the weltering sea, and accomplished its first ascent. At this elevation occurs a considerable stretch of level navigation; then comes another rise, and another level reach. Progress upward is obtained, not by a gradual incline, but by sudden perpendicular risings. Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching towards those that are before, created life has advanced both forward and upward, not like a train on a railway, but like a ship in a canal. From lichens, mosses, ferns to pines, and from pines to more perfect organizations, life advanced by leaps, until it reached the platform of the animal and locomotive. Another series of locks, alternating with level reaches, and passing through the various stages of fishes, lizards, birds, and mammal quadrupeds, leads at last to Man. Life will not now ascend into a higher order, but this order must be elevated far above its present level. The vessel has entered the last lock, but has not yet risen to its summit; humanity first joined company at the head of the one immediately below. As yet we can neither move forward nor see around. Whirlpools boil beneath, dead walls frown on either side, and water is dripping down upon our heads. We are in the lock; it is the water coming down that causes the commotion; but the water which seems to be only disturbing, is insensibly elevating us. Fear not, Christian; the Lord knoweth them that are his, and knoweth too the best way of perfecting that which concerns them. Do not be surprised at a commercial crisis here, and an Indian rebellion there: our Redeemer sits King on all these floods. He has given orders to open some of the sluices, that the gush may elevate his ark; and if the process of elevating also agitate, he knows the distress, and will provide the consolation. Those portions of man's wrath which are allowed to spurt out, he will employ for his own praise, and the remainder of that wrath he will restrain.

THE EARTH, ETC.

As these boiling waters dash against the vessel's sides, the little child looks to his Father at the helm, and cries: "Fear not," that Father answers, "if these waters were not permitted to rush down, you would not be lifted up."

The great commotions of our day show that the lock is filling fast. These are the last times, and they seem near their fulness. We are imprisoned, and no effort can liberate us before the time. No power can open the two-leaved gates, until the water within reach the level of the water without. When the fulness has come at last, a gentle gurgle indicates that the stream of time has ceased to flow: what remains of earth is already calm, like heaven. From the windows of their ark, now floating on the summit, the voyagers may, without obstruction, sweep the horizon of history, and see both the beginning and the end of God's completed work. No more plunges into chaotic waters, chafing on dark girdling walls, in order to reach a higher style of life: this is the highest: these are sons of God. Their sins are forgiven, their natures are renewed, their discipline is done. The Son has made them free, and they are free indeed. When the Redeemer has gotten all his own thus lifted up, time shall be no more. Attending angels touch the gates: they open easily; at the opening purified and perfected humanity glides gently forth from its ancient prison-house, and joyfully bears away for the promised land.



Blaise Pascal.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D.



BLAISE PASCAL.

THE great biographer Plutarch wrote parallel lives. His biographies run in pairs, each pair placing before the reader two human characters, which, though thrown upon different circumstances and a different age, had yet certain affinities. If Plutarch were now alive, we should assign to him, as a subject at least of equal interest with any which has come from his inimitably graphic pen, the life of the French moralist Pascal and of the English poet Cowper. The birth of Pascal was separated from the birth of Cowper by an interval of time rather greater than a century. The first was a decided Roman Catholic, the second as staunch a Protestant. The one was a mathematical genius, with all that enthusiastic admiration of curves and conic sections, and all that devotion to perfectly demonstrative evidence, which is supposed (although erroneously) to constitute a dry and uninteresting character; the other was a poet, and poured out his beautiful and devout soul in song. To this we may add that the national character of the French and English is as different as it is possible for that of any two nations to be, who are parted by so narrow a limit as the Strait of Dover. But under all this difference of time, circumstances, and pursuit, a person competently acquainted with the minds of Pascal and Cowper will detect, I think, a considerable affinity between them. Both were moralists—for Cowper often moralises, both in his Poems and Letters—and moralists of the highest order. Both were eminently

devout men, Christians in deed as well as in name. The characters of both were deeply tinged with melancholy, which in the one took the form of despondency as to his eternal prospects, and in the other that of a sour and unnatural asceticism. The views taken by both of them of life, of man, of society, were, in conformity to their common temperament, sombre. The private lives of both were unhappy lives. One feels of both such men that in an emphatic sense, over and above that in which it is true of all good Christians, their portion was not here below. If it is possible, as has been alleged, to make the best of both worlds—to taste very considerable secular comforts and enjoyments, while not relinquishing the crown of glory,—certainly neither Pascal nor Cowper was initiated into the secret of doing so. Again, though one was a professor of the reformed faith and the other an adherent to old superstitions, both gave an equal prominence in their system of religion to the doctrines of Grace, and, in striking that nice balance between the responsibility of man on the one hand, and the powerlessness of man without the Holy Spirit on the other, both struck it rather on the Calvinistic than on the Arminian side of the question. Again, there was in the mind of both an exquisite vein of subtle humour, which relieved the sombre tone of the general character, and came out in a thousand forms of sarcasm, sometimes merely playful and harmless as sheet lightning, but sometimes, though rather in Pascal's case than in Cowper's, blasting, searing, riving, like the forked variety. Cowper struck the foppish, vapid, *fainéant* clergymen of his day—

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry—Hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene—

and the nonsense talked in worldly society against the doctrine of justification by faith, on the ground of its subverting

morality, with a blow scarcely less smart and telling than that which Pascal, in his celebrated Provincial Letters, inflicts, as we shall see, upon the casuistry of the Jesuits. Again, both had minds of peculiar elegance and refinement, which made them the most graceful writers of their day, and their works the standard of a pure style in their respective languages; while the subject of the present memoir added to elegance of style gigantic powers of grappling with almost any subject of thought, which certainly place him far above the English poet in the category of merely intellectual endowments. But gift Cowper with an exalted genius for mathematics and physical science, make him a master of thought as well as a master of song and of style, turn him into a Roman Catholic, and give him for his controversial themes, not the lax indifference of an indolent clergy, in whose eyes enthusiasm was the one unpardonable sin, but the lax morality of the Jesuits, by which all the commandments of God are in turn evaded,—and we apprehend that you will then have a character not very different from that of Pascal.

This Blaise Pascal lived in stirring times. Two years after his birth Charles I. ascended the throne of England. Two years before his death our royal family was restored in the person of Charles II. Thus he lived through the English Rebellion and through the Commonwealth; heard tidings, when he was nineteen, of Edgehill; when he was twenty-one, of Marston Moor; when he was twenty-two, of Naseby; when he was near upon twenty-six, came the news to Paris, which must have made a lively sensation, even in the midst of their own civil broils, amongst persons so inquisitive and on the alert for intelligence as the Parisians, that the English had cut off their king's head. But there were troubles nearer home, which gave the French little leisure to marvel at what was doing abroad. The kingdom of France was groaning under a long minority, Louis XIV.

having come to the throne at the age of five years, soon after the breaking out of the English civil war. Cardinal Richelieu, who to an overweening and very criminal ambition united immense administrative ability, and certainly knew how to govern a kingdom, had died in the preceding reign. Anne of Austria, the haughty and intriguing mother of the young king, was regent; and Cardinal Mazarin, detested by the people, partly on account of his being a foreigner, but more on account of the unjust and oppressive financial measures adopted by his administration, was, through his influence with the regent, the real ruler of France. At length came an open outbreak. The parliament of Paris refused to register (and thus give force of law to) some edict for raising supplies. Instantly the regent gave orders that certain members of the parliament, who had been more forward than others in opposing the edict, should be arrested. This arrest was the spark which falls on the already laid train. An explosion immediately ensued. The people flew to arms, having found a head in one Cardinal de Retz, an ecclesiastical adventurer, whose sole aim seems to have been to push himself on to worldly advancement through any opening which offered. The shops of Paris were shut, the streets barricaded—a phenomenon not altogether unusual in that unhappy capital, which seems always to live on the crust of a smouldering volcano. The regent, with her favourite minister and her infant son, fled to St. Germain, where she was reduced to great necessities, and obliged to pawn the crown jewels of France to obtain money. Henrietta Maria, queen of England, and sister-in-law of the regent, who had been driven to her native shores by the English troubles, came in for a share of the privations which the French court had to undergo. It is observable that, about six years before, Henrietta Maria had disposed of the English crown jewels in Holland, by way of obtaining for Charles I.,

at the outbreak of the civil war, a small supply of arms and ammunition. The fabric of sovereignty was receiving a rude shock in Europe. The French civil disturbances, known as the War of the Fronde, lasted about five years; and, though the national levity found in them something wherewith to point a jest, they were productive of extreme misery to the country. It was in troublous times like these that Pascal obtained that mental ascendancy which has made his name so famous, and matured, by God's Grace, that saintliness of character, which made him meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. We have thought it right, before entering on his biography, to point out his exact place in history; because the mind of all men must take some degree of shape and colour from the events amidst which they are formed. But it is, perhaps, surprising how few allusions will be found in Pascal's writings to the stirring incidents of his time. The following is, perhaps, the only one which occurs in his most popular work, "The Thoughts." It refers to the disease which brought about the death of Oliver Cromwell, well known to have been tertian ague, but represented by Pascal as gravel. The two apparently discrepant accounts are reconcilable, as the latter complaint might very possibly be a complication connected with tertian ague. The sentiment is illustrative of the moralist's favourite theme—the vanity of man when at the height of his power:—

"Cromwell was on the point of ravaging the whole of Christendom; the royal family was ruined and his own powerful for ever, had it not been for a little grain of sand which deposited itself in a certain part of his body. Rome itself was on the point of trembling beneath him; but this little grit of gravel having lodged there, he died, his family was humbled, all the world was in peace once more, and the king restored."

The above is, perhaps, his most pointed allusion to the

current intelligence of the day. And yet was not society at that time rocking to its foundations? Must not every one,—thinkers and literary characters, as well as the rest,—have felt its vibrations? How, amidst civil commotions like those which then distracted both France and England, could a man turn his mind calmly to conic sections, to the vacuum, to pensive moralisings on the vanity of man, to the most subtle and arduous controversies of theology? We will answer by another morsel of the Thoughts, a very choice morsel. Pascal's family was respectable rather than of high rank. It belonged to the *haut tiers état*, which we perhaps should call the upper middle class of society. Read now Pascal's own illustration of the advantage of not being reckoned among the great :—

“Great folks and little folks have the same accidents, the same annoyances, the same passions; but the great man is placed high on the wheel, and the little man near the centre, and so less agitated by the same movements.”

Let a man who is tempted to murmur at the obscurity of his lot, reflect that he is a fly on the axle of a wheel, which axle is moving comparatively slowly, while the flies on the circumference or tire of the wheel are being whirled rapidly and perilously through the air. Wars, and rumours of wars disquiet us all; but they disquiet no man in the kingdom half so much as the Prime Minister.

BLAISE PASCAL was born on the 19th of June, in the year 1623, at Clermont, in Auvergne. His father, Stephen Pascal, held a considerable legal position at Clermont, as President of the Court of Aids. As great abilities are said usually to be inherited from the mother, one would like to know something of Madame Pascal, whose maiden name was Begon. But we hear little of her, except that she died when her son (an only son, though she had two daughters) was three years old.


Pascal may be quoted as a brilliant instance of the results of home education, though we apprehend that under any kind of youthful training such a mind could not have failed to develope extraordinary powers. He never had any other preceptor than his father. When the boy was eight years old, the father resigned his position at Clermont, and removed with his whole family to Paris, where he seems to have made the education of his son his chief pursuit.

In our English schools we think it disadvantageous to a boy to be placed in so low a form as to find his work easy; for English boys are usually averse to books, and would in all probability take advantage of such an arrangement to relax in their exertions. But if we had none but young Pascals to deal with—intelligent, restless, inquiring minds, thirsting for information on every subject of knowledge, and spinning mathematical demonstrations out of their own head by way of amusement—we might be of opinion, with M. Pascal, that the first principle of education should be not to place a strain upon the faculties of the pupil, and to keep him always easily master of his work. It was on this principle that the little Pascal was not allowed to begin his Latin grammar till he was twelve years old. Up to that age the father sought to give him some general idea of languages, of their rules, and their exceptions, in order that he might thus enter upon the particular study of the learned languages with more intelligence. We doubt not that with such a pupil as Pascal, this plan rendered the acquisition of Latin and Greek more expeditious in the long run, as well as more attractive.

Very early in life he gave indications of unusual intellectual power. Many is the child, who on being first brought down to dessert, has noticed that a finger glass being accidentally struck, gives a loud and thrilling and

prolonged sound, which ceases as soon as the hand is laid upon it. Many is the child too who will ask papa or mamma what is the reason of this phenomenon, thereby, perhaps, not a little perplexing the person interrogated. But how many children would resolve to find out the reason by the exercise of their own minds, and institute a series of experiments upon sound by way of satisfying themselves? This did little Pascal, if we except the unimportant fact that it was not a finger glass, but a china plate, which set him a thinking and experimenting. His experiments resulted in a little treatise on sounds, written when the author was twelve years old. The range of facts, which were the basis of the argument, was of course circumscribed; but "*il fut trouvé tout-d-fait bien raisonné*," says his sister,—no flaw could be found in the child's reasoning. What an interesting heirloom such a treatise must have been in the family, if it was preserved by them!


M. Pascal, the father, was himself a great mathematician, and knew by experience how absorbing is the interest of the exact sciences. He saw very clearly, from the proofs of intelligence which his son gave in that direction, that the boy would never learn Latin or Greek at all, if he were allowed a taste of mathematics previously. So he tabooed the subject altogether, put away his mathematical treatises out of the boy's reach; and when young Pascal, having a shrewd suspicion of their interest, asked what mathematics were, and pressed to be allowed to learn them, he put him off with a general answer, and said that the mathematics must be considered a treat in reserve for a later age, after he had mastered his Latin and Greek. With that he desired him rather sharply never again to speak or to think about the subject. But alas! it is with the boy's intellect as with the man's. You may scold men for their mental progress, denounce this progress as leading to scepticism and mate-



rialism, and what not ; but you seek in vain to stop them ; the mind is not bound, and despite all your restrictions and anathemas, the words of the prophet are accomplished :— “ Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased.” Young Pascal was not to be snubbed out of his taste for mathematics. His father had dropped one pregnant hint, when he told him just now that mathematics was a science which taught people how to make perfectly accurate figures, and how to discover the proportions which such figures bore to one another. This was enough for his acute little brain, which immediately began to spin out of such slender data. When alone in his play-room, he took a bit of coal, and began to consider how he should draw on the tiled floor a circle perfectly round and a triangle with its three sides equal. Not that he knew these technical terms ; how should he ? He called a circle a round, and a line a bar, and so forth. He constructed for himself definitions as to what he meant by a round, and what he meant by a bar. From definitions he advanced to those self-evident axioms which stand at the head of our Euclid’s Elements, as, for example, that “ Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.” On these definitions and axioms he soon constructed theorems and problems, and thus advanced gradually as far as the 32nd proposition of Euclid, which runs thus :—“ If one side of a triangle be produced, the exterior angle is equal to the sum of the two angles which subtend it ; and the three interior angles of every triangle are together equal to two right angles.” One day, when he was busied with the demonstration of this theorem, his father caught him in the act of tasting the forbidden fruit. So absorbed was he in his pursuit that he did not hear his father’s footsteps, and it was some time before his geometrical reverie was fairly broken. On M. Pascal’s asking him what he was doing, he replied he was trying to make out such and such a thing, which turned out to

be Euclid's 32nd proposition, stated in the common terms, which he had adopted from ignorance of the scientific ones. "And what made you think of that?" said his father. "My having found out this," answered the boy, explaining an earlier truth demonstrated in Euclid. "And how did you get at that?" "Because I first found out this," pointing out a still earlier truth. And so the child went gradually backwards, in reply to successive queries on the part of his father, till all resolved itself into his definitions and axioms, out of which, of course, the whole fabric of geometry is constructed.

The father, in a transport of astonishment and joy, left his son without saying a word, and went to the house of a friend, on whose judgment he could rely, to pour out his rather full heart, and to consult what was to be done with the little Archimedes. Both gentlemen were of opinion that, as the boy manifested such extraordinary genius, it was not fair to lay any further restrictions upon his study of mathematics. So a Euclid was given to him to read in his play hours (Euclid and play hours, what irreconcilable and antagonistic ideas in the minds of most youths of twelve!); and good use he made of it, keeping always ahead of his authors, and not referring to Euclid's demonstrations till he had first made his own. He regularly attended certain scientific conferences, which were held weekly in Paris for mutual discussion and resolution of difficulties, and which formed the nucleus of the French Royal Academy of Sciences. The members were, of course, greatly his seniors, but yet were so impressed with his abilities, as to ask his opinion frequently, and defer to it with respect. So well did he avail himself of this opening for improvement, and to such good account did he turn those hours of recreation, which he was now allowed to devote to geometry, that, at the age of sixteen, he wrote a treatise on conic sections, which is said to have been a prodigious effort



of genius. He was pressed by scientific friends to publish it, but his modesty was equal to his merit, and the treatise, which we may suppose he soon distanced by further progress in his favourite study, never appeared in print. As it is well to run through at once that period of his life which took its colouring from science, we will here mention that at eighteen he became the inventor of the calculating machine, the principle of which, discovered by him in the first instance, has been so wonderfully developed by our own countryman, Mr. Babbage. At the age of twenty-three he made, or rather caused to be made by his brother-in-law, the famous experiment, which resulted in the final explosion of the popular error — that Nature abhorred a vacuum. Galileo had already proved that the air had weight. Torricelli, a disciple of Galileo, had invented the barometer; and had ventured upon the right explanation of the phenomenon which the barometer presents. He had filled a glass tube with mercury, and stopping the mouth of it with his finger, had plunged it into a cup filled with mercury. After withdrawing his finger, and so allowing the mercury in the tube to join that in the cup, he observed that the mercury in the tube stood at a much higher level than that in the cup. He rightly conjectured that this effect was due to the circumstance of the air's pressing on the mercury in the cup, while, the space left at the top of the inverted tube being a vacuum, there was no pressure on that in the tube. This conjecture was published by him in the year 1645; but what he wrote was not considered conclusive, and many even of the learned still adhered to the old opinion, which had received Galileo's sanction, that the cause of fluid rising in tubes to a level higher than that in the reservoir beneath them, was Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, leading her always to rush into and occupy an empty space. It still remained for some man of

science to suggest a crucial experiment, such as might confirm Torricelli's conjecture, and explode the erroneous explanation which had previously obtained. Matters were in this state when the following perfectly simple train of reasoning suggested itself to Pascal:—If the pressure of the external air on the mercury in the cup be the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube, then when the air presses less heavily on the mercury in the cup, the mercury in the tube will fall, having not so strong a force to sustain it. Now, on the top of a mountain, there will be a less pressure of air than at the bottom, since the pressure of all the column of air, equal in height to the mountain, is removed at the top of it. Therefore, if Torricelli's hypothesis be true, the mercury will fall in a barometer which is taken to the top of a mountain. Pascal instructed his brother-in-law to make the experiment on the mountain called the Puy-de-Dôme, near Clermont. It was found, on making it, that the mercury *did* sink in the tube in proportion as it was brought to a higher elevation, and *did* rise as it was brought down again. To make sure of his ground, Pascal repeated the experiment on the steeple of a church in Paris (Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie). There, too, the same results followed; and thus the old error about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was exploded; for, as Pascal argues, "it is absurd to suppose that Nature abhors a vacuum more at the bottom of a mountain than at the top of it."

It may here be mentioned, also, that to Pascal are attributed the mechanical inventions of the wheelbarrow and the dray.

Meanwhile, circumstances of a very unsettling kind had caused the removal of his family from Paris to Rouen. It appears that the holding of shares in the Guildhall of Paris (Hotel de Ville) was regarded as a good investment of money, and that the Government paid interest on those

shares. The elder Pascal, on coming to Paris, had invested the greater part of his capital in this way. In 1638, Richelieu, finding the exchequer exhausted by his wars against the Huguenots and by the general extravagance of his administration, announced to the public a reduction of the interest hitherto paid on Guildhall securities. Loud were the grumblings amongst the proprietors of that sort of stock, many of whom went so far as to hold meetings for the redress of their grievances, which the Minister's despotic temper was sure to interpret as seditious and treasonable. M. Pascal was accused to the Cardinal as being a prime mover of these seditious meetings, and an order was immediately issued for committing him to the state prison of the Bastille. Fortunately for him, he was warned of his danger in time, hid himself in Paris till the storm had blown over, and then contrived to effect his escape into his native province, Auvergne. There, no longer under the eye of the Government, he was in comparative safety ; but he had left behind him a motherless family of three children, the eldest a girl about nineteen; the second, the subject of this memoir, then not quite sixteen; the third a girl of thirteen, the little Benjamin (as it turned out) who procured a summons for the father to join his family once more. Richelieu, nominally the first minister, but really the despotic governor of France, took a whim into his head to have a certain play of Scuderi's, entitled "Tyrannical Love," acted before him by quite young girls. It was to be a child's play; and the great man would take that sort of interest in it which one can fancy a statesman, bowed down by cares, and disgusted with hollow adulations, might take in the artless merriment and liveliness of a child's dance. The Cardinal devolved upon the Duchess of Aiguillon the task of getting up the little company of actors and superintending the performance; and the Duchess, knowing the vivacity and talents of the Pascals, assigned one part to the

youngest sister, Jacqueline. The elder sister, who, in her father's absence, was head of the family, at first resisted the proposal with proper spirit. "My lord Cardinal," she said, "does not give *us* enough pleasure to make us care to give *him* any;" but her determination was overruled by some friends of the family, who stood in just dread of the Cardinal's resentment, and by a hint which the Duchess dropped that perhaps Jacqueline's compliance might win her father's recall. The day appointed for the entertainment came (April 3, 1639), and the child acquitted herself so gracefully that all the audience were charmed, and above all the Cardinal. When the piece was over, the juvenile actress came before his Eminence, and recited a petition in poetry for her father's recall, of which the following is a translation:—

Be not surprised, thou matchless peer of France,
 If I thine eyes and ears have failed to charm;
 My mind, perturbed with sorrow and alarm,
 Forbids my body play and utterance.
 But wouldst thou give me power to captivate?
 Reverse my exiled father's wretched fate.
 This is the boon which humbly I implore,
 Pluck thou the innocent from danger's reach;
 Thus shalt thou give me liberty once more
 Of mind and frame, of movement and of speech.

"While I was reciting my verses, papa," she writes to M. Pascal on the following day, "the Cardinal embraced and kissed me very often." When she finished, he said: "Yes, my child, I grant everything you ask; write to your father to return in all safety." The Duchess, who was sitting by, thought it well to strike while the iron was hot; so she commended Stephen Pascal very highly both for his integrity and his abilities; "and here," added she, "is Blaise, not yet sixteen years old, and already a great mathematician." Little Jacqueline, with all the readiness and *savoir faire* of a French young lady, said she had one favour more to ask of the Cardinal, and when told that "she was a charming child

and might ask anything, there was no refusing her," she said, "Pray let my father come himself and thank your Eminence for all your goodness." To this his Eminence immediately assented, adding that M. Pascal should bring his family with him when he came. This of course he did, and received a most flattering welcome. "I know all your merit," said Richelieu to the returned exile. "I restore you to your children, and I recommend them to your care; *I have a mind to do something great with them.*" Kindly meant, no doubt, but the greatness of those children was something quite distinct from any greatness to which Richelieu could lift them. Theirs was the greatness of genius and the greatness of sanctity, of which one of them wrote thus in after days:—"Great geniuses have their own empire, their own lustre, their own grandeur, their own victory, and have no need of worldly grandeur, to which their peculiar glory stands in no sort of relation. They are seen, not by the eye, but by the mind; that is enough for them. The saints, too, have their own empire, their own lustre, their own grandeur, their own victory, and have no need either of worldly or intellectual greatness, to which their peculiar glory stands in no sort of relation. They are seen by God and by angels, not by the eye of the body, nor by the inquisitive mind: God suffices them."

And then he expands this thought, by way of meeting the oft-repeated sceptical objection, that profane historians of the time take so little notice of Christianity and its Divine Founder.

"Our Lord," says he, "lived in an obscurity so great (as the world counts obscurity) that the historians of the time, who wrote only the important affairs of state, scarcely perceived Him."

We must add that Richelieu did what he could for the father. In the year 1641 (it was the year of Lord Strafford's execution) M. Pascal was appointed comptroller of Rouen, the

duties of which post he fulfilled with great fidelity and ability for seven years.

It was about this time, marked by the removal of the family to Rouen, that Blaise Pascal's intellectual efforts began to tell adversely upon his health. "From the time I was eighteen," said he, "I do not know that I have ever passed a single day without pain." This was the tax which, in the order of God's Providence, he paid for a development of the intellectual faculties as brilliant as it was premature. It has been said that a law of compensation runs through the whole of nature, in virtue of which extraordinary advantages or endowments are always counteracted by extraordinary drawbacks. There can be no question that very early mental development is subject to this law. The brilliant genius which accomplishes prodigies, before the frame has come to its maturity, almost always entails upon its possessor some of those maladies by which the adult life of Pascal was made one prolonged disease. He was afflicted constantly with the most racking headaches; he suffered continually from a burning pain of the intestines; he laboured under an incapacity of swallowing any liquid cold, or at a draught; he could only take liquids heated, and drop by drop, which made the administration of the nauseous medicines prescribed for his complaint a protracted trial to him. These infirmities were, to a certain extent, explained by the anatomical inspection of his corpse, which was made after death. There was a great mass of brain, of a very condensed and solid substance, but there was no coronal suture, and gangrene had attacked the dura mater. In the intestines also, gangrene had made great inroads. The stomach and the liver were found withered. It seemed as if the vital organs had been for some time undergoing a process of slow decay. It was in this form that the seeds scattered by his early studies developed themselves; but, behind the decay of

nature was operating that Hand of Grace, which makes disease and pain its chosen instruments for drawing men to God. Pascal had reason to bless his Heavenly Father for those chastisements which broke up his intellectual labours into brilliant fragments, and counteracted that elevation of mind which, in the consciousness of such extraordinary powers, might have proved a snare to him : and this brings us to the most interesting part of his career, that in which he gave the full powers of his acute and vigorous mind to the pursuit of piety. It will be well, however, to make some preliminary remarks upon the state of religion in that age and country, that we may better understand the part which Pascal took in the religious movement which was then abroad.

This movement was called Jansenism. To define it very roughly, it was a sort of revival in the Romish Church of the doctrine which is even now called Calvinistic, and of the strict and pure practice which was formerly called Methodistical. It took its name from one Cornelius Jansen, a native of Holland, who became Bishop of Ypres, in Flanders, when Pascal was about thirteen years old, and died two years after being raised to that dignity. Jansenius was a very learned and pious divine, profoundly read in the Fathers of the Christian Church, and particularly in the writings of St. Augustine, who, perhaps may be said to hold among the Fathers the same doctrinal position which St. Paul held among the Apostles, and which Calvin held among the Reformers. At the University of Louvain, Jansenius formed a close intimacy with a French student, M. du Vergier de Hauranne, afterwards the Abbé de St. Cyran. The two young men, both destined for the priesthood, drank deeply of the works of St. Augustine and imbibed the spirit of his theology. They went further. They conceived the idea of extracting from the works of that Father a systematic body of divinity. Jansenius lived, and only just lived, to carry

out the design. On the day before his death he completed his "Augustinus," on which he had expended the twenty best years of his life; and, in preparation for which, he had read through the whole works of the Father ten times, and those parts of him which bore upon the controversy respecting free-will and grace thirty times. Jansenius had brought all these passages together, and, collecting them into one focus, had made it appear from them, among other deductions, that Divine Grace was irresistible and inamissible; *i.e.*, that man had no power of resisting it, when it made its first movements in his heart, and that, when once imparted to him, it could never be lost.


It will be easily understood that there were divines in the Romish Church, as there would be in our own, who wholly disapproved of these conclusions, and accounted them heterodox. But in these more liberal times, when a certain deference is paid by all parties to devout and learned men, who, whatever be their mistakes, have clearly the interests of Christianity at heart, it will create some surprise that the followers of Jansenius, albeit devoted adherents to the Romish Church, should have become the victims of an exterminating persecution. The powerful society of the Jesuits—cunning, learned, unscrupulous, and bent on concentrating all influence in their own hands—determined to demolish the doctrine of Jansenius root and branch. Private grudges in this as in many other cases, increased the bitterness of theological animosity. In his earlier life Jansenius had successfully resisted and rendered abortive an attempt of the Jesuits to establish professorships of their own in the University of Louvain. They never forgave him for interfering with their plans. Then Richelieu had a scheme for aggrandising himself and his country by erecting France into a patriarchate, and himself into the first patriarch. Jansenius in one of his works had instituted a comparison between

the state of the Church in France and in Spain, and had given a solemn verdict in preference of the latter, which somewhat threw cold water upon Richelieu's scheme. Thus the followers of Jansenius found "the powers that be" armed against them with the rancour of private animosity as well as with that bitterest of all hatreds, the "odium theologicum."

But they stood firm, and held together, and both their piety and their unity were increased by the pressure from without. They had a rallying point in France in the monastery of Port Royal, a religious house presided over by the sister of M. Arnauld, one of the leaders of the movement, herself a woman of eminent piety and of great accomplishments. With this monastery were connected many of the greatest names in French literature—Racine, Pascal, Tillemont, Nicole, and Quesnel, men whose eminence as writers would not be questioned, whatever might be thought of their religious opinions. Again, Port Royal was famous for its schools and for the admirable method of the grammars and other elementary works which proceeded from its members, another point which aggravated the hostility of the Jesuits, who have ever prided themselves on the attention which they have bestowed on the education of the young. The most eminent adherents of Jansenism being admirably qualified as controversialists, and sticking nobly to their colours, the schism in the French church grew wider and wider, until at length a Jesuit of the name of Cornet brought the struggle to a crisis. He professed to extract from the work of Jansenius five objectionable propositions, a condemnation of which, as heretical, was procured from Pöpe Innocent the Tenth. Hereupon the Jansenists took up the ground, not of defending the propositions, which they, in submission to the Pope's judgment, pronounced to be untenable, but of maintaining that they were not to be found in the book of Jansenius. But their Jesuit foes hastened to close against them this

door of escape. Another bull was procured from the succeeding Pope, Alexander the Seventh, not only confirming the condemnation of the five propositions, but declaring that they *were* gathered out of the work of Jansenius. On this last point the Jansenists finally joined issue with their persecutors. They fully admitted that the Pope had authority to determine questions of faith, like the orthodoxy or heresy of the propositions; but demurred to his authority to settle questions of fact, such as the existence of the propositions in the work of Jansenius. Then burst forth upon them from the Jesuits, from the court, and from the clergy, a persecution of the utmost severity. Fine, exile, imprisonment, excommunication, were all called into action to enforce the acceptance of the papal dogma, that the five propositions were substantially contained in the work of Jansenius. It was only owing to the fact that Pascal was a layman, unfettered by any religious vows, and unconnected with any religious establishment, that he escaped scathless, as far as any actual harm was concerned, though he called down upon him a torrent of indignation and censure by the manful stand he made for what he conceived to be the right.

Pascal's religious life may be divided into two periods, the seven first years of it, when his piety was of a natural and healthy tone, and the eight last, when it somewhat degenerated into asceticism. His youth had been singularly pure and exempt from the contamination of vice, a circumstance to which we are disposed to attach some weight, when we remember that of the young man in the Gospels, who had satisfied outwardly the requirements of the second table of the Law, it is said that "Jesus beholding him, loved him." We are informed, moreover, that he had escaped the more subtle spiritual perils to which his highly inquisitive mind must have exposed him. His father, who always entertained the highest respect for religion, had im-



pressed upon him from his earliest infancy the distinction between objects of faith and objects of reason. . Objects of reason were open to scrutiny by the mind of man ; objects of faith it was not lawful thus to explore : we receive them on the testimony of God's word, and not on grounds of argument. How deeply this distinction was graven in Pascal's mind may be seen from several interesting passages of his Thoughts, which will immediately recur to those familiar with that work. Thus from his earliest years he had been neither immoral nor sceptical ; but it was not until the age of twenty-four that his thoughts first turned seriously towards religion. The instrumentality seems to have been certain works of piety, which providentially fell into his hands, and with which he seems to have been greatly struck. How often with the reading and reflective mind has the same instrumentality been blessed to the production of the same effect ! Pascal now discerned that the one thing needful was to live for the service and glory of God ; and no sooner did he discern this, than science ceased to be his all-engrossing object of pursuit. It is said of Janeway, by his biographer, in reference to the pursuit of astronomy, in which he had once felt the liveliest interest, " that it pleased God in due time to convince him that it was a poor thing to know all about the stars, and to be able to weigh them and measure their distances from the earth, and *yet never to get there.*" And a similar impression as to the vanity of science in comparison with religion seems to have taken a firm hold of the mind of Pascal. He devoted himself with all the ardour of his nature to the service of God, the cultivation of Christian graces, and the study of spiritual perfection. The sympathy which is always attracted by sincerity and earnestness, drew other members of the family to the same pursuit, a fact which we think ought to have shown Pascal the error of the exclusively solitary life which some years afterwards he

adopted. M. Pascal now learned of that son whom he had so carefully educated, and became a sincere and devoted Christian. Four years afterwards he died, an event which, as depriving Pascal of his best and kindest friend, made a very deep impression on his heart. His letter upon this bereavement, addressed to his elder sister, Madame Périer, and to her husband, is extant; and it reflects so much of the writer's mind, besides being such a perfect gem in itself, that we must make some extracts from it. We regard this document as especially valuable, because it is a lasting monument of Pascal's tenderness of heart, and because we hear in it very audibly the echo of those social and domestic affections, which a mistaken asceticism afterwards rendered comparatively mute—

"It is I," he says, "who am most deeply concerned of all of us in my father's death. Had I lost him six years ago, I should have lost myself, and, though I suppose I have at present less necessity for him than then I had, I know he would have been still necessary to me for ten years more, and useful all my life."

So much for his own personal feeling of the bereavement. But what beautiful tints of tenderness for those who were sharers in his loss, hover over the following passage. He has been pointing out to his brother and sister that we may give the dead a kind of second life, by exemplifying in our own conduct their good advice and holy counsels—a topic which he concludes thus—

"Let us then, to the utmost of our power, strive to make him live again before God in ourselves; and let us find our consolation in the union of our own hearts, in which union it appears to me that he lives still, so that our family gathering restores to us in some sort his presence, much as Jesus Christ makes Himself present in the assembly of the faithful. I pray to God to form and to maintain in us these sentiments,

and to continue those which it appears to me that he is giving me, that I should have greater tenderness for you and for my sister than ever I had before ; for it appears to me that the love which we had for my father ought not to be lost, but that we ought to refund it upon one another, and that we ought to inherit the affection which he bore to us, principally for the purpose of loving one another more cordially, if that be possible."

When to this it is added that a feeling of great humility pervades this letter, the writer shrinking from the presumption of administering comfort or counsel from his own mind but markedly referring to wise and holy men, whose advice to him he does but retail, he says, for the benefit of his brother and sister,—we think that we then have those softening tints which are necessary to bring the character of Pascal as near to the point of perfection as that of any fallen and sinful creature can be. But while we have here the affectionate member of a Christian family, the acute thinker and the profound reasoner of course comes out in this letter, as well as in all his other fragments. Witness the following passages :—

"It is not that I wish you to be without sensibility. The blow which we have sustained is far too heavy for that ; it would be even insupportable without supernatural succour. It is not just then that we should be without grief, like angels who have no sentiments of nature ; but at the same time it is not just that we should be without consolation, like pagans, who have no sentiments of grace. What is just is, that we should be afflicted and consoled like Christians, and that the consolations of Grace should carry the day over the sentiments of nature."

And again, this is the lofty argument by which he seeks to dispel man's natural fear of death—

"God created man originally with two loves, the one for

God, the other for himself; but with this condition, that his love for God should be infinite, that is to say, without any other limit than God himself; and that his love for self should be finite and with reference to God.

“Man in this state not only loved himself without sinning, but could not have done otherwise without sinning. But as soon as ever sin made its entrance into his nature, man lost the first of these loves; and love of self remaining alone in this great soul of his, which is capable of an infinite love—this self-love extended itself and overflowed into the void place which the love of God had forsaken; and thus he loved himself alone, and everything for himself. There you have the origin of self-love. It was natural to Adam, and righteous in his state of innocence, but it became criminal and excessive in consequence of his fall.

* * * * *

“The dread of death, then, was natural to Adam while innocent, because his life being most acceptable to God, it ought to have been also acceptable to man, and death was rightfully horrible, when it finished a life conformable to the will of God. But afterwards, man having sinned, his life became corrupted, his body and soul enemies of one another, and both of God. This horrible change having tainted a life so holy, love of life nevertheless remained; and the dread of death remaining as strong as it was before, what was just in Adam is unjust and criminal in us.

* * * * *

“I do not say that we are to abandon the love that nature has given us for life, since we have received it from God; only let it be for the same life for which God gave us the love, and not for a contrary object. While consenting to the love which Adam had for his innocent life, and which even Jesus Christ had for His, let us be inclined rather to hate a life contrary to that which Jesus Christ loved, and to apprehend

only the death which Jesus Christ apprehended—the death which happens to a body acceptable to God ; but not to fear a death which, as punishing a guilty body, and purging a vicious body, ought to give us sentiments the opposite of fear, if we had but a grain of faith, hope, and love.”

Great geniuses often throw out thoughts which are capable of a useful application, other than they intended. So we believe it to be here. Our Blessed Lord's shuddering and anguish in the prospect of death has often been blasphemously contrasted with the stoical calmness with which certain heathen sages met the last enemy. But,—even putting out of sight what as Christians we cannot put out of sight, the propitiatory character of His death,—was death in itself the same thing to Him as to them? In His case it terminated a life perfectly acceptable to God, and so was in reason infinitely odious. To them and to us death is but the parting with a sin-stained, defiled life, which indeed is not worth the keeping.

But we must proceed with our narrative. M. Pascal's death seems to have thrown a deeper shadow of seriousness, not only over the subject of our memoir, but also over the other members of his family. The sprightly Jacqueline, whose beauty, whose parts, whose accomplishments, had in early life won the good offices of Richelieu, and had since attracted to her a dangerous amount of admiration, came to count all things but loss for the excellency of that knowledge which now formed her brother's sole pursuit. To devote herself, as she imagined, more completely to God, she retired to the monastery of Port Royal, where she was thrown among many women of kindred abilities and a kindred spirit of devotion, and where she afterwards died a holy and edifying death one year before her brother. But she had first to exert upon that brother an influence of the same sort as that which he

had exerted upon her. His maladies increasing, and being aggravated, in the opinion of his physicians, by the intense application of his mind to serious subjects, he was recommended to discontinue study altogether, and to divert himself with the ordinary recreations of society. With great difficulty he was induced to comply with the recommendation. But his elder sister, Madame Périer, who writes his biography, seems to think that this step was accompanied with a decline of spiritual health. Jacqueline, then a nun of Port Royal, was distressed to see her brother acquiescing in what, trying it by the strict rule of conventual seclusion, she judged to be a low standard of holiness. She remonstrated with him gently and affectionately, when he visited her. One day, on the Festival of the Conception of the Virgin, he was in the parlour of Port Royal, with his sister, while they were saying nones (that is, one of the afternoon offices of the Roman Church) in the church of the convent. His sister, it appears, had been dissuading him from the secular life which he had been leading of late, and especially from marriage, which he then contemplated, and which would involve him inextricably in worldly ties. A sermon was to follow the office of nones; and when the sermon bell ceased ringing, Jacqueline went into the church to listen. Her brother also slipped into the church by another door. The sermon was upon the commencement of the Christian life, and the preacher showed how well-disposed persons, by merely entangling themselves in worldly ties, put obstacles in the way of their salvation, and run so as to miss the prize. This address seemed exactly to meet his state of mind, and Pascal took it as a warning addressed to himself by God against the projects which he had in his mind. Jacqueline did not fail to foster the impressions which the sermon had created; and it is said that a providential escape, which her brother had about this time, seconded her exhortations. It should be

borne in mind, while reading the account of it, and of the effects which are said to have followed from it, that his nervous system was probably much shaken by his continual maladies. He was going in a carriage with four horses, accompanied by some friends, to the promenade at the bridge of Neuilly, where no doubt, as the day was a holiday, there would be a gay gathering. The bridge was a very lofty one, and part of it was without a parapet. When the carriage arrived at that part, the two leaders took the bit between their teeth, and dashing aside, probably from some fright, plunged over the side of the bridge. Fortunately the traces which held them snapped; and the wheel-horses with the carriage stood firm on the edge. Pascal was saved. But the event made the profoundest impression on his highly wrought and reflective mind. The Abbé Boileau says that he was haunted from that day forward with the apprehension of a great abyss on his left side, and though he perfectly well knew it to be all a fancy, yet he liked to have a chair placed on his left to protect him from falling over. If it be true that he was subject to this hallucination, some of his own thoughts on the imagination, and on the vanity of man for his subjection to it, represent to us, in fact, his own experience. Take the following:—

“The greatest philosopher in the world on a plank wider than the pathway which he takes up in his ordinary walks, if there should be a precipice beneath, although his reason convinces him of safety, will be entirely overcome by his imagination. Many could not even endure the *thought* of walking across such a plank, without blanching and bursting into perspiration.”

The impression left by this incident, combined with the conversations of his sister Jacqueline, made him resolve to abandon the world—its society as well as its spirit—together. It may be supposed that he formed this determina-

tion definitely on the 23rd of November, 1654, in the thirty-first year of his age, this being the date of a certain mysterious manuscript which was found sewn up in the lining of his doublet after his death, and which it appears that he unsewed as often as he took off his clothes, and sewed up again as often as he put them on. There was both a paper copy and a parchment copy folded up together in the doublet; the whole reminds one rather of the phylacteries of the Jews, which were small strips of parchment, worn about the person, with sentences of the law written upon them. I present a literal translation of this curious document, from which, however incoherent its details may be, we may at all events gather that it indicates some important crisis of the writer's spiritual life:—

†

The year of Grace 1654.

Monday, the 23rd of November, the day of S. Clement, pope and martyr, and of others in the martyrology.

The Vigil of S. Chrysogonus, martyr, and others.

From about half-past ten o'clock at night to about half an hour after midnight.

Fire.

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob,

Not of philosophers and wise men.

Certainty. Certainty. Sentiment. Joy. Peace.

The God of Jesus Christ.

"My God and your God."

"Thy God shall be my God."

Forgetfulness of the world and of all save God.

One cannot find oneself but by the ways taught in the Gospel.

Grandeur of the human soul.

"Righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee."

Joy, joy, joy,—tears of joy.

I have separated myself from him.

"They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters."

My God, wilt thou forsake me?

May I not be separated from Him for ever !

"This is life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ.

I have separated myself from Him ; I have fled from Him, renounced Him, crucified Him.

May I be never separated from Him.

One cannot preserve oneself but by the ways taught in the Gospel.

Entire and gentle self-renunciation.

On the parchment copy were three lines more, not found on the paper :—

Entire submission to Jesus Christ and to my director.

Eternally in joy for one day's discipline here upon earth.

"I will not forget thy words." Amen.

The general scope and tenour of this disjointed fragment, when we look at it in the light of history, is tolerably clear. The nerves of the writer were shaken, and his impassible imagination somewhat overwrought by the accident which was so nearly terminating his life. His devout heart too eagerly received the suggestions of his sister, that, in seeking, for health's sake, to divert his mind with the innocent amusements of the world, he had gone back from Grace and separated himself from Christ. He must not be half-hearted, but must thenceforward follow his Saviour unreservedly. These thoughts are borne in upon his mind in the stillness of the night, perhaps the night of the accident. Possibly some appearance of fire, an optical delusion to be set down to the shattered state of the nervous system, may have accompanied the mental impression. It was an hour much to be remembered unto the Lord, for delivering him from the fatal snare of lukewarmness, and he resolved to commit to writing the leading thoughts of the crisis, and to carry them about his person ever after, as a continual reminder of his new-made vow.

It is very touching to see the man of science renouncing science in that memorandum,

“ God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob,
Not of philosophers and wise men ;”

and the reflections of the lofty moralist embalmed in that short notice,

“ Grandeur of the human soul.”

What a commentary on this notice do these noble passages from “ The Thoughts of Pascal ” supply :—

“ The grandeur of man is evidenced by the knowledge that he is miserable. To know oneself miserable is certainly to *be* miserable; but at the same time to know oneself miserable is to be great. Who feels unhappy at not being a king, but a king who has been dethroned ?

“ What is nature in animals we call misery in man ; by which we recognise the truth that his nature being at present like that of animals, he has fallen from a higher nature, which was proper to him formerly.

“ We have so great an idea of the soul of man, that we cannot bear to be despised by it, and not to be in the esteem of a soul ; and the whole happiness of man (by nature) consists in this esteem. . . . We rate man’s reason so highly, that, whatever secular advantages we may have, if we are not at the same time advantageously placed in man’s reason, we are not satisfied. . . . And those who despise man the most, and put him on a level with the beasts, wish nevertheless to be admired and believed by him ; and thus by their own instinctive feelings contradict their own theory—their nature, which is stronger than everything, convincing them of man’s greatness more powerfully than their reason convinces them of his baseness.

“ Man is but a reed, the feeblest reed of nature ; but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the whole universe should arm in order to crush man ; a vapour, a drop of water

is enough to kill him. But though the universe *should* crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, whereas the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it has over him.

“The whole of our dignity then consists in thought. It is from that quarter that we must raise ourselves, and not from space and duration, which we should never be able to fill. Let us study, then, to think aright; that is the first principle of all morality.”

But to return : Pascal forthwith changed his habits of life ; and to do so more effectually, retired for awhile into the country until the alteration had taken shape. The principle upon which he now regulated his life was that of renouncing all pleasures and all superfluities. He made his own bed. He carried up his own dinner from the kitchen, and, in short, dispensed with servants altogether, except in the matter of cooking and some other little offices which he was unable to do for himself. He devoted all his time to prayer and to the devotional study of Holy Scripture, which, as he himself said, is a science not of the mind but of the heart. The result was an extraordinary acquaintance with the Sacred Volume, the whole of which he knew by heart, so as immediately to detect the slightest deviation from the text when he heard a passage misquoted.

And now it was that, armed by nature with an extraordinary eloquence, and by Grace with a fervent devotion, he began to throw himself into the controversies of his day, which turned on no curious or indifferent questions, but on the very vitals of true religion.

In the years 1656, 1657, appeared the Provincial Letters of Pascal, of the topics and character of which we must now give some account. They were addressed to the defence of the Port-Royalists, and to the demolition of the casuistical

morality of the Jesuits. They were letters to a country friend, written under the feigned name of Louis de Montalte, but well known to be Pascal's. The appearance of them wakened all the thunders of the Court, the Church, the Jesuits, and Rome. The earlier letters were publicly burned by the common executioner at Paris, before the later ones appeared, by a decree of the Council of State. They were again burned at Aix by a decree of the local parliament. The Latin translation underwent the same fate by the command of the King in council. Finally, the Pope inhibited and condemned the book under the pains and censures of the Council of Trent, three months after the date of the twentieth letter.

The publication of this work brings Pascal before us in a new character, that of a controversialist. But before we proceed to speak of him under this aspect, it will be well to say a word on the nature of the controversy in which he was engaged, and the tenets of the divines against whom he had to contend. These divines were the Jesuits, and the part of their theology which Pascal attacked in his Provincial Letters was their Casuistical Morality.

But what is Casuistical Morality? And how comes it to pass that we hear so little of it among Protestants, that even the name is unfamiliar to many of us? How is it to be explained that our own sermons, religious treatises, books of devotion, deal so seldom and so scantily with cases of conscience, whereas the Romish divines find in such cases a wide field to expatiate on? All this will become clear, when we have explained in a few words the province of casuistry.

Casuistry, then, finds a province for itself in those numerous questions of duty which Scripture leaves undecided. The Bible is a book of principles, not of rules. The circumstances under which men are called upon to act in everyday life are so various that it would be impossible to give rules for them all; were it attempted to do so, "even the world itself


could not contain the books that should be written." The Holy Scriptures, then, content themselves with laying down broad principles of duty, by which, in the exercise of an enlightened reason, we are to regulate our actions. But what is to be done in cases which continually arise, where two equally scriptural principles point us in an opposite direction, and will lead, if carried out, to a contrary course of action? Who in that case is to adjust them, to strike the balance between them, to say which of the two is to yield, or how far we are to be guided by the one, how far by the other? Let me give a specimen of such conflicting principles, that my meaning may be better understood. Let us suppose that a man has a certain large sum of money, which he proposes to expend, not on his own selfish gratification, but upon some good and charitable institution, whose objects will be materially furthered by so large a grant. Shall he send it to the institution as a gift from an anonymous benefactor, or shall he allow his name to appear? Arguments from Holy Scriptures may be adduced for either course. On the one hand, our Lord says: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly." But it so happens that in the same discourse we have a different principle of duty, resting on the same Divine authority, which would lead, in the case before us, to an opposite course of conduct—"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Now, if our supposed donor is in a position which gives him influence with other men,—if his name carries so much

weight with it, that it might do almost as much as his money (or even more), towards furthering the objects of the institution, it is certainly a question for him how he should act, and a question which the Scripture, while raising it, does nothing to solve.—One more example will perhaps help our insight into the subject. We all hold the observance of Sunday to be a duty binding on us by the Divine Law, involved in the principle of the Fourth Commandment, if not expressed in its letter. And we all probably hold that our Lord has so far modified the precept prescribing an absolute weekly rest, that works of necessity and of charity (such as a physician's visits to his patients) may be innocently, nay, ought to be, done on that day. But what actions will come within the definition of works of necessity and charity, and what must be excluded? Is it, for example, an act of charity to try to keep up the spirits of an invalid by a little lively talk not on sacred subjects? If a person in delicate health cannot attend Divine Service without being carried thither, is the use of a carriage a work of necessity? Is a walk for mere recreation to be counted a charity, or even a necessity, in the case of those who all the week long are chained to a desk or counter, and have no other opportunity of breathing the fresh air or looking upon the fair face of nature? Our inspired authority is silent. It only settles one case for us, although virtually in that one many cases are included. Hungry men, as they go through the cornfields on a Sunday, may innocently pluck the ears and eat, rubbing them in their hands; that is absolutely certain; for surely it will never be pretended that an action which was justified by our Lord Himself, as being proper on the Jewish Sabbath, is not proper under the New Dispensation on the Lord's Day. But who is to settle the other cases alluded to above? Who is to adjust the difference between the Sabbath Law of the Decalogue, which we hold to be binding upon us in principle,

and the modifications which our Lord Jesus Christ, who as God issued the original precept, has chosen to introduce into it? The true answer is very plain. God has not only given us the guidance of His Word, but also has promised the light of His Spirit to every one who seeks it in humility and heart's uprightness. His Spirit, where He is truly and earnestly sought, directs us instinctively to the right adjustment and application of scriptural principles, guides the *individual* conscience of each Christian to discern the right path, in cases where two principles conflict. But this guidance of the individual conscience by the Holy Spirit (an operation distinct from His sanctifying influence upon the heart and will) is just what the Church of Rome refuses to acknowledge. If we commit such questions to the arbitrament of private judgment, argues the Church of Rome, we shall have every man determining his own course, and guiding himself by his own lights. Accordingly it has ever been the genius of Romanism to throw upon the Church, that is upon an external authority, independent of the individual conscience—upon the Church, whether speaking through a private confessor, or through the authorised decisions of great divines,—the settlement of all such questions. On the assumption that the Church is the proper authority for these decisions, of course Casuistry becomes a most important branch of Divinity. If the burden of adjusting two principles of duty is to be shifted from the shoulders of the individual Christian to that of the Christian Society; the Society must speak by books, by documents, by recorded decisions, and, as the cases to be settled are almost inconceivably numerous, the books will naturally become voluminous. In short, much as decisions of judges in our courts of equity are appealed to by our lawyers as bearing upon new cases, and made the basis of future decisions by the judges themselves, so the decisions of divines are looked to by the Roman Church as determining or helping to determine per-

plexities about duty, in any new combination of circumstances which may arise.

The Jesuits, it appears, were very fond of this department of theology. The field of Casuistry was one in which they expatiated with peculiar pleasure. Ambitious of influence above all other things, they loved nothing better than the task of guiding the consciences of men in all conditions of life—rich and poor, young and old, servants and masters, and chiefly perhaps of the confessors themselves. To direct a man's conscience is, in fact, to govern a man; and to direct the conscience of a priest, who himself hears confession and gives ghostly advice, is to direct the directors and to govern the governors. Deference would at all times be due to the conclusions of a good and holy man, on a knotty point of duty; but unhappily the Jesuits seem to have been animated in all their decisions, by a thorough spirit of accommodation to the world. Their desire was to draw all the world to their own confessionals, that the Society of Jesus might usurp and concentrate in itself the whole ecclesiastical authority of the Church. We Protestants are accustomed (and rightly) to regard Popery itself as a monstrous usurpation of the rights of the individual conscience; but the Jesuits exaggerated the natural tendency of the Romish system and aimed at being, if I may so say, a popery within a popery. Now in laying themselves out to gain all conditions of men, they had astuteness enough to see that the great means of catching the world is not to be over strict with the world. Fashionable men, gay men, careless men, luxurious men, licentious men—these constitute at all times the great bulk of human society. Such men, thought the Jesuits, will be willing enough to yield a certain homage to religion, so long as it does not thwart too sharply their pursuits, nor meddle too imperiously with their pleasures. As to getting them to sit in sackcloth and ashes, or to attend upon tedious devo-



tional exercises, or to be very strict in self-discipline and self-denial, that is hopeless; enough if our directors know their secrets and have them in their power: though we do not ourselves approve of any but the very highest standard of morality, we must compound in their case for a somewhat low standard, if only they will now and then do a little bit of religion in the way of confessing themselves in our churches. Accordingly the whole system of Casuistical Morality, repudiated with such grand indignation in the Provincial Letters of Pascal, is a series of accommodations—I was going to say to the morality, but I should rather say to the immorality of the world, the perverse ingenuity of which is half horrible and half grotesque.

It is admitted, at the same time, that the Jesuits *had* casuists of a very different description—casuists of the strict order, who always settled questions of conscience rather on the austere than on the lax side; but these, according to Pascal, were to be produced only to those whose scrupulous conscientiousness would make them resent a low standard of morality—only to be put forward where the disciple himself was already weaned from worldly conformity, and expected from his preceptors something chivalrous and high.

One of the doctrines on which the iniquitous system of Jesuit morality hinged was that of probability. Any opinion on a moral question they called probable, in favour of which something worthy of consideration could be alleged. Now, the opinion of one of their own doctors was, according to them, not only worthy of consideration, but worthy of the gravest consideration. It would often happen, however, that the opinion of one of them (a lax casuist) would be diametrically at issue with that of another (of the strict order). Which of the two opinions was in that case to be followed? We give the answer of the Jesuit theology in the lively

form of dialogue between himself and a Jesuit divine, into which Pascal has thrown his earlier Provincial Letters, premising that such dialogues never actually took place, but that all the sentiments put into the mouth of the Jesuit are quoted (with references) from their works :—

“But, father,” said I, “when two of your doctors give opposite decisions on a case of conscience, one must be very much embarrassed to choose between them.”—“Not the least in the world,” said he; “one has only in that case to follow the opinion which suits one best.” “How,” said I, “if the other be the more probable of the two?”—“That is of no consequence,” said he. “And if the other be the more safe?”—“That is of no consequence,” said he again; “here you have it all well explained. This is Emmanuel Sa of our Society, in his aphorism *de dubio* (on the doubtful) : ‘One is at liberty to do what we think to be permitted according to a probable opinion, although the opposite course of action be the safer. Now, the opinion of a single doctor of consideration is warrant enough for such conduct.’” “And,” retorted I, “if an opinion be at one and the same time both less probable and less safe, will it be permitted to follow it, while quitting that which one honestly thinks to have more probability in its favour, and to be at least on the safer side?” “Yes, once again,” said he; “listen to Filiutius, that great Roman Jesuit : ‘It is permitted to follow the less probable opinion, although it be the less safe; that is uniformly the view of the latest authors.’—Isn’t *that* clear?” “That is a grand latitude, indeed, reverend father,” said I; “thanks to your probable opinions, we have a noble liberty of conscience. And, pray tell me, you yourselves—the casuists, the judges of these questions,—have you the same liberty in your answers?”—“Yes,” said he, “we also answer what suits us best, or rather, what suits best those who consult us. These are the words of Layman, whom our twenty-

four great divines have followed : ' A doctor being consulted may not only give a piece of advice which is probable in his own opinion, but one which is contrary to his own opinion, so long as it is esteemed probable by others, whenever this piece of advice, contrary to his own opinion, happens to be more congenial and agreeable to the person who consults him.' Nay, I go further, and assert that it will not be unreasonable for him to give to those who consult him an opinion held as probable by any wise person, even though he should have assured himself that the opinion was absolutely false." " Upon my word, father," said I, " your doctrine is excessively convenient."

Then, after a short interval, the following question is started by Pascal, the answer to which is worth quoting, as it shows how the whole system would have wanted its cornerstone if it had not contained directions for the authorised directors :—

" I understand you," said I ; " but a little difficulty comes into my mind, which is this ; that after consulting one of your doctors and taking from him a rather lax opinion, one might perhaps get caught, if one should fall in with a confessor who was not of the same opinion, and who should refuse one absolution unless one changed one's views. Haven't you made any provision for that case, my father ?"—" Can you doubt it ?" said he. " Why, we have *obliged* priests to absolve all penitents, who have probable opinions to allege in their favour, under pain of mortal sin, in order that they may never fail to give absolution. This is what our fathers have demonstrated, and among the rest, father Bauny. ' When the penitent,' says he, ' follows a probable opinion, the confessor ought to absolve him, though his own opinion may be contrary to that of the penitent.' " " But, father, he does not say that it is a mortal sin not to absolve him."—" How hasty you are," said he, " listen to what


follows; he comes to an express conclusion on that very point."

'To refuse absolution to a penitent, who acts according to a probable opinion, is a sin which in its own nature is mortal.'

"O father," said I, "that is very prudently arranged indeed. We have no longer anything to fear. A confessor would not dare after that to fail of giving absolution."

It will be at once seen by every thoughtful mind, that from such principles of morality every kind of absurdity might be elicited; that there is no conduct, however palpably wicked, which might not defend itself, and defend itself logically, on such grounds as these: we have only time to glance at a very few of these absurdities.

Usury, or taking interest upon money, had been forbidden by the Fathers of the Church, who founded their prohibitions upon the Mosaic precepts, and upon a literal interpretation of our Lord's words, that we should "lend, hoping for nothing again." But men who have ready money to spare like to make the most of it; and accordingly the Jesuits exerted all their ingenuity by way of accommodating themselves to such persons' greed of gain. One mode of evading the precept of the Fathers of the Church against usury, was by the fiction of a double purchase. What harm could there be in a purchase—in buying or selling on any terms—so long as the terms are freely accepted by both parties? Let then the man in want of money go to a rich shopkeeper, and ask to purchase, say a bale of goods, which he does not want, not for ready money, but for a sum payable in a year's time. Suppose the real value of the bale to be a hundred pounds; let the shopkeeper conclude the bargain with the purchaser for a hundred and twenty-five pounds payable in a year's time "This," said the Jesuit, "he has a perfect right to do, if the purchaser agrees to the terms. Then upon the




spot let the purchaser sell back the bale for a hundred pounds ready money, paying back the hundred and twenty-five pounds at the year's end."


Escobar, one of the Jesuit divines, pronounces this transaction quite permissible, on the proviso, that the shopkeeper, in selling the bale, does not exceed the highest price which it would ever fetch, and in repurchasing it does not give less than the lowest price. Lessius, another of their authors, seems to think that even this proviso cannot be insisted upon.

Here is one of their abominable methods of evading the sacred obligations of the Eighth Commandment. May a man steal? Certainly not. But if he takes that which is his due in reason, is that stealing? No. Then suppose that a nig-gardly master does not give to his servant a fair wage in requital of his services. May the servant reimburse himself by taking so large a share of his master's goods as shall bring his wages up to the fair mark? Yes, said these unblushing doctors of divinity—these blind guides of Christendom, who "professing themselves to be wise became fools."

According to the "Provincial Letters," one of their own servants took the advantage which this method of evading the law of God gave him. Jean d'Alba, Pascal tells us, was a servant of the Jesuit College of Clermont. He was dissatisfied with the wages which the holy fathers gave him, and bethought himself of the happy artifice of making all square between himself and his employers, by appropriating to his own use and emolument certain pewter plates belonging to the college. Unfortunately for him the police did not take the same refined and subtle view of what constituted theft as the learned works of his masters had led him to form; and he was taken before the magistrates. Here he pleaded guilty to the charge of taking the pewter plates, but said that he had not intended theft, but only that fair reimbursement which Father Bauny allowed to do-



admire every product of his fine mind, has succeeded in doing this. Pascal has devoted his eleventh letter to an apology for the employment of sarcasm generally, and specially to a justification of himself against the charge of turning holy things into ridicule. Both points, we think, he has made out fairly. He just glances at Elijah as sanctioning the use of sarcasm in his controversy with the priests of Baal, though he makes much less use of him than he might have done; and, on the other hand, strains too much those words of the Divine Wisdom in the Proverbs, "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh," and the irony of the Almighty after the fall (if indeed it be irony, as St. Chrysostom supposes), "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." On the other point his Apology is more successful. In laughing at the subtleties by which the Jesuits contrived to evade the plainest commands of God, he has not turned sacred things into ridicule. The tricks of a double purchase to escape the sin of usury, of hearing two half masses at the same time by way of getting through the duty more speedily, and of calling theft an adequate remuneration of a man's services, are surely not sacred things in any such sense as that it is forbidden to raise a laugh at the expense of them. If a divine seriously advises such tricks in the name of religion, and by way of satisfying conscience, he is worthy of being laughed at and hooted off the stage. But still, with the admission that the errors of the Jesuits were worthy of condign ridicule, and with the example of Elijah before our eyes (an example drawn, it should be remembered, from the Old, and not from the New Testament), we cannot but feel that hot controversy is a noxious element, very apt, without the utmost caution, to blight the spiritual life of those who are compelled to breathe it; and that into the grand tirades of Pascal, as well as into the repartees of his adversaries, has been instilled too large a share of the gall of unchristian bit-




terness. If Pascal had stung the Jesuits less to the quick—if our own great countryman, Robert Hall (who had some points of resemblance to Pascal), had replied upon Horsley with less acrimony than those words display, “characters such as yours, like a plague or a thunder-storm, may have their uses in the general system, so as they recur not too often,”—we perhaps might have felt that a hot spice was withdrawn from their writings, after which the carnal mind craves, but we should not have loved either of them less, nor recognised in them less of the image of that Divine Master whom both, according to their light, so faithfully followed.

It ought to be said, however, as certainly palliating the bitterness on both sides, that there was nothing personal in the feeling of either party. Pascal at first wrote anonymously, and his materials were furnished, not, as he himself represents, by conversations with the Jesuits, but by their writings. No personal ill-will could well have subsisted where the parties were scarcely acquainted with one another. This, at all events, makes a little acrimony more excusable. War is, at its best, full of horrors; but there is something more of civilised and less of savage in modern warfare, where platoons of soldiers fire into one another’s ranks without individual aim, and the bullet finds him whom it is fated to find, than where a battle is a series of single combats, and it is the great object of each warrior to pull down and kill his man.

In the interval between the fifth and sixth Provincial Letters, while Pascal was employing his abilities in the defence of the Port-Royalists and in the discomfiture of their Jesuit foes, an incident occurred which confirmed not only his general religious impressions, but also his belief in the righteousness of the cause which he was then doing his best to maintain. The incident wears all the appearance of a miracle, and is so well attested, both by friends and foes, that it is impossible to doubt its occurrence; the only reasonable

escape from the conclusion of a Divine interference is by ascribing the event to natural causes. Pascal had three near relatives in the monastery of Port Royal. Jacqueline, his younger sister, was a nun there. His elder sister, who was married to a M. Périer, had sent her two little girls there as boarders, to receive their education under the eye of their aunt. One of these children was afflicted for three years and a half with the disease called fistula lachrymalis in her left eye. She was a shocking and painful spectacle. The eye shrank ; the bones of the nose became carious, and were perforated to the palate. The discharge from the sore was so offensive that the physicians recommended her removal to a chamber separate from the other boarders. As the ulcer seemed to extend itself, three of the most eminent surgeons in Paris recommended that the cautery should be tried, or in other words that the fistula should be burned out of the flesh. It was resolved, as anyhow the girl's life must be one of intense suffering, to resort to this forlorn hope ; and, as the operation would be critical, notice was given to the child's father of the day fixed for it, that he might be present.


Meantime there was sorrow and humiliation in the heart of every inmate of the convent of Port Royal. A storm which had long been brewing was about to burst upon the devoted institution. The Jesuits had moved the Court to abet their hostility against the evangelical doctrine and strict life of these Jansenist recluses ; and the Court was but too ready to take up the hue-and-cry of heresy against a defenceless set of good and pious women, whose purity shamed the licentiousness of the times. A privy council was to be held to determine on the dispersion and banishment of the nuns. A list of their names and the places of their destination had been seen upon the Queen Mother's toilette table ; and the sad news came down to Port Royal in the Lent of 1656, clouding with sombre shadows a season already devoted to the duties of humilia-



tion and retirement. On receiving this intelligence the good abbess, the Mère des Anges, resolved to continue three days and three nights in constant prayer for the house over which she presided (desisting only to take necessary refreshment), and for that purpose retired to the church, where she spent her time in devotion before the Host, or consecrated wafer. The best Protestant need not hesitate to acknowledge that if in all this there was something mistaken and misguided, there was yet much which was devout and conformable to the spirit of Christianity; and whatever be the true account of what followed, we need not hesitate to ascribe the deliverance of the Port-Royalists from their difficulties to the prevailing power of the prayer of the righteous. A visitor accidentally called at Port Royal the day after the abbess's retirement, to express her sympathy with the sisters. In the course of conversation, she mentioned having just seen a curious relic, professed to be a thorn from the thorny crown of our Lord, which was in the possession of an ecclesiastic who had been at some pains and expense in making a collection of such objects of interest and devotion. Of course, it needed no argument, in a Roman Catholic community, to persuade the good nuns that the thorn was what it was professed to be. The visitor said that the ecclesiastic was willing to send the thorn to Port Royal, if it would be a comfort to the community to see it. The abbess, to whom the question was referred, at first declined the offer, alleging that it was no time of consolation, but of sorrow, but afterwards yielded, on understanding that the nuns much desired it; and it was agreed that the thorn should be exposed on Friday afternoon, after the prayer of the Passion had been said in the services of the Church. It was remarked, as a curious coincidence, that the mass on the morning of that day began with these words of the eighty-sixth Psalm: "Show some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may

"see it, and be ashamed, because Thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me."


In the afternoon the thorn was placed on a little altar in the choir, and it was arranged that the whole of the community, first the nuns, then the novices, and last the boarders, should defile past it in procession, each of them just kissing the relic and passing by in silence. Vespers being completed, and the prayer of the Passion having been recited, this arrangement was carried out. It was growing late in the afternoon of a March day, just about the hour when our Lord suffered, and when in suffering He is supposed by devout Roman Catholics to have imparted a miraculous power to the various implements of his torture. The nuns had kissed the thorn in silence and passed on; the novices had done the same; and it was now the turn of the boarders. When Madame Périer's little girl presented herself, the beholders were greatly shocked with the appearance of the poor child, disfigured as her face was by a loathsome disease; and one of the nuns (who by the way afterwards proved a traitor to the house, and always displayed a very morbid and suspicious craving after the marvellous) bade her in a whisper recommend herself to God and touch her eye with the holy thorn. The child did so—it was the work of a second—and passed on. Vespers were immediately succeeded by an hour of silence, when no talking was allowed. But later in the evening the little Périer was heard to say that she had no longer anything the matter with her. She was examined, and her assertion was found correct. The eye had returned to its natural size. The bone of the nose was perfectly sound. The sight was perfectly unimpaired. The head, instead of being exceedingly tender, bore the comb like the head of other children. Next day came the physicians and surgeons, accompanied by the child's father, to perform the much-dreaded operation. The nuns left them to find out the



cure for themselves. They prepared their instruments, undrew the curtains, and desired the young lady to sit up in her bed. M. Dalencé, the chief practitioner, then approached to perform the cautery, and was strangely perplexed at finding nothing of the disease which he came to cure. He thrust his probe into the child's mouth and nose, but could discover nothing amiss. Having satisfied himself, he said to M. Bienaisé that this must be the hand of God. M. Bienaisé acquiesced in this conclusion; but said that as the house was under a cloud, they had better be prudent about revealing it. "Nay," said M. Dalencé, more honest in the avowal of his convictions, "we must at all hazards bear witness to the wonderful works of God." He did do so, subscribing his name to a formal attestation of the miracle, which was signed by two other surgeons, and by three of the most eminent physicians in Paris. Subsequently the Queen Mother, who had taken up the position of an enemy to Port Royal, had the case examined in her own interest, by M. Félix, the King's first surgeon. He concluded his examination by declaring that "neither the powers of nature, nor the remedies used, had any share in performing this cure, which could only be the work of God." This had the effect of scattering for a time the dark thunder-cloud which had long been gathering over Port Royal. The enemies of the nuns dared not attack them in the face of the token which it seemed that God had shown upon them for good.

Pascal was the godfather, as well as the uncle, of Marguerite Périer; and her cure made an impression on his mind which seems never to have forsaken him. By way of commemorating the event he had a seal made, on which was a crown of thorns, with rays of glory streaming from it, and this legend underneath, "*Scio cui credidi*" (I know in whom I have believed). But there is another reason which makes it necessary, in any memoir of Pascal, to give an account of


this extraordinary cure. To it Madame Périer seems to ascribe the origin of the work which alone, independently of all that he wrote besides, would be sufficient to immortalise Pascal's name. The miracle of the holy thorn (or what he conceived to be such) set his powerful mind at work upon miracles in general, and upon the evidence in favour of Christianity which is derivable from them. Hence he conceived definitely the plan, which had probably been for many years simmering in his mind, of a great Apology for Revealed Religion, which should meet and overwhelm all the objections of the atheists of that day. The plan was never carried out, owing to the shortness of his life, and the maladies which rendered the greater part of that life unavailable for continuous labour. But we have the outline of it in the substance of a conversation which he held with ten or a dozen distinguished friends, and which one of them has reported. And we have also certain exquisite fragments, detached from the main design, and lying about in confusion, which, when collected into one volume, are called "The Thoughts of Pascal." So that, as regards our knowledge of Pascal's Apology for Christianity, we resemble a traveller who stands upon the site of a ruined Grecian temple. We can make out clearly the ground-plan of the building; for the massive foundations still remain, though overgrown with moss and nettles, and are clearly traceable all round. But, in addition to this, in wandering over the area, we frequently come across the fluted shaft of a column; or an exquisite capital, the very model of grace and strength; or a piece of delicate moulding, tinted, perhaps, with colours which, after the lapse of centuries, are still fresh; or a mutilated statue, whose almost transparent drapery came, it may be, from the chisel of Phidias. And small excavations, which we can make with our hands, bring to light the heads and arms of statuettes, the ornamental bosses, with which at intervals the roof was adorned, and mutilated vases, and



urns, and lamps, which once were used in the service of the temple. Now, supposing all these shafts, capitals, mouldings, statues, statuettes, bosses, vases, urns, and lamps were collected together by an antiquary, and placed in one museum, to which the public were admitted,—the collection would somewhat resemble the inimitable book, which, if once you get an insight into its excellence, will accompany you through life, called “Pascal’s Thoughts.” Unlike other books of aphorisms, such as “Hare’s Guesses at Truth,” or Mr. Boyes’s recently published work, “Life and Books, or Records of Thought and Reading,” most of Pascal’s Thoughts are fragments of the one plan which his master-mind had conceived. It is not possible always to say exactly to what part of the plan particular thoughts belong; just as it would not be possible, in the parallel case of the ruined temple, to assign its exact place to this cornice, this shaft, this statuette. But a plan there is, and a thoughtful reader will see everywhere the traces of it; and there can be no doubt that, had life and health been spared him to carry out the design, his *Apology for Christianity* would have been the grandest edifice of the kind ever reared by the hand of mortal man. It is so sublime in its débris, there is such delicacy of touch in “The Thoughts,” combined with colossal power, that one knows not whether most to admire the strength of the argument, or the grace and terseness of the diction in which it is couched.

Without giving a full outline of the plan, which has been already done by Professor Vinet, in a manner which leaves scarcely anything for those who come after, I may say, generally, that Pascal sets out from the inconsistencies, absurdities, and contradictions, which discover themselves in human nature. Man is godlike or angelic in his mind, able to measure across to the stars and weigh the heavenly bodies—nay, able to form lofty notions of virtue,—but quite impotent to put them in practice. He is always seeking

happiness, but never in his natural state finding it. He has an inextinguishable craving for truth; but his judgment is liable to be warped by a thousand influences—by his affections, his imagination, his health, his senses. This is the foundation-thought, on which the majestic fabric of the Apology rises. Then the next is, that man needs a religion which shall give him a true and consistent account of this extraordinary flaw in his nature,—which shall teach him the truth, and give him the happiness, for which he vainly pants. Let us look abroad for such a religion among the various heathen creeds, and the various doctrines of heathen philosophers. But when Pascal examines it, each creed and each sect says, “It is not in me.” Then the Jews catch the eye of the Apologist—a strange people—and they offer him a strange Book called the Old Testament. This strange book meets remarkably one of his wants. It accounts for the inconsistencies and contradictions of human nature, by telling him that man is not what he once was—is a fallen being, but so fallen as to be capable of restoration. But the same volume predicts a Restorer—dimly at first, more clearly in the later parts. The New Testament asserts this Restorer to have come, and to have brought with Him from Heaven all the remedies for man’s deep disease. Let us examine, then, the evidence upon which it rests, external and internal. Is it satisfactory? Does the religion promulgated in it meet the cravings of man after happiness and truth? The Apologist proposes to show that it does; and thus is led on from his starting-point, Man’s ruin, to the great facts of Redemption and Regeneration, which meet the ruin. The dissatisfied survey of all human philosophies and religions, throwing us back, first on Judaism, and ultimately on Christianity, reminds us of that touching question of Simon Peter’s, when our Lord asked whether the twelve also would go away:—“Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of



eternal life; and we believe, and are sure, that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

This is only the very roughest outline of the great plan. Would that it might tempt some intelligent hearer, who has never yet read "The Thoughts," to make himself acquainted with them. It is one of those very, very few works whose greatness is proved by the fact that we never tire of it—that we never take it up without finding fresh beauties in it, and opening up some new mine of thought.

As if to show the fallibility of the greatest minds, and the flaws which disfigure the highest saintliness attained by mere men, the life of Pascal towards its close degenerates into an asceticism equally unnatural and unscriptural, and some traits of which remind us of the Puritan law enacted somewhere in New England on its first settlement, that no mother shall, under heavy penalties, kiss her child on the Sabbath-day. We are told that, when persons of consequence visited him to ask spiritual counsel (which counsel, although only a layman, he did not feel at liberty to refuse), and when the serpent vanity uncoiled itself within his heart on the occasion of such visits, and began to stir and sting him, he applied an antidote to the venom by jogging smartly with his elbow an iron girdle, set with spikes, which he wore under his clothes upon his skin—a practice, his sister tells us, which he never abandoned even in his last malady, when Nature might have been supposed to have taken into her own hands the task of mortifying the flesh. We read that he regulated his whole life on the principles of renouncing all pleasure and all superfluity, and carried the last of these principles to such an extreme that he would have no hangings to his bed, nor furniture in his bedroom. When little dainties were prescribed for him by his physicians, he made it a point of conscience to swallow, without tasting them, and called it sensuality to remark of any dish that "it was good." He particularly eschewed and reproved, in himself and others,

the love of little conveniences, and the liking to have things about one well made; and in the choice of tradesmen, he excluded all consideration of who supplied the best articles, and sought out the poorest and most respectable. He met with harsh rebuffs the little caresses and tender expressions of sympathy with which his elder sister sought to soothe him in his sore maladies, holding that any too great engagement of the affections with earthly objects was a wrong done to Him whose name is Jealous;—nay, he could not endure the caresses which this sister received from her children, and told her that such endearments would do mischief to the little ones, and must be put down with a high hand. Finally, he pronounces marriage to be “the most perilous and the lowest of the conditions of Christianity,” and on this ground strongly recommends that his niece, Marguerite Pèrier, should lead the single life.

We are not reconciled to these sentiments, even by the lofty reasoning on which some of them profess to be founded, and of which the following, written on a scrap of paper in his own hand, is a specimen:—“It is unjust that persons should attach themselves to me, even though they do it with pleasure and voluntarily. I should be deceiving those in whom I should create the desire of such attachment; for I am not the end of anybody, nor have I the wherewithal to satisfy them. Am I not on the point of death? And thus the object of their attachment will die, will it not?” Grandly said, as are all other things which Pascal said and wrote, but we cannot accept it as a sufficient apology for his asceticism. We hold that there is a peculiar danger in overstraining God’s commandments, or, in other words, in adding to them, even in the direction which He himself points out. He has bidden us crucify the flesh, with the affections and the lusts, and has warned us that none are Christ’s but those who do so. He has vindicated for himself the *supreme* place in our hearts,

requiring us, in comparison of Him, to hate "father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and our own life also;" though, while He has issued a second table of the Decalogue alongside of the first, and while the first commandment of this table distinctly recognises natural ties, we cannot admit that God insists upon His being the *only* place. Be it so. But why add to "the words of the book of this prophecy"? When God has said simply, "Ye shall not eat of it," why add, with perverse Eve, when, in her dislike of it, she aggravated the Divine precept, "Neither shall ye touch it"? When God has said, "Use the world as not abusing it," why should we give a different turn to his words, and say rather, "Use it not"? When God has issued an edict against self-pleasing, why are we to interpret it into a warrant for self-torture? When God has debarred us from sinful pleasures of the senses, why are we to lay a ban also on the innocent? When He has bidden us "be thankful," why are we to cut off all those harmless enjoyments of life which form one ground for thankfulness? Finally, when the Holy Spirit has solemnly pronounced that "Marriage is *honourable* in all"—when our Lord Himself has put special honour upon it by "adorning and beautifying it with his presence and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee,"—when reason itself teaches that there is the largest scope in such a state for unselfishness, and for that bearing of the burdens of others, in which we are assured consists the fulfilment of the law of Christ,—how shall we dare to esteem lightly what God has told us that He esteems highly, or to call that common which, by his Word, Ordinance, and Benediction, He hath cleansed? But it is sufficient to say that there is a healthy tone about Apostolic piety, which is at once seen to be not of a piece with the morbid sentiments and narrow practices of asceticism. When we read of St. Paul's cheerful common-sense advice to the distressed crew of the ship of Alexandria, "This is the fourteenth day that ye

have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing. Wherefore I pray you to take some meat : for this is for your health,"—and of his charging a young Bishop to drink no longer water, but "to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities,"—we feel that we are breathing another, a freer, and a fresher air than that of asceticism, and that its various forms of self-discipline are of man's invention rather than God's prescribing.

The four last years of the life of Pascal (which commenced in 1658, the year of Oliver Cromwell's death) were one continued malady, a "dying daily." During the whole of this period he was precluded by illness from any systematic prosecution of the great work on which he was engaged, and even from giving advice to those who consulted him. The first symptom of this final break-up of the system was an excessive aching of the teeth, which deprived him of all rest at night. Most interesting is it, in this decayed state of the physical frame, to observe the triumph of mind over matter,—an evidence, as he himself would have said, of the immortality of man. The truth of Waller's noble couplet was nobly realised in this hero of genius and piety :—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new lights through chinks which Time has made.

In the long watches of the night, the mind of the patient turned almost instinctively to certain questions as to the properties of the curve, called the cycloid, which still remained secrets in the then state of science, and which had in former days interested him deeply. The solution of these questions he thought out upon his bed, and mentioned the discovery to a friend, in whose judgment and piety he had confidence. This friend advised him, although he had long since renounced the sciences, to commit to writing and to publish the discovery, since every fresh effort of man's intellect was a fresh contribution to God's glory. Pascal complied with his advice, and in eight days,



while undergoing the most acute bodily pain, wrote his treatise on the Cycloid. It is the curve generated by a nail fixed in the wheel of a carriage, while the carriage moves forward. Any such fixed point in the circumference of the wheel has two motions, the forward motion of the carriage, and the rotatory motion of the wheel.

Madame Périer intimates that this was the only piece he was able to write (she must mean to write systematically and continuously) during the whole of those four years. The author threw it off with great rapidity, and never revised it. He wrote almost against time, to supply the printers with materials, who were at work upon the former part while the latter was being composed.

His last year was distinguished by another project, which bears equal testimony to the activity of his mind and to his Christian benevolence. In the genius of Pascal there is no feature more striking than the variety of subjects to which he applied himself. He was great not only in science, in morals, in devotion, but in speculation also. It must have been during his last winter, if the dates assigned be correct, that the country in the neighbourhood of Blois was visited with frightful distress, arising from famine and pestilence. Pascal at Paris seems to have conducted, and probably thought out, a scheme which might serve as a profitable investment of capital. Large public carriages—in fact omnibuses—were to traverse the metropolis on several great lines, taking passengers any distance for five sous, or twopence halfpenny. As soon as this project had received the royal sanction, which was but a few months before his death, Pascal announced to Madame Périer his determination to ask from the persons who supplied the funds for the undertaking, a thousand francs in advance upon the profits, which he purposed to send to the poor of Blois. His sister representing to him that the scheme was not yet sure of success,

and that he had better wait to see how the speculation answered, he replied that the distress in Blois was urgent, and if the shareholders would let him have the money in advance, he would gladly reimburse them out of his own small fortune, in case the profits fell short of their expectations. However, he could not come to an agreement with them on the subject, and it appears that he died before any profits were actually realised.

But not only did the mind of Pascal rise at the approach of the last great crisis, but his spirit also—that faculty by which man holds communion with God—seemed to detach itself more and more from the earth, and take a higher flight than ever.

His liberality to the poor sometimes went, we are told, beyond the extent of his fortune; and when he was expostulated with on the indiscretion of stripping himself bare of all things in his own hour of need, he would only reply, "One thing I have observed, that, however poor one is, one always leaves something behind one in dying." He exhorted his sister to devote herself to the poor, and to accustom herself and her children to visit them frequently; "for," said he, "the mere sight of abject poverty stirs up even the hardest heart to part with some superfluity for its relief."

And, further, he dwelt with great emphasis on the obligation under which individual Christians lie, of giving some portion of their time to the relief of the poor. He did not like large philanthropic schemes for private persons, who did not seem called to them. Some few *were* called, he said, to form and carry out such schemes; it was their special vocation, and God specially qualified them for it; but *all* were called to administer relief to the poor in a humble way, as best they could. "Do not affect grand plans of benevolence," such was the tenour of his advice to his sister; "but go straight into the hovels of the poor;

acquaint yourself with them as individuals." A most important counsel, and one which seems to draw the line of demarcation, so often overlooked, between philanthropy and charity. Of philanthropy we have no lack in this country. Our hospitals, our institutions for the relief of distress in various forms, are noble, and, generally speaking, nobly supported; but we fear (though we must speak cautiously, as such benevolence always hides its head) that there is a lack of the charity which individualises the case of the sufferer, and concentrates upon it the interest of a particular and circumstantial sympathy. This charity is not likely to thrive in an age and country of universal hurry, where "many run to and fro," and nobody has a moment to spare.

Jacqueline Pascal, the nun of Port Royal, who has figured so largely in this story, died in 1661, ten months before her brother. The intelligence must have cut him to the heart, for Jacqueline was his favourite sister, and was bound to him by the ties of grace as well as of nature; but his only remark on receiving the tidings was, "God give us grace to die as well as she died;" and so complete was his resignation to the Divine will, that the only reflections which he made on the subject afterwards took the form of thanksgiving to God for the great graces which he had bestowed upon his sister, and generally ended thus, "Blessed are they who die, provided they die in the Lord."

Of his devotional feelings and practices towards his end, we are told that he took particular delight in the 118th Psalm (the Psalm which contains those verses so significant for a suffering patient:—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened and corrected me; but He hath not given me over unto death"); and that when he talked of this Psalm with his friends, he was sometimes transported into a kind of ecstasy with the beauty of it. He was rigidly punctual in his devotions, and

there was a sort of childlike simplicity, which greatly edified all around him, in the way in which a man of such an aspiring and inquisitive mind submitted himself to the minutest and humblest detail of ecclesiastical observance. A person of eminence, who visited him, was so struck with this feature of character, that he made upon it the following excellent observation, something in Pascal's own style, and quite deserving of being recorded, that "the Grace of God discovers itself in great minds by little things, and in ordinary minds by great efforts."

And thus we come to the closing scene. Two months before his death appeared the first symptom of the malady which was to terminate this brilliant but short career. This first symptom was the signal for an action of Christian disinterestedness and considerateness. In order that he might not be quite alone in his invalid state, he had harboured under his roof a poor family, whom he supplied not with lodging only but with fuel. Pascal, when his final illness seized him, felt that he needed the attendance of his only surviving sister. But the family who lodged with him had a son ill with the small-pox; and, Madame Périer having children, her brother was unwilling to ask her to incur the risk of visiting him. Most persons would have thought it no hardship to require the sick child, under these circumstances, to leave the house; but Pascal, fearing that the child might suffer by removal, resolved on quitting it himself, whatever risks he might run by so doing. He went out accordingly, and took up his abode at his sister's house (No. 8, Rue Neuve, St. Etienne), which he was never to leave alive. Violent colic came on three days afterwards. The physicians insisted that there was not the least shadow of danger; but the feelings of the patient were a truer index of the real state of the case. He sent for the parish priest, and made his confession privately—the necessary preliminary in the Romish Church to communicating at the

Mass. His friends took alarm, and his medical attendants seem to have been somewhat offended at his mistrusting their verdict. His evident apprehension that death was near at hand created such a painful sensation in his little circle of friends and admirers, that, lest he should distress and excite them further, he consented reluctantly to postpone communicating, and see how matters went with him. But they went worse. He grew very thin from constant suffering and sleepless nights; thought it wise to make his will, which contained several bequests to the poor and to hospitals; and intimated, that if M. Périer had been at Paris, and had consented to his doing so, he would have disposed of *all* his worldly goods in this manner. His chief regret was, he said, that he had done so little for the poor; and if God restored him, he purposed to have no other pursuit or employment than their service. His patience was admirable; and he seems to have more than reconciled himself to all his sufferings by reflecting on the comparative safety of a state of sickness. "The sick man is dead to the attractions of ambition and of wealth, and has the death full in front of him. Is not this the state of mind in which a Christian ought to live?" "What a mercy, then, that sickness *secures* this state of mind for the Christian, and gives him nothing else to do than to submit himself humbly and lovingly to his Father's will." Thus did the Christian moralist moralise at a time and under circumstances which severely test the value of moral truth.

Suddenly the disease took another shape. Certain waters, which were administered to him, while they relieved the colic, removed the seat of suffering to the head. The physicians accounted for it by saying, that this was the effect of the vapour from the waters; and still opposed themselves to his urgent entreaty that the Sacrament of the Eucharist might be privately administered to him, saying that it would be well to wait till he could receive it at church. "Ah!" replied

Pascal, "you are not aware what I suffer ; and you will find yourselves deceived ; this headache has something very extraordinary about it." Nevertheless, he acquiesced with his usual gentleness in their decision, and made the touching request, that as he could not communicate with the Head, he might be allowed to communicate with the members. "Let me have," said he, "some poor sick man in the house, and let him be tended at my expense, with precisely the same care as I myself am tended with. For when I see how my every want is supplied, it gives me great pain to think what an infinite number of poor there are, more ill than myself, who are destitute even of the common necessities of life." Madame Périer forwarded this request to the parish priest, who replied that there was not at that moment any sick person who was in a condition to be removed to her house, but that he would assign to M. Pascal, as soon as he recovered, the charge of an old man, whom he should support for the rest of his days.

Shut out from this method of benefiting the poor, the patient's next wish was to be taken to the Hospital for Incurables, and there to die in the company of the poor. But Madame Périer assured him that he was not well enough to bear removal. On the 17th of August, she herself, notwithstanding the persistence of the medical attendants in their favourable judgment of the case, thought him so ill, that she gave private orders to have all things in readiness for his reception of the last Sacraments of the Roman Church. The order was but just in time. For about midnight he was seized by a violent convulsion, which left him to all appearance dead. But while she and her household were bewailing his having died without those means of grace which he had so urgently desired, he rallied, as if by miracle, and enjoyed a short period of comparative respite from pain, during which his judgment was clear and his mind unclouded. It was a little interval which God seemed to grant him, for the purpose of carrying out his

last earthly wish. The priest was sent for, and came bearing in his hand the consecrated Wafer, in which the devout Romanist recognises the corporal presence together with the soul and Divinity of our Lord. "Here," cried he, as he entered the room and lifted up the Host before the eyes of the dying man, "is He whom you have so ardently desired." The words roused Pascal to muster all the attention, of which his powerful mind, even in the midst of suffering, was capable. He raised himself on his elbow—he could do no more—and listened to the priest, who examined him in the usual form on his belief in the principal articles of Faith; to which he replied, "Yes, sir, I believe all that with my whole heart." He then received the Wafer, and subsequently Extreme Unction,* which rite affected him to tears, and when the priest concluded the office for the sick by blessing him with the pix (or box destined for the reception of the Host), he said, "May God never forsake me." He then gave thanks to God; and had scarcely done so, when his convulsions seized him again, and gave him no intermission until his death, which took place twenty-four hours after, in the early morning of the 19th of August, 1662. He was within ten months of his fortieth year.

Thus passed out of life the great moraliser on the grandeur and feebleness of man, who himself, in a certain point of view, was one of the most striking exemplifications of man's grandeur and feebleness which the world has ever seen. How strong, and yet how weak, was our Pascal—strong in

* It is surely unnecessary for me, as a clergyman of the Church of England, to disavow any belief either in the doctrine of the Transubstantiation, or in the efficacy of the other rites which are here mentioned. I am narrating the circumstances of the death of one who was a most sincere and devout Christian in the bosom of a corrupt Church. The mention of the rites of that Church does not imply approval of them.

intellect, weak in body! How did the brittle framework break and give way beneath the long-continued stress of mental effort!—And there is another compound in him of feebleness and strength. We admire in Pascal much of Christian principle, much of real faith, much of stern resolve for Christ, much of self-sacrificing saintliness—all which things are indomitably strong. And yet we cannot but observe in his writings and tone of sentiment an occasional degeneracy from the sound and wholesome doctrines of the pure Gospel, a tendency to morbid asceticism and superstition, rendering him unhappy, and, because unhappy, weak. He was a saint, no doubt, soaring occasionally into the highest atmosphere of sanctity; but a saint timorous, dejected, desponding. And the lesson to be drawn from his career, as from that of many eminent saints of old, in whose character and conduct special flaws are noted, is, “Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?” Even under the Gospel—under the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus—all human virtue has a flaw in it, which not only empties it of merit, but renders it undeserving of our confidence. The earthen vessel breaks down somewhere, that it may be shown that it is but an earthen vessel, and that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of us.

But if we can repose no trust in human saintliness, much less can we do so in human reason. How does God often-times shatter the earthen pitcher, which contains that burning and shining light, and choke the light under the fragments of the pitcher. The intellect of Pascal was one of the most brilliant which God has ever kindled in the breast of man. The variety of subjects to which he applied his mind with equal success fully substantiates this assertion. Produce to us the man who is equally great in science, in art, in discovery, in morals, in controversy, in profound study of the human mind, and in the theory and practice of religion, and we

will acknowledge that you have matched our Pascal. And what has he left behind him? Abundant evidences of the variety of his genius; but scarcely one finished monument of it. A few brilliant controversial letters, sparkling with eloquence and sarcasm, and the disjointed fragments only of what was intended to be a grand and comprehensive Apology for Christianity. Thus does God confound the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nought the understanding of the prudent.

And we shall not have studied Pascal's career in vain, if we have only brought away from it a more humble estimate of the achievements possible to human reason, a truer recognition of the limits and capacities of our own understanding, and a consequent determination to submit it in all matters of religion to the Revealed Word of God.

THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED
FROM THE
Study of Church History.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY.

WHEN I undertook to lecture in the present course, a subject was chosen from the Life of John Knox. Discovering, however, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland had taken for his theme, "The Influence of Knox and the Scottish Reformation on the Reformation in England," we thought it desirable to change the topic.

Three subjects were suggested by the lecturer to your zealous and devoted Secretary, of which he chose "The Advantages to be derived from the Study of Church History." If, therefore, this lecture should seem specially dry and unsuitable—although the speaker must bear the blame of all that is unskilful in the treatment of the subject—your Secretary will share with him the responsibility of the choice of topic. Of one thing I am certain, your kindness will secure for the lecturer patience and candour.

My own impression is, that the study of Church history is much neglected, even by those who have time and means for filling their minds with ecclesiastical information. Indeed, we have our fears that, while reading is on the increase, hard study is in its decline. "Mudie"—I speak not of the man, though my heart would lead me to speak of the man, for he is worthy of all esteem and honour—"Mudie"—I

mean that institution in the land which we call "Mudie"—"Mudie" is the best friend to reading which the middle classes in England have of late years known; but, paradoxical as it may appear to some, "Mudie" is a most formidable foe to study. This we could demonstrate, and would show now and here, did we not feel sure that those whom this remark most concerns (we mean men who were once hard students, but whom "Mudie" has changed into large and voracious readers) carry the evidence in their own habits. I have but two other introductory remarks—our treatment of the subject before us will be suggestive, and not exhaustive; and by "Church of Christ" in this lecture, we shall represent the professed, and apparent, and visible Church of our Saviour; except when, by some qualifying and restrictive words, we distinguish the true Church from the visible Church.

The Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is a great fact—its establishment is not now a theory or a scheme, but a thing done, and a work accomplished more than eighteen centuries ago. All this is universally admitted. Even those men who reject Christianity—denying its doctrines, denouncing its principles, scorning its disciples, sneering at its ordinances, withholding all sympathy from its mission, and even opposing its progress—recognize the Church of Jesus of Nazareth as a wide-spread and influential community, and admit that it was called into existence not yesterday, but at a remote period, many centuries past. The scepticism which would sap the foundation of Church history would destroy the basis of all history, and the unbelief which rejects all ecclesiastical records would sweep entirely away every memorial of departed times.

The Christian Church has a long and eventful story to tell of her own life; and we propose to attempt to induce those to listen who have never heard this story, and to con-

firm, in listening, any who have long been, and are still, hearkening to the Church's voice.

The inspired book, known as the Acts of the Apostles, and the historical references in the Epistles and in the Apocalypse, are the most ancient source of information respecting the earliest days of the Church of Christ. But the first general history of the Church, which is preserved to this day, was commenced by Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history—who, beginning with the days of Jesus Christ, extends his general account to the twentieth year of Constantine. This history, commenced by Eusebius, is carried on by other writers to the close of the ninth century. This is the only ancient general history of the Church of Christ now extant—the work of Hegesippus, an ecclesiastical historian of earlier date, being, with the exception of a few fragments, lost. But there are other sources beside professed Church histories—sources whence all modern church historians have derived their materials. These are—the biographies of individual Christians, the theological and other works of Christian writers—the written attacks made upon Christianity by infidels and by other foes of the Church of Christ—those laws of different states and countries which refer to Christian subjects—the acts and ordinances of councils—the official letters of heads of churches and of the popes—rules of the monastic and of other orders—liturgies, confessions of faith and hymns—buildings for Christian worship, monuments of the dead—various inscriptions—and all works of art produced by the Christians for religious objects. From these overflowing wells of information, the student of ecclesiastical history is continually drawing the water of useful ecclesiastical knowledge; and the condensed modern Church history is a cistern or a fountain placed by the wayside, so that those who have no time to visit the wells, or nothing to draw with if they

could reach the well's side, might nevertheless drink of— I may not say this living—but I must say this precious water.

Assuming, then, that a man with but little time for reading, and with less money to spend on books, can buy, or beg, or borrow such a work as "Waddington's History of the Christian Church;" or, if somewhat of a student, "Gieseler's Text-Book of Ecclesiastical History," and that he can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the facts contained in such works; we proceed to show what are the benefits to be derived from the study of the history of the Church of Christ.

The Church of Christ! It is destined to be a structure built after God's design, of God's materials, and with God's workmanship! But thus far there has been much tampering with God's design—much building with wood, hay, and stubble, instead of with silver, gold, and precious stones, and much working by foreign power. It is destined to be a broad field, covered with golden corn; but thus far there has been a sad sowing of tares. It is destined to be a sheepfold, enclosing the sheep of Jesus Christ, which He has purchased with His own blood; but hirelings have assumed the shepherding, wolves have alarmed and devoured the sheep, and goats have hitherto formed part of the flock. It is destined to be the vine of the celestial Canaan—every branch bearing not only fruit, but much fruit; but the history shows that many branches have proved barren, and that some have been taken away. It is destined to be the body of Christ, but much has hitherto been connected with the Church of Christ which the mind of our Lord Jesus Christ has not directed, and which His energy has not pervaded. The history of the Church, therefore, embraces not merely the Church actual and real, but the Church apparent—its errors, therefore, and failures and declensions—its nominal as well as its real members, and its false apostles as well as its true

ministers. But let us at once inquire—What advantages shall we derive from the study of this department of history ?

We will speak first of advantages which are not entirely of a religious character, and which have attracted to ecclesiastical history men who do not profess to be Christians.

1. As a matter of profession, and as a matter of fact, the Church of Christ occupies in the religions of mankind a most important position. It presents itself as the spiritual development of the Levitical dispensation—as the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and as the kingdom of God among men. It appeals to, and co-operates with, whatever is true, and right, and godly, and this irrespective of the circumstances in which such things are found; but it admits no compromise with whatever its oracles declare to be untrue, unreal, and ungodly. It aims directly at universal comprehension, as the only social and religious fellowship designed in Heaven, adapted to the wants of the world, and destined to live for ever. The Church saith, “My God is the only true God.” “My Saviour is the only Redeemer.” “The religion which I embody is alone pure and undefiled.” It offers one creed, one worship, one spiritual baptism, one law, one end, one fold, and one shepherd to the many millions, and to the different races of mankind. So that whatever may be the real merits of Christianity—whether true or false—of God or of men—the Church of Christ demands attention on the ground of its pretensions, especially when we see these pretensions partially acknowledged. For, although the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth are not so numerous as the followers of certain false religions, and although the Christian system is modern, compared with some Eastern systems, still, for pretension and claim, and endeavour to proselyte, and on account of her aspect and her influence in many quarters, the Church of our Saviour

stands alone among all the religious sects into which mankind are divided. As exhibiting an extraordinary religion, the history of the Church has strong claims upon the attention of every intelligent and thoughtful man.

2. This department of history affords a unique and complete development of human nature. Of Jesus Christ it was said, "He needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man;" and, for developing human nature, Christianity is unequalled. No other system has brought out so much good with so much evil. The Church of Christ has made war and restored peace, shed blood, and staunch men's bleeding wounds; promoted goodwill, and aroused the most deadly fury and hate; taught men to sing with all the host of Heaven—"Glory to God in the Highest," and has been the occasion of the most horrible blasphemies. The Church of Christ acknowledged at the beginning, both a Judas and a John; and in every age she has had among her members the vilest of human kind, and the noblest and best of men and women. The most godly deeds have been wrought within the pale of the Church, and the same enclosure has been the scenes of the most devilish and bellish conduct. The Church of this century may claim reformatories, and refuges, and ragged schools, as her own creation; and the Church of other times, hospitals for the sick and for the otherwise needy; but the professed Church of Christ of another age must confess to the establishment of the Inquisition and of kindred institutions. Church history exhibits, to an extraordinary extent, the intelligence and ignorance, the credulity, faith, and scepticism; the love, indifference, and hatred; the sincerity, self-deception, and hypocrisies; the holiness, sham morality, and wilful iniquity of which men are susceptible and capable—it presents holy lives, and lives desperately wicked—clean spirits and foul—so that you may range as from heaven to hell, and from

the devil to God, and find characters of every grade, downward and upward.

No other system of religion has such power as the Christian system to bring out the dispositions, and tendencies, and capacities of man. Paganism, in its best form, is darkness, gross darkness; and there are but few night-blowing flowers. As a rule, the night opens no flower, but rather shuts up the bloom. The worship of the gods of the heathen feeds fear, and starves love; nourishes deceitfulness, and destroys manly uprightness; begets sorrow, and strangles joy; and cultivates the material and the sensual, while it blights the moral and spiritual. False religions produce a false human development. Hence, the Mahomedan is an undeveloped man. The crescent of the false prophet of the sixth century cannot, by its pale and sickly beams, unfold the bud and expand the foliage. Moonbeams sleep, they do not work. Even the disciple of Moses was but a half-educated, half-developed man. The star of Judaism shed but a feeble and warmthless light. But the sun of Righteousness, as He shines upon, and shines through, the Church, unfolds humanity beyond the development effected by all other exposing and expanding forces; and, therefore, as he who would see rich life in each province of God's animated kingdom—in the vegetable and animal—among things that fly, and creep, and crawl, and swim, and walk—must visit the tropics; so he who would know human nature so far as history can exhibit it, must not neglect the history of the Church of Christ.

3. Church history is, moreover, closely allied to general history. Let us listen to the testimony of general historians upon this point. Gibbon's opinion is tacitly expressed by the amount of consideration which he gives to the Church of Christ, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" but hear him say—"A candid but rational inquiry

into the progress and establishment of Christianity may be considered as a very essential part of the history of the Roman empire. While that great body was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigour from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the cross upon the ruins of the capitol." Guizot, in his "General History of Civilization in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution," devotes nearly a fourth of his work to the consideration of the connection of the Christian Church with civilization, while the book abounds with incidental references to the same full source of potent, social, and political influence. And, after having spoken of municipal corporations, and of the imperial ideal as bequeathed to modern Europe by ancient Rome, he observes—"Meanwhile, within the very heart of Roman society, there had grown up another society, of a very different nature, founded upon different principles, animated by different sentiments, and which has brought into European civilization elements of a widely-different character—I speak of the Christian Church." Again, having enumerated the various effects produced upon society by the Christian Church, at the time when the barbarians subdued Rome, he remarks—"Had not a Christian Church at this time existed, the whole world must have fallen a prey to mere brute force. The Christian Church alone possessed a moral power; it maintained and promulgated the idea of a precept—of a law superior to all human authority; it proclaimed that great truth which forms the only foundation of our hope for humanity—viz. that there exists a law above all human law, which, by whatever name it may be called, whether reason, the law of God, or what not, is in all times, and in all places, the

same law under different names." "The establishment of a moral influence, the maintenance of the Divine law, and the separation of temporal and spiritual power, may be enumerated as the great benefits which the Christian Church extended to European society in the fifth century."

Guizot does not spare the Church, when speaking of certain baneful results from her influence. But he testifies—"No society ever made greater efforts than the Christian Church did from the fifth to the tenth century, to influence the world around it, and to assimilate it to itself." "It attacked, in a manner, barbarism at every point, in order to civilize it, and rule over it."

These quotations will suffice; especially as they may be accepted as the common testimony of historians as to what the Church of Christ has done, wherever planted, for the development of the individual man, and for the amelioration of the social and political condition of the people over whom she has acquired power. For our present purpose, it is enough to say that marvellous service has been rendered to society at large, and that this service has declined only with the increase of corruptions in the Church. The abstraction, were it possible, of Christian influence from our world would repeal human progress, and send back millions to slavery, brutality, ignorance, and moral death.


Without professing to revolutionize the social and political institutions of a country—the Church of Christ must, by her own polity and morals, and in the degree of her life and activity, modify, if not change, them all; so that so soon as the Christian Church is planted in any country, we may expect to see the stream of ecclesiastical history flowing by the side of the social and political history of that country, and becoming at length one with it. This expectation is realized in the blending of the history of the Church with that of the Roman empire, from the first century onward—with the history of Spain from the second century—with

the history of France from the fifth century — of England and Germany from a very early period, but especially from the sixth century — of the Netherlands from the close of the seventh century — of Russia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden from the tenth — of Northern Africa almost from the rise of Christianity — and of America from the early part of the seventeenth century.

We remark further, and fourthly — That the art and science of government are very distinctly and extensively illustrated in the history of the Church of Christ. Every form of government constitutional and despotic — representative and absolute — democratic and monarchical — is to be found in the Church of Christ; and every principle of government; so that he who wishes to trace any system of rule, from its rise and onward, may do it with great facility in ecclesiastical history. The Church has indeed taught the State to rule. Thus Alison attributes the existence of representative government in Europe chiefly to the Church. He states: — “The councils of the Church had so early as the sixth century introduced over all Christendom the most perfect system of representation.” “And thus to the other blessings which civilization owes to Christianity, are to be added those inestimable advantages which have flowed from the establishment of the representative system.”

But we must not linger in this part of our subject; and we will merely here remark, first, that the history of science and literature — of the useful and fine arts, of morals and of civil law, can only — so far as Europe is concerned, and for a large portion of the past eighteen centuries — be obtained from the records of the Church; and, secondly, that the history of Christianity in England is so mixed up with her social and political history, that it would be impossible to write a history of our own land without extensive and repeated recognitions of the professed Church of Christ.

Whatever advantage, then, is to be derived from the




history of the religions of mankind — from a unique exhibition of human nature — from history in general, and from the particular histories of politics, science, literature, and the arts — whatever benefit is to be derived from acquaintance with a particular class of historical facts and from the collateral knowledge which these afford; and from the mental discipline involved in the necessary research reading and reflection; may be obtained from the study of Church history.

Thus far we have spoken as a reader of books, and as a student, and chiefly, I may say entirely, of intellectual benefits. Let me now speak as a Christian, of spiritual and of religious advantages.

5. Acquaintance with Christianity, as a dispensation, is to be made chiefly through Church history. Christianity, as dispensed by God's hand, is not an isolated act; but a method and a system of providence; and its history shows this. I do not say that the system and method are apparent to every reader. Some readers of Church history would speak like the man who took up a post-office directory to wile away a weary hour; and who when asked how he liked the book, said: "Well, it is uncommonly full of facts, but they are rather disconnected." There is system, however; for while the blessings of the Christian economy are dispensed to the individual personally by God, Christianity has relation to time, and to place, and to society, and to successive generations of men. It is a rich provision for the salvation of men of all ages of the world; and of men of every kindred, and tribe, and tongue. It is *not* perfectly developed at once — but is like a grain of mustard seed — when sown, the least of seeds, but destined to become the greatest among herbs. Ever essentially the same, it is seldom exactly the same — but is like the waters of a long and winding river, which receive a tincture from the soils

through which they pass. Ever at work, it sometimes works secretly, and shows itself suddenly when and where least expected — like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened. And Christianity is known and appreciated as we remark the different means by which its provisions are presented to distinct peoples, and the varied forms in which the one life which it imparts is manifested. Information upon this particular topic is to be obtained, we admit, from the doctrinal statements of holy Scripture—from prophetic descriptions of the course which Christianity is destined to take—and from individual experience; but such information, to be complete, must be supplemented by knowledge which the history of the Church can alone supply. English society cannot be known by mingling merely with people of one social class. The scenery of Great Britain cannot be correctly estimated by visiting one county only, or by travels limited either to the west, or to the east, to the north, or to the south. We cannot become informed as to the character and merits of a building by inspecting only the foundation, or only the highest portions of the structure. To know it well, we must examine the whole edifice from the foundation to the summit. The sea—the whole sea as God has made it—is not known to the man who has seen nothing but calms; nor yet to him who has seen nothing but tempests and storms. Neither the untravelled Laplander, nor the West Indian, who has never left his own island, knows the sea. The former knows his ice-bound waters, but the sea is not frozen everywhere—the latter knows his warm, and bright and thickly-tenanted waters, but the sea is not everywhere sunned at all times by the orb of day, and filled with rich life. In like manner Christianity, as a dispensation, cannot be fully known except through its history. To know Christianity fully, we must




see it work in the coarse barbarian—in the proud Roman—in the vain and contemptuous Greek—in the fiery African—and in the superstitious Egyptian—we must see it while its doctrines were startling novelties, and after they have become as a tale often told—we must have our eye upon the Church while she is the sect everywhere spoken against, and when her religion has become the religion of the State—we must see how she demeans herself in tribulation and in joy—in persecution and in favour—in peril and in safety; when bearing her cross and when wearing her crown. We say again, there are words of God which indicate the general character of events during the Christian economy. As for example, some of the Christian prophecies and certain of Christ's parables. Quoting from the latter, we remind you that our Saviour said, "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also." Again: "So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." These parables teach us that serious errors and other evils shall be permitted to enter the Church of Christ, and shall be developed there, and that they will be destroyed after their full development. Also, that the manifestation of Christianity in stainless purity and full power and its universal establishment, shall be a slow and steady growth. To be acquainted with these parables is something; but to see in Church history these very parables fulfilled by facts is something more and something better. This leads us to observe further—

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6. That we must look to the history of the Church for information as to the fulfilment of divine promises made to the Church, and of prophecies delivered in God's name concerning her. "Let it be granted then," writes the author of "Ancient Christianity," "that the history of Christianity painfully disappoints the bright expectations we might have entertained of what the Gospel was to be and to do. But does it, in any particular, contradict our Lord's own forewarnings, or the Apostles' explicit predictions concerning the fate and position of its adherents in this world of evil? Assuredly not!" Now to be in a position to say whether events answer to promises and predictions, we must be acquainted not only with the words of promise and of prophecy, but with the history of the Church of Christ. No man can say whether the kingdom of heaven has been like leaven; and as a net cast into the sea; and as a wheat-field oversown with tares. No man can say whether as yet the Gospel has been preached for a witness to all nations; whether in the world the Church has had tribulation, and in Christ peace; and whether the promise has been fulfilled — "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" — except by the history of the Church. And to be able to say how, and when, and where, such and such words have been fulfilled — is to have a most important means of confirming our own faith, and of answering the sceptic and the scorner.

7. From the records of the Church in past ages, we receive the canon of the New Testament scriptures; and by knowledge of the opinions and feelings of the early Christians with regard to these writings, our devout acceptance of them, as given by inspiration of God, is confirmed. We do not overlook the fact that our New Testament contains full internal evidence of its genuineness and authenticity; but all must admit that the historical testimony to which



we now refer, is of great importance. To know, that before the Church was many years old, spurious writings were read as inspired scriptures in the assemblies of the Christians, and that, stimulated by this fact, some of the most learned and pious and capable among the Christians of the second century collected the books which were given by inspiration of God, and fixed the canon which is now generally recognized; is to know a fact of no small moment—especially when doubts are injected, or when doubts spring up spontaneously in our own hearts.


But there are advantages to be derived of a yet more spiritual kind.

8. By the study of Church history we learn to discriminate between Christ and his professed followers—between Christianity as it comes from God, and as it is embodied in the visible Church. As yet the Church of no age or nation has perfectly embodied and shown forth pure Christianity. There has always been some truth neglected, or some doctrine exaggerated; always some ordinance of Christ unduly administered—say, improperly elevated or degraded; always some great defect or practical error in worship; always impurity of fellowship; always some office or function abused, or prostituted, or ignored; and hence the rise of sects to bear testimony to the neglected truth—to protest against the doctrinal exaggeration—to administer the mal-administered ordinance duly—to purify and enrich worship—to cleanse Church fellowship, or to place each Church office upon its true foundation. And for our own part, while we hate with perfect hatred all sectarianism, we should be sorry to see any sect that is sincerely protesting against error, and honestly witnessing to the truth, die and become extinct; at least until the universal Church shall receive the whole truth and nothing but the truth; until the universal Church shall worship God in spirit, re-

joining in Christ Jesus, and putting no confidence in the flesh ; until the members of the Holy Catholic Church shall be a holy brotherhood, serving and loving each other as children of God, and a royal priesthood offering spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ ; and until the Church visible shall have become the Church of the living God, actual and real. Until that day—we say let every sect which has the Gospel for its creed, and Jesus for its master, and the purity of the Church for its end, and common life in Christ for its foundation, live — and may God speed all such witnesses, though their lives rebuke us, and their words be as swords in our bones, and though so long as they bear their testimony in sackcloth and ashes, it is impossible for the Church to put on her beautiful garments.

And as we read Church history, we find it constantly teaching us the importance of looking away from the disciples to the Master, and from the Church to God's Christ. The disciples can never take the place of the Master: no Church can be a substitute for God's Christ.

9. The history of the Church supplies us with a test of a certain class of religious opinions and practices. There has always been, except in very stagnant times, some new "Lo, here!" and some fresh "Lo, there!" And the attractions of novelty, and the charms of singularity, working upon pride and vanity, and upon a desire to be very deep in doctrine or very high in experience, assist to victimize many Christians. But a little knowledge of Church history shows up the religious wonder-maker as a plagiarist; and thus enlightened, we trace the new opinion to some old wives' fables, and we perceive that the new mode of worship or of working is an ancient, exploded, and unsuccessful experiment; so that we do not go to the thorn for grapes, or to the thistle for figs. We know what the fresh-planted tree will bear, by what it brought forth in past ages. We cal-



culate whither a particular wind of doctrine would take us by seeing to what positions it carried some who yielded themselves to its power in former times. We reject wood, hay, and stubble for our building, for in the history of the Church we read of their destruction. To test by our own experience and experiments every specious sentiment and every plausible suggestion would be hindersome and vexatious and injurious; like devoting your meal times to the study of dietetics, and employing your digestive organs not to assimilate food for your own sustenance, but to test its qualities for the advantage of science. The student of Church history has his eyes and his ears closed to many a "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!"

And 10. Can he who reads the history of the Church aright, indulge in dogmatism and bigotry? We know that the advantage to be derived from any source depends largely upon the disposition and capacity of the individual concerned; but certainly most serious blame must attach to him who, after having pondered the history of the Church, remains a dogmatist and a bigot still. Men will surely say to him this proverb, "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Waddington, in his preface to his Church history, remarks:—"Readers of this work will observe from their experience of every age of Christianity, that through the failings and variety of our nature, diversity in religious opinion is inseparable from religious belief. They will also observe the fruitlessness of every forcible attempt to prevent it; and they will also remark that it has seldom proved dangerous to the happiness of society, unless when civil authority has interfered to restrain it. The moral effect of this great historical lesson can be one only—uncontentious, unlimited moderation—a temperate zeal to soften the di-

versities which we cannot possibly prevent — a fervent disposition to conciliate the passions where we fail to convince the reason; to exercise that forbearance which we surely require ourselves; and constantly to bear in mind that in our common pursuit of the same eternal object, we are alike impeded by the same human and necessary imperfections.” To learn this lesson well is to keep the monster bigotry at a respectful distance from us.

11. Acquaintance with the Church of past ages is a likely means of increasing our gratitude for present mercies.

It was not without cause for the caution, that the Apostle Paul wrote to the Church at Corinth: “Neither murmur ye.” And are there not multitudes of Christians who need that this prohibition of murmuring should be addressed to themselves? It may be human to murmur, as it is in other ways to err; and certainly, it is English, and Scotch, and Irish to grumble. If, however, in any communities one might expect murmuring to be unusual and strange, it is in the Churches of our Lord and Saviour. Here, however, it has become exceedingly fashionable and popular. According to some, nothing is right. All former times were better than these. Now please to put your finger, my grumbling brother, upon those pages in the history of the Church which show any former times to have been equal to these. When were the holy Scriptures translated into so many languages, or sold as now for so small a sum as that we may say they may be bought “without money and without price?” When were useful commentaries and various helps in the reading of the Scriptures so numerous and accessible to all classes as in our times? When was the press so busy for truth and for Jesus Christ as it is at this day? In what year of the world’s history was freedom to worship God so near to perfection as in Great Britain at the

present time? When were Christians so busily occupied with publicans and sinners, with seeking and saving the outcast and the lost? And tell me,—when has Christianity exerted such a desirable influence beyond the pale of the Church as she is putting forth while we speak? In no former days has there been in Great Britain, and we may almost say throughout Europe, such mental activity, or so good a moral tone, or so limited an appeal to brute force, or so much moderation, or so equal an administration of laws, or so sincere a consideration of the claims of the multitude as now. And whence has all this proceeded? While we look to our Saviour as the source, we must account His Church as the channel, and we must say to all her members, “Ye ARE the salt of the earth,” “Ye ARE the light of the world.” What would men of former times have given for a tithe of our privileges? As we read the history of the Church, and compare former days with the present, while we find much cause for humiliation and prayer, we see abundant reason for thankfulness and for praise.

12. A deeper conviction of the truth of Christianity is another benefit to be derived from devoutly reading the history of the Church. To this remark, it may be objected that ecclesiastical history in general, is such a record of vices and follies, of controversies and heresies, of contentions and discord, of separations and schisms, that a contrary effect may be anticipated. Now, we admit that many pages in the story of the Church's life, even when most fairly written, exhibits spots hellishly black and devilishly foul. But, then, we affirm that there are pages of a different character in this self-same book. “Nothing,” it has been truthfully observed by an able writer when describing the first three centuries, “is easier than to adduce instances of exalted virtue, piety, and constancy, combined with what all must admit to have been an infatuated attachment to pernicious

errors. Yet, may our brethren of the early Church challenge our respect as well as our affection. For theirs was the fervour of a steady faith in things unseen and eternal; theirs a meek patience and humility under the most grievous wrongs; theirs the courage to maintain a good profession before the frowning face of philosophy, of secular tyranny, and of splendid superstition; theirs was abstractedness from the world, and a painful self-denial; theirs the most arduous and costly labours of love; theirs a munificence of charity altogether without example; theirs was a reverent and scrupulous care of the sacred writings; and this merit, if they had no other, is of a superlative degree, and should entitle them to the veneration and sacred regards of the modern Church." "How little do Christians of modern days think of what it cost the Christians of the second and third centuries to hide the sacred treasure from the eye of the heathen." "During that fresh morning of the Church there belonged to the followers of Christ generally a fulness of faith in the realities of the unseen world such as in later ages has been reached only by a few eminent individuals, and the thousands then felt a persuasion which now is felt only by a few." To read of such men is not to endanger our piety, but to surround ourselves with a cloud of witnesses whose presence cannot fail to stimulate us in our race.

The history of the Church is not, then, a mere calendar of crime; but if the story were darker and more blotted than it really is, our faith might be confirmed by reading it. The husbandman does not become a sceptic in agriculture because some seed falls by the wayside, and is devoured by fowls; and some upon stony places, and is scorched by the sun; and some among thorns which choke it: nor because there is much barren soil in earth's fields, and many weeds sometimes mingled with the finest of the wheat. The

fisherman does not denounce his craft because his nets enclose bad fish and good. Nor should we allow our faith to be weakened by looking upon the fearful and wide-spread corruptions of the Church of Christ, either in the present day or in past times. The ruins of some ancient cities are more interesting and instructive than the fresh splendour of many modern towns. The proud capital in which the Hebrew, in the day of Jeremiah, was enslaved, had no charms for him (even though he had been made free) like the charms of the broken walls and of the ruined temple of his own Jerusalem. And however far the visible Church may, as a whole, or in sections, have wandered at times from the truth, and have strayed from pure worship and from allegiance to Jesus Christ; the connection of our Saviour with that Church—although it be but by the form of his ordinances, the repetition of his words, or the mention of his name—gives a charm and a power to the history which no other records can put forth or possess.

We say, then, to all who are listening to us, read and study the history of the Church of Christ. All the advantages to be reaped from history in general may be found here. But beside these there are special benefits. As the history of the most extraordinary religion which the world has known, even if it be false, and as all Christians say of the only pure religion since Judaism departed; as developing to an unparalleled extent human nature; as illuminating many parts of general history; and as largely illustrating various forms and principles of government, ecclesiastical history has its own claims upon the attention of the general reader and of the student of literature. But as unfolding the dispensation of Christianity; as demonstrating the fulfilment of divine promises; as teaching some important practical lessons; as checking certain serious and common faults, and as adapted to confirm his faith, the study of Church history has special claims upon every Christian.

Isaac Taylor recommends that none should study Church history except those who can go deeply into it. We admit the dangers of partial knowledge ; but we fear yet more the jeopardies of complete ignorance, if, indeed, in this day there can be total ignorance. We would, however, remark that if a little knowledge be a dangerous thing, we decrease the danger by increasing the information. Moreover, it is not easily determined what amount of knowledge constitutes "the little" dangerous. All knowledge possessed by man is, in some relations, "little." Every school-boy knows, and many school-boys often quote, the confession of Sir Isaac Newton :—"I do not know what I may appear to the world ; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." We incline to say to every Christian, "Get what knowledge of Church history you can, and be more regardful of quality than of quantity ; and, in reading ecclesiastical records, take heed to your spirit."

Read with *humility*—not thinking of yourselves more highly than you ought to think—but soberly ; then you will not expect too much from Christians of past times. Your censures of their faults will be cautious and fair, and your appreciation of their virtues and of their services will be hearty and generous. You will not be searching the unguent of the apothecary for dead flies ; or magnifying a mote in the eye of an ancient brother or of an ancient church, while a beam is in your own eye.

Read with *carefulness*. Jortin says :—"Ecclesiastical history is a sort of enchanted ground where it is hard to distinguish truth from false appearances, and a maze which requires more than Ariadne's clue." Read with *devout attention* to Christ's own description of the course and working of the Christian system. "My ways," saith God,

"are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts." Read with *discrimination*, separating the real Church from the visible Church, the apostate visible from the visible and true, and separating the errors and crimes of the professed disciples of our Saviour from the system founded by Jesus Himself. Then the knowledge of all that has been evil in the Church of the past will not hurt you. Men do not despise a precious jewel because it has been stolen and worn by the thief; men do not despise the violet because it is sometimes found growing among weeds and nettles, which hide its modest beauty and repress the diffusion of its delicate fragrance; nor does any man say that there is not a perfect human body to be found because he has seen some of his fellows maimed and lame, blind, deaf, paralyzed, and dumb. Read with *candour* and with a supreme *desire* to know the *truth*. If you have determined to retain all your own opinions upon the various subjects which ecclesiastical history presents to us; or, if you have resolved to receive only such opinions as accord with those which you have already embraced, you will find historians writing with your particular bias, and you will also discover portions of genuine history, which, when misinterpreted and misapplied, will seem to confirm your own views. But such reading will render only ill service. Read with a pure desire to discover truth, and with your mind open to conviction; read ready to have your opinions confirmed or destroyed, as the manifestation of what is true may demand, and with a determination, so far as in you lies, to receive nothing but the truth—ready to advance with Truth as her companion, if this honour may be yours; but, if not, glad to grace her triumphs even as a captive bound to the wheels of her chariot. Read with the spirit of *fair and honest criticism*, looking each witness in the face and asking "Who is he? What does he say? Why does he say this? and by what means did he gain his informa-

tion?" Above all, read the history of the Church of Christ with *fervent prayer*; and if you need a form of words, we commend to you words which have often come into our mind and embodied our desires when engaged in ecclesiastical studies. We mean Milton's Invocation addressed to the Holy Ghost:—

“And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st. Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.”

Thus—prayerful, truth-loving, candid, careful, humble, and devout, walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, and examine carefully her holy city. This hill is the mountain of God's holiness, and this city is the city of the Great King, beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth!

“I saw,” saith the most elevated of the New Testament seers, “the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great Voice out of Heaven saying, ‘Behold! the Tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.’ And the city had the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates: on the east three gates, on the north

three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls: every several gate was of one pearl. And the building of the wall of the city was jasper, and it had twelve foundations, which were garnished with all manner of precious stones. And the city was pure gold like unto clear glass, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

“And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nation into it. And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb’s Book of Life. And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nation.

“And there shall be no more curse; but the Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see his face, and his name shall be on their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

My young brothers, are you citizens of the holy city?

In plain language, do you belong to the true Church of Christ? I do not ask you whether you are Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Congregationalists. This is not the place for such an inquiry, even if I were disposed to make it. I ask you, do you belong to the true Church of Christ? If you are a member of the Church of the living God, let me exhort you to demean yourselves as becometh this divine and enduring relation, and to walk worthy of this holy calling.

God Almighty grant that when the "New Jerusalem" shall "come down from God out of Heaven," we may be found citizens of "the holy city." And until that day shall dawn, let us "take pleasure in her stones and favour the dust thereof."

May the blessing of God be ever with the Christian Young Men's Association. Farewell!

Hogarth and his Pictures.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.



HOGARTH AND HIS PICTURES.


IN order that you and I may fairly understand each other, permit me, in the very outset of this lecture, to state that it does not come within the scope of my intention, because it does not come within the compass of my powers, to offer anything in the shape of art-criticism on the works of William Hogarth. Of Hogarth's merits as a painter, I do not presume to speak. What rank he deserves to hold amongst the great masters has long been a disputed point. Most of his contemporaries indignantly and scornfully rejected his claim to be considered a painter at all. Many art-critics even in our day have coincided in that condemnation—some, I believe, at the present time, would exclude Hogarth's name from the list of British painters. To the question "Was Hogarth a painter?" I will not venture to reply by a decided affirmative, lest I should expose myself to the onslaught of some art-critic who could probably prove, in his way, that I am utterly wrong. I can only say that in the opinion of some artists and lovers of art, Hogarth was not a painter; and that, in the opinion of the British nation and of the world, so far as the world knows anything of him, he was a painter, one of the greatest painters that ever lived—and almost, if not altogether without exception, the greatest

painter that England has produced. To the question "Was Hogarth a painter?" scores, possibly hundreds, answer No; millions answer Yes. The overwhelming majority is in favour of Hogarth; but then the truth, even in matters far plainer than a painter's merits, does not always lie with the majority. The "no" of the scores and hundreds may possibly be a correcter answer than the "yes" of the millions. But I believe that I am correct in stating that, amongst the millions, there are artists and art-critics whose judgment is quite as worthy of reliance as that of Hogarth's detractors; and that there is not only the majority of numbers, but a balance of enlightened opinion in favour of Hogarth: so that I hope we may be allowed to call him a painter, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary. But again I would observe, that on Hogarth's merits as a painter, I cannot venture to pronounce an independent opinion. Art is not my province: this, I have no doubt, I shall abundantly prove before the conclusion of my lecture. I cannot but be aware that, after such a confession as this, the fact of my having undertaken to deliver a lecture on such a subject must appear to many a piece of great—of intolerable presumption, if not of downright impudence. I think I hear some one say, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last. If you know anything about theology write theology, speak theology; but leave art and artists to those who understand them." Well: if Hogarth were simply a painter, and nothing more, I assure you that I should never have thought of lecturing upon him and his works; but Hogarth was not a painter only—he was a historian, for his pictures constitute one of the best records of the manners of his age; he was a humourist, for his pictures are full of drollery and fun; he was a satirist, for his pictures hold up the follies and vices of mankind to contempt and scorn; and, better still, he was a moralist, for

many of his pictures are most vivid and tremendous commentaries upon that truth of Scripture, "The way of transgressors is hard." As far as the purpose of this lecture is concerned, it signifies little whether the academicians recognise Hogarth as one of their brotherhood or not. Painter or no painter—call him what you will—Hogarth's pictures are capable of amusing us, instructing us, improving us. Whatever be the merits of "The Election" as a work of art, it is a grand political satire. "Gin Lane" may be horrible as a painting; but it is a powerful lecture against intemperance. "The Rake's Progress" may not satisfy the art-critic, but it is one of the most terrible exposures of the evils of profligacy. "Industry and Idleness" may, for aught I know, be a series of vulgar daubs; but let me tell the young men assembled here, that they might visit all the galleries of Europe, and see all the mythological, historical, and scriptural pictures of the greatest masters with far less practical profit than they may obtain from the study of those homely prints in which the widely differing careers of the two London apprentices have been so graphically set forth by Hogarth. Since, then, Hogarth was one of the greatest moral teachers of his time; and since his pictures are capable of affording as valuable instruction to the present generation as they afforded to generations that are past, I hope that I may be pardoned for venturing to speak of him and his works. I cannot take up his pictures as works to be critically examined; but I shall try to make some of them texts, the exposition of which may illustrate some important practical truths that have relationship to the affairs of every-day life.

William Hogarth was born in London on the 10th of December, 1697. His ancestors were a Westmoreland family; but his father migrated to the metropolis, and there kept a school, meeting with very indifferent success:

his death took place in the year 1721. William Hogarth was born in 1697, and died in 1764: consequently he saw William III., Anne, and the first, second, and third Georges occupants of the British throne. The years of Hogarth's life did not form one of those periods of our history upon which we can reflect with very great satisfaction. The age could boast of not a few great names—Addison, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Young, and Watts among the poets; Swift, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Johnson among its literary men; Adam Smith, Reid, Hume, and Berkeley, among philosophers; Gibbon and Robertson among historians; Butler, Romaine, Whitfield, and Wesley among divines—all were Hogarth's contemporaries; and many other well-known names in all the walks of literature and science might be added. But still, numerous as were the great men of the time, they did not redeem their age from contempt. The eighteenth century was destitute alike of the political earnestness and the religious fervour of the seventeenth. The Churchmen and Dissenters of Hogarth's time were most unworthy successors of the hierarchical and puritanical parties of the previous age; the Whigs and Tories of Hogarth's time failed to sustain any of the good characteristics of the Cavaliers and Commonwealth men who had fought at Naseby and Marston Moor. There was probably greater mental darkness in England in the middle of the eighteenth century than there had been in the middle of the seventeenth; there was certainly far less religious knowledge and religious life at the later date than at the earlier. What! you ask, could this be the case with so many eminent literary men—men living and writing in our country—the age of “The Spectator,” “The Tatler,” “The Rambler,” “The Wealth of Nations,” and “The Analogy of Religion;”—that an age of intellectual darkness? Yes; to the great mass of the people it was. Literary men wrote for a very small circle



of readers. Literary men for the most part sneakingly crept about the back-stairs of great men's houses; depended on the patronage of some noble name; prefaced their works with the most contemptible flatteries addressed to this titled Mæcenas and to that; in the general public they had no confidence, for the general public they appear to have taken little thought. Books being costly, were considered the luxury of the rich, and scarcely any efforts were made to extend the advantages of knowledge to the poor. The state in which Wesley and Whitfield found the people of England—the brutal ignorance, the total absence of all religious life, the coarse opposition which they encountered—these facts sufficiently prove that the great bulk of the population profited little or nothing through the literary and scholastic triumphs of the men who then adorned our country. I have stated the limits of Hogarth's life (1697–1764) in order that, falling back upon your knowledge of English history, you may have before you the age which Hogarth's works illustrate, and of which his works are one of the best historical records.

It does not appear that Hogarth was a very proficient school-boy. He confesses that his exercises were much more remarkable for the ornaments with which his fancy surrounded them, than for their accuracy as specimens of composition, or their originality as results of thought. It must not be supposed that because a lad does nothing extraordinary at school, he will be a dunce and a blockhead all his days. Some boys who are perfect prodigies of talent at school, turn out great boobies afterwards. Therefore Paterfamilias ought not to hope too much if his son is at the top of his class, and certainly has no reason to despair if he is at the bottom. Hogarth was taken from school at an early age, and never had the opportunity of obtaining a good education. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, in whose

employment he was a good deal engaged in drawing and engraving, occupations in which he greatly delighted. But the range of subjects which the silversmith's trade afforded was very limited. To engrave initial letters and heraldic devices upon people's spoons and tankards was an occupation which Hogarth soon learned to despise; he was resolved to attempt something greater. He learned the art of copperplate engraving; and, not satisfied with this, aspired to be a painter. England had as yet produced no artist of eminence; it could scarcely be said that a British school of painting existed. While other nations were, with reason, boasting of the productions of their great masters, productions which have never been excelled, English artists appear to have been engaged in such works, as those which are recorded to have been paid for by the Churchwardens of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol: — "Master Cummings hath delivered a new sepulchre, well gilt, with cover thereto, with all the ordinance that belongeth thereto. Item: Heaven made of timber and iron work; Hell made of timber and iron work, with devils thirteen. Item: three pairs of angel's wings; four angels made of timber, and well painted." That was the state of fine art in England a little before the era of the Reformation; and if that was all that Popery did for us in the way of fine art, I think we need not, even on artistic grounds, sigh for the return of those mediæval times. But even in Hogarth's day, native art was very scarce. Foreigners had come to England and been well patronised. Holbein in the time of Henry VIII; Vandyke in the time of Charles I.; Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, afterwards. Sir Joshua Reynolds was an Englishman; but he was Hogarth's junior by more than a quarter of a century. Gainsborough was an Englishman; but Hogarth was forty years old when Gainsborough was born. When Hogarth commenced, there was no English name that




could fairly be said to have redeemed our country from the reproach of being destitute of artistic talent. We could boast of almost every other gift and power. If continental nations talked of their dramatists, we could mention Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; if they spoke of poets, we could proudly refer to Milton and Spenser; if they gloried in their philosophers, they could not glory over the countrymen of Bacon and Newton: but it must be confessed that when they asked us for the rivals of Raffaele and Correggio, of Rubens and Rembrandt, we were fain to hold our peace: the age of British painters had not come. And as no English artist of eminence had appeared, it was considered by the men well versed in art, that no great English painter was to be expected. There was something in our climate, something in the constitution of the people, something in our religion—something somewhere—which it was supposed had rendered, and would render, native art of any high character an impossibility. Hogarth did not partake of this general scepticism. He would not hear his country thus libelled by his countrymen. He grew impatient when he heard the great continental masters praised to the disparagement of English painters, and declared himself prepared to compete with any of the foreigners, whose genius was, in his opinion, so extravagantly extolled. It was not one of Hogarth's failings to think meanly of his own powers. He was far too much of an Englishman for that; and he lived and died in the conviction that neither the Italian, nor the Flemish, nor any other school had ever produced a painter, superior, or indeed equal, to himself. Hogarth was one of those true-born Englishmen who think it patriotic to despise all other nations; and to the last he retained his contempt not only for foreign manners, laws, and religions, but also for foreign painters—a contempt rather curiously illustrated in one of his works called, "The Battle of the Pictures." Here a great

number of paintings are fighting with each other. A "St. Francis" has driven itself through Hogarth's "Morning." A "Madonna" has made havoc of another of Hogarth's pictures. But the tide of fortune turns; one of the plates of "The Rake's Progress" makes a hole in Titian's "Feast of Olympus," and Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation" runs down and damages "A Bacchanalian" by Rubens.

Like many other men who have risen to eminence, Hogarth had to contend with poverty. I do not find that he was ever reduced to actual want; but I read this anecdote, which discovers at once the low state of his finances and the power of his pencil. Being one day distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged on his landlady, who insisted on payment, he drew her portrait just as she was storming in her fury, and it is said that in that picture he gave most hopeful indications of the genius which led him to such triumphant success. But he had to struggle long. The printsellers to whom he took the productions of his pencil and his graver, put the screw on hard, and he was fain to part with some of his copper-plates at the rate of half-a-crown per pound. He was occupied a good deal in engraving frontispieces and illustrations for various works, amongst which we find that he designed and engraved a series of plates for *Hudibras*; but there is nothing very remarkable in these productions. *Hudibras*, like the "Pilgrim's Progress," is a work which needs little pictorial illustration, being itself such a wonderful series of pictures—the pen has anticipated the pencil, and the painter can only tell us in one way what the author has already told us, quite as well, or still better, in another. And although the lover of art may pronounce me a heretic worthy of being burned, I venture to state that pictures of scriptural scenes have always appeared to me to labour under the same defect. I do not know

that the painter can add much to the impression which is left upon the mind by the Evangelist's account of the resurrection of Lazarus and the crucifixion of the Saviour. At all events, this must be granted, that such pictures do not merit the palm of complete originality—they are only the painter's version of an incident supplied to him, and supplied most graphically, by the sacred writer; but curious enough his version sometimes is and there is often rather too much originality in the details. I saw somewhere, a few weeks ago, a picture of Christ preaching from Peter's boat, and there, on the lake of Galilee, the artist, with a wonderful sense of propriety, has depicted a Dutch three-decker, with the guns firing from her port-holes. But, whatever be the merits or demerits of pictures which are, with no small degree of assumption, called "illustrations" of books, whether secular or sacred, let us return to Hogarth. The most famous English painter of the day was Sir James Thornhill, a man of considerable talent; it was he who painted the interior of St. Paul's dome with those rather dim "illustrations" of the life of the Apostle—which, for anything one can tell, might be illustrations of the life of Julius Cæsar; for that work, Sir James was paid in the true English style, not for the quality but for the quantity of his work; forty-seven shillings per square yard was the amount, I believe, and possibly it was quite enough. Well: Sir James had an academy, in which he gave instruction in the art of painting, and Hogarth became a student. What degree of attention he paid to the learned lecturer I cannot tell; but he seems to have thought more of Sir James's daughter than of his lectures—at all events, he ran away with the young lady, and made her his wife, to the no small mortification of Sir James, who remained long unreconciled, until he saw that he had reason to be proud of the connection rather than to consider it a disgrace.

And now Hogarth, like all other married men, found that his purse must carry double. He was very properly desirous of surrounding his young wife with the comforts, if he could not command the opulence, to which she had been accustomed. It was about this time that he turned his attention to portrait-painting, which was by far the most lucrative branch of the profession. Almost every person, and especially every ugly person, likes to have a portrait of himself; and the painter, if he is a wise man, with one eye to his canvas and the other to his customer, and both to business, can generally contrive to imitate the charity which hides a multitude of sins. Hogarth could paint portraits, and did paint some that gave great satisfaction; but he soon found that he had not been born for that sort of work. His portraits labour under one great and most serious defect—they are a great deal too much like the originals—they are dreadfully faithful. When Cromwell sat for his portrait, to Sir Peter Lely, he is said to have sternly admonished the painter in these words: “I desire that you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it.” Hogarth needed no such instructions. If a man were ugly he was only too glad to be as careful and minute as possible in the delineation of his ugliness. Hogarth’s portrait-painting soon came to an end. A certain nobleman, who happened to be the reverse of handsome, went and sat to Hogarth for his portrait. It was painted with the most appalling fidelity. When his lordship saw it, he indignantly refused to take it. It remained for a while in Hogarth’s studio, until the noble lord was brought to terms by the following letter, the syntax of which is not perfectly clear—but there are men whose bad grammar has more sense in it than you will find



in other people's perfectly correct effusions. "Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture that was drawn for him, is again informed of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man—Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition picture, in case of his lordship's refusal."

Happily for the world, Hogarth gave portrait-painting up, or portrait-painting gave him up. He turned his talents into another channel; he marked out a path for himself—a path in which he followed none, but in which some have followed him, not without success. He determined to paint the manners of his own age—its weaknesses and follies, its miseries and its sins. It was a bold and original idea; but it was an eminently sensible and practical idea. For was it not much better to present the world with faithful pictures of itself that might make it ashamed of its foolishness; that might make it tremble at its crimes; that might commend virtue in its eyes; than to multiply representations of Madonnas and Magdalens; to say nothing of the "Judgment of Paris," the "Rape of Europa," the "Doom of Actæon," and all the rest of the rubbish gathered from the dirty fables of Greek mythology? The first fruits of Hogarth's idea took the world by surprise. It was a series of pictures in which he delineated the career of one of that unhappy class which is still to be found in numbers perhaps greater than ever—of a woman "who forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God." This work was followed by "The Rake's Progress," in eight pictures, in the first of which a young man is seen coming to his estate; in the last picture he is raving in a mad-house. Then appeared in rapid succession, many others: "South-

wark Fair," "The Enraged Musician," "The Distressed Poet," "Marriage à la Mode," "Industry and Idleness," "The Gate of Calais," "The Progress of Cruelty," "Beer Street," "Gin Lane," "The March to Finchley," and "The Election." It was perhaps rather unfortunate, that Hogarth, not content with his pencil and graver, ventured to take up the pen. He wrote a book called "The Analysis of Beauty," which brought him more trouble than credit, and upon the merits of which I can offer no opinion. Thus Hogarth lived and worked, and rose to fame and opulence; his health declined in his later years, and as I have said, in 1764 he died, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard, where I believe his monument may still be seen, bearing the well-known epitaph composed by Garrick, who was one of Hogarth's friends : —

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear ;
If neither move thee, turn away.
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

We cannot say that all Hogarth's works are "pictured morals;" some of them are not exactly instructive, but simply droll. "The Enraged Musician," "The Laughing Audience," "The Oratorio," "The University Lecture," are examples. "The Undertaker's Arms," also, is a curious specimen of Hogarth's humour. It is a picture, drawn, I suppose, in careful accordance with the laws of heraldry, which Hogarth had enjoyed the opportunity of studying at the silversmith's shop. There is a shield, and it bears "a strange device." What do you suppose? — what would you expect on the

shield of the Worshipful Company of Undertakers? An urn perhaps, or a broken column, or a weeping willow, or an hour-glass, or the figure of old Father Time with his scythe over his shoulder, or some other approved emblem of mortality? Hogarth chose none of these. I regret to state that he felt it his painful duty to fill up the shield of "The Undertaker's Arms" with the portraits of about a dozen medical men. There they are, each of them wearing the great five-storied wig which was then in fashion, each of them holding in his hand his gold-headed cane, all of them looking very grave and very wise. One of them is supposed to represent the most celebrated oculist of the time; but Hogarth has given him only one eye. He has, however, made him some compensation, for he has depicted an eye on the head of the oculist's cane, to indicate, perhaps, that the doctor and his cane are both alike, sticks, and equally capable of understanding and treating the cases which may be committed to their care. Underneath the shield is the motto, which is the unkindest cut of all, and which consists of these words,

"Et plurima mortis imago."


An abominable slander on the medical profession, no doubt; but still, if we are to believe the testimony of medical men themselves, we shall be in danger of falling into the scepticism which Hogarth evidently felt. For each of the three classes, allopathists, homœopathists, and hydropathists would be delighted to pronounce Hogarth's picture a very fair and correct representation of the other two. I believe it has been said that Hogarth, in this sally of his wit, intended to attack quackery, and meant nothing disrespectful to the regular medical practitioner. Looking at it in this light, "The Undertaker's Arms" is not without its meaning in the present day. Much of the ignorance and folly of

Hogarth's times have passed away, but quackery thrives and flourishes still. Amongst the discoveries of recent years, there are two which have probably been rather injurious than beneficial. That most worthy individual, Mr. John Bull, has discovered that he possesses a "constitution;" and he has had no rest of body or of mind ever since he made that unhappy discovery. This "constitution" is a perfect pest to him. He cannot live in town because it does not agree with his "constitution;" he cannot eat this, and he dare not drink that, because it will provoke the wrath of his "constitution." Spring, summer, autumn, and winter—all and equally try his "constitution." He has made another uncomfortable discovery, to wit: that there dwelleth in him somewhere a wretch called a "nervous system," which "nervous system" is subject to most systematic derangement. These two horrid conspirators have destroyed John Bull's happiness. They demand of him almost all sorts of things—life pills, antibilious pills, stomach pills, family pills, patent elixirs and carminatives, patent medicated cream, pyretic saline, nervo-arterial essence, magnetic hair brushes, and galvanic belts. Poor John Bull, believing in all these, buying all these, reposing the most implicit confidence in all these—what an ass the honest man makes of himself! It were well if such inventions bore in black letters on a red ground the motto of "The Undertaker's Arms," "*Et plurima mortis imago*," without which none are genuine. My advice, to young men especially, is this, and it is advice founded upon experience, don't you have a "constitution" or a "nervous system." I have never had either the one or the other, and I assure you I never felt the worse for their absence.

To notice all of Hogarth's pictures would, on an occasion like the present, be impossible. I could mention many of them which contain so much thought, so much feeling, so much history, and so much that is suggestive of instruction,

that each of them deserves a lecture to itself. When I remind you that a learned, but perhaps somewhat prosy, German author published a work in five volumes, descriptive of Hogarth's pictures, you will perceive that the chief difficulty is how to select those which are most calculated to advance the object which in this lecture I should have in view, viz., the mental, moral, and religious welfare of the members of your Association. I do not think that I shall be departing from the proper line of observation if I refer for a few moments to Hogarth's "Election." In England, every man takes an interest, and ought to take an interest, in politics; and it is worth our while to know how political contests were carried on a hundred years ago. In noticing this work of Hogarth, which is one of his very best, I shall carefully abstain from the utterance of any remark calculated to injure the "constitution" of a Conservative, or to shock the "nervous system" of a Liberal. However widely politicians may differ in their opinions and their aims, in their electioneering tactics and practices they are so very much alike, that Hogarth's pictures will equally suit them; all the caps will fit either party, and it is impossible to say which of the two is most keenly satirized by Hogarth. "The Election" consists of four pictures—in the first we are introduced to an election-feast; for nothing great can be accomplished in England unless due homage be paid to the palate and stomach of John Bull. Almost every charity must have its annual dinner. The old adage is "throw a sprat to catch a salmon;" we have improved upon it, we use turtle for bait, and so we hook the great porpoises and leviathans of the titled and monied classes. Here, at the election-feast we see one of the candidates surrounded by a number of his friends and supporters, whom his liberality has gathered about him. Whether the candidate is a Tory or a Whig it is difficult to say. Over his head floats a banner, inscribed


with the words "Liberty and Loyalty;" but liberty and loyalty mean anything you please, and in an election contest, mean nothing at all. Nor can the political principles of the feasting party be safely inferred from the "Independent Elector's Arms," which adorns one of the walls of the banquetting-room, for that device will do equally well for Tories and for Whigs. The crest is an open mouth, the shield bears three guineas, the motto is, "Ask and Have." Why Hogarth pitched upon three guineas, I do not know. Perhaps that was, in his days, the average price of a vote. But I am not aware that there is any article of traffic the value of which fluctuates so much as that of a vote. Sometimes it can be bought for the price of a glass of gin, sometimes it reaches £100; and there are a few stubborn people who won't sell at any price at all! It is to be regretted that in this picture Hogarth allowed himself to satirize, in a very cruel manner, a most respectable class of persons. Although most of the guests have laid down their knives and forks, and are devoting their attention to the punch which is being brewed in a mash-tub, there is one "free and independent," whose voracity is unappeased and unappeasable. If ever there was a gormandizer, it is that capacious man whose gown and bands proclaim him to be the parson of the parish. In another part of the room there is a man in appearance very different from his reverence, a very lean and miserable-looking being, whom some of Hogarth's commentators have pronounced a puritan tailor. Whoever or whatever he is, we see in him the election game pictured to the life. The puritan tailor seems disposed to give an honest vote; but on his right hand is one of the election agents, with money in his hand—on the tailor's left, is his wife—and such a wife! dirty, ragged, starved, ill-tempered—one hand is lifted up towards her spouse in a most threatening manner, the other rests on the



head of their little boy, who lifts up his shoeless foot, and points to it, thus appealing to the poor tailor's parental affection. Do you ask what the worthy woman is saying? Her attitude and demeanour sufficiently inform us: she is obviously addressing her husband in some such terms as these: "Now then! none of your squeamishness. What's the use of being a freeman if you can't get something by it? Don't talk to me of your conscience—hang your conscience! Think of your starving wife and children, will you! Take the money, and say no more about it." There is lying on the floor one of the election cries of that time, which gives us no very high conception of the intelligence of the creature that calls itself the British public. It is to this effect,—
"Give us our Eleven Days!" When the style was altered, it seemed to an Englishman a very shocking thing that he should go to bed on the last day of April, and not get up again until the twelfth of May. He was not the man to stand that; he was not to be done out of the greater part of a fortnight. Such a horrid conspiracy against the people's rights had never been heard of; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act would have been nothing to it. The Government had actually stolen from the people of this free and Protestant country eleven days; the lives of millions had been shortened; they would all die and be buried eleven days before their proper time. Was that to be endured? Could any man with a spark of patriotism in his bosom tolerate it? Could Englishmen look upon their wives and children, doomed to die eleven days too soon, without rising to overthrow such an unnatural government? No: and, therefore, when a gentleman appeared upon the hustings, he was asked, "Will you vote for giving us back our eleven days?" and, like a sensible man, he said "I will." Legislation has not quite succeeded in putting down mal-practices at elections; and Hogarth,

in this picture, shows that he, for one, had very little faith in anything that government could do in this direction. Many of the electors are smokers; and there is a tray containing strips of paper to be used in lighting the pipes. On examining these strips carefully, we find that they are the fragments of a copy of the Act against bribery and corruption. Obviously the painter thought such acts were all smoke, and many people since his time have held the same opinion. The next of "The Election" pictures represents the canvass—that curious process which is evidently founded on the assumption that every Englishman is open to an offer. How complimentary to our political intelligence and political honour is that practice of canvassing! However, there it is, done to a turn. A jolly-looking farmer stands before us: on one side is the agent of the Hon. Mr. Tweedledum, on the other the particular friend of the Hon. Mr. Tweedledee. To which shall the farmer give his vote? He shakes hands with both his friends, and in shaking hands he feels the palm-oil with which each has prepared himself. There is a sidelong leer in his eye, which shows that he will vote for Tweedle-dum. Why?—is Tweedle-dum the sounder politician, the better patriot? Perhaps not; but I see in the hand of Tweedle-dum's agent five guineas, whereas Tweedle-dee's friend offers only three. The case is decided: Tweedledum is, of course, the better man. Hurrah! Tweedle-dum and Townside for ever! In this picture there are only four houses shown, and three of them are taverns. From this it may be fairly inferred that, in Hogarth's time, the public-house interest had a good deal to do with determining the result of an election contest. Some people think that this is still the case—that there are parliamentary boroughs and municipal wards in which beer is omnipotent. On this point I am not prepared to offer an opinion. These three taverns in "The Canvass" are worth noticing.


At the door of one we see a device which illustrates one of Hogarth's chief characteristics. He had a mortal hatred of France and Frenchmen; and he has represented that noble animal, the British lion, not after the common manner of a sign-board, in a rampant state, fencing at some imaginary antagonist and insanely beating the air; nor after the manner of a sign-board which I have seen in a country town, where the lion manages to walk upon three legs and holds in one of his paws the French Fleur-de-lis. But Hogarth's British lion is deliberately eating that beautiful flower, which is the emblem of the French monarchy. It is enough to delight the heart of an entire rifle corps to see how the British lion just makes one mouthful of all France and all Frenchmen. At another public-house there is what I might call a disturbance; but I think I shall be better understood if I call it a row. The mob has attacked the "Crown," and our patriot has mounted the sign-board and is cutting it down with a saw, forgetful of the fact that he is astride the beam outside the saw, and that, consequently, when the sign tumbles he must tumble with it. Since it is the sign of the Crown that is attacked, and since if the sign come down, the man who is cutting at it must come down too, it is probable that Hogarth here intends to expose what he considered the dangerous and suicidal designs of those who were disaffected to the reigning family, and still plotted for the restoration of the house of Stuart. There are other incidents in "The Canvass" worthy of our study; but we must pass on to notice "The Polling." There, the most interesting feature is a dispute about the validity of an oath. A pensioner comes to record his vote; but he must first be sworn, and, accordingly, the clerk presents to him the book. But the pensioner has lost in the service of his country a leg, an arm, and both his hands; his left arm is *left*, and an iron hook occupies the place of the left



hand. With this the pensioner tries to seize the book, when the lawyer for the opposite side interferes. On two grounds he objects to that oath: in the first place, the Act requires that the book shall be taken in the right hand, whereas that hook is attached to the left arm. In the second place, the Act requires that the book shall be taken in the hand, whereas this man has no hand at all. "I protest, therefore, against that vote; it is invalid; it must not be allowed. What is to become of the country if such a mode of taking an oath is permitted to pass unchallenged? Why, the Crown itself is jeopardised by that iron hook. All that I can say is, that I foresee the downfall of our national greatness; the sun of England will set; the time will soon come when another Gibbon will be required to write a still more tragical 'Decline and Fall.' The British constitution is in danger—the British constitution will not, cannot survive a single day, if hooks are to go for hands, and left is to be confounded with right, in the administration of an oath." That's the lawyer's speech, according to my reading. The constitution is in danger! Why, the British constitution seems to be as great a nuisance as John Bull's personal constitution. It is always in danger. If you touch it, it will go to bits. But if the British constitution be so very rickety and delicate, it behoves the friends of constitutionalism to look out for another that shall be somewhat stronger. But no; he who, because of this, or because of that, cries out "the constitution is in danger," slanders the constitution. It is the glory of the British constitution that it neither is nor can be in danger—that, whatever be its faults according to the theoretical speculations of politicians, it is capable of such adaptation to the wants and demands of the British people, that, come what will, the constitution, by reason of its expansive properties, is always perfectly safe! Hogarth seems to have

had but a poor opinion of politicians and statesmen. Perhaps the condition of parties, and the character of individuals in his time, justified his contempt. In this picture he represents Britannia in her coach; the coach breaks down, but the coachman and footman seem to be utterly indifferent. What are they about? Playing cards on the box. And what have the contentions of rival statesmen generally been — what have many of the leaders of both Toryism and Whiggery been doing? With all their talk, with all their professions, these coachmen and footmen of the good old lady Britannia have been playing cards on the box. There is another picture of "The Election;" it represents the chairing of the successful candidates for the loyal Borough of Guzzledown. It is full of fun and drollery, but contains nothing particularly worthy of notice.


Hogarth painted and engraved a series of well-known pictures entitled "Industry and Idleness" — pictures so full of interest and instruction that the German author to whom I have alluded, devoted one of his five volumes to their elucidation. We may, therefore, afford a little space for them. If you want to know how to get on in the world, and how not to get on in the world, these pictures will give you some hints, which, whether you are ambitious of success or of failure, may be of considerable assistance. For here Hogarth has, with great skill, depicted the upward career of one, and downward career of another, of a very large and important class, numbers of whom are now present in this assembly, the London apprentices; from whom have sprung many of the best, most honourable, and most useful men this world has ever seen; but who have also furnished many recruits for the ranks of rascality and villany. These two lads begin life as apprentices to a weaver in Spitalfields — not perhaps, in these times, quite the most hopeful condition in which to commence the battle; but there they



are—they start on the same level, they have the same hardships to endure, the same temptations to encounter, the same dangers to brave, the same opportunities to embrace, the same object to attain. If success is possible for the one, it is equally possible for the other, so far as external circumstances are favourable or hostile to success. Hogarth has very wisely adopted this method; for there are many who, failing to prosper in the world, ascribe the prosperity of others to favourable circumstances—some one left them money, some one came forward and helped them in difficulty; they are no better than other people, no wiser than other people, but they have been lucky. That's all the difference! No: that is not all the difference. They have been diligent, they have been economical, they have been trustworthy, they have been steady, they have been persevering, they have been courteous, they have been patient; and you in some of these properties have been defective—*that's the difference*. With Hogarth, I demand for the lad who is to prove successful, no external advantages. I demand for him no rich friend to help him; I do not pray fortune to smile upon him; I set luck at defiance; I place him side by side in the same office, in the same shop with another who, in birth, education, friends, and expectations, has decidedly the better position, and I say to this poor, penniless, boy, "My young friend, all now depends upon yourself, under the blessing of God's providence, which blessing you can ask for and obtain; all now depends upon the course of conduct you pursue; upon the character you cultivate; upon the habits you form; upon the acquaintances you make—and it is in your power to get on, and if you don't, you will have yourself to blame." In the first picture, Tom Goodchild and Tom Idle are at their looms; but while the former is busy at his work, the latter has fallen asleep. A quart pot set upon the idler's

loom, shows us that bad habits have already commenced — that, young as he is, Tom Idle has begun to love strong drink. That quart pot is the sign and symbol of all the misery that ensues. There is another incident which discovers the different characters of these lads. Behind the industrious apprentice, we perceive posted on the wall, the Life of Whittington and his Cat ; a low and disgusting ballad is affixed to the idler's loom ; and here we have a hint that the class of books which young men read, has an important effect on the formation of character. I cannot say much for Tom Goodchild's intellectual taste as displayed in his selection of the Life of Whittington ; but on these incidents in the picture I may found this observation, that your mental powers may be employed equally for your advantage or your detriment. On the same plot of ground, may be grown side by side, the most nutritious vegetables and the most deadly poison. So it is with the press. The same types, in one arrangement produce the bible, and in another the vilest and most pestilential works that the human intellect ever stooped to write. And if there be many young men whose reading is infinitely superior to Tom Goodchild's Life of Whittington, there are also many young men who secretly purchase and peruse books compared with which the idler's ballad might be pronounced harmless. If any of you have such books — books the possession of which you would be ashamed to own — books which you carefully lock up lest any one should discover the worse than beastly character of your taste, permit me as your friend to advise the adoption of one decisive step — burn them — burn them at once ; don't stay to reflect ; he who hesitates is lost ; commit them forthwith to the flames, and may God in mercy by His grace cleanse your mind and heart of the horrible defilement which you know they have left behind them. In the next picture, the Industrious Apprentice is seen at church.

I do not know what Hogarth's own practice was. I fear that, like many other wits of his day, he was no regular frequenter of the sanctuary. And as he makes Tom Goodchild's church-going simply one step in his prosperous secular career, he gives us no very exalted idea of religion by this picture ; and, furthermore, as the Industrious Apprentice is standing in the same pew, and singing from the same book with his master's pretty daughter, I scarcely know whether he deserves very much credit for piety. However, it is a very common and very true observation, that the desecration of the Lord's day is one of the first steps in a course of profligacy. I do not ask young men to be godly because godliness is profitable for all things. I do not think arguments of this sort very creditable. Men should be godly altogether apart from the secular results of godliness ; men should be godly if godliness were secularly most unprofitable, just as they should be honest if honesty were not the best policy but the worst. Still, since godliness, and especially that manifestation of it which consists in constant and devout attendance at public worship, is so often sneered at, and young men who are well disposed towards it are so often bantered and ridiculed for their methodistical tendencies, it may be well to remind the scoffers that " he may laugh who loses ;" and that, viewed simply in relation to secular life, the habit of attending the house of God is one of the very best that any young man can form ; and even if no positive benefit result from it, it saves a young man from a thousand snares, temptations, and sins to which the Sabbath-breaker is defencelessly exposed. I do not deny that six hours at the sea-side for half-a-crown is a very tempting offer to a youth who is " in crowded city pent," from Monday morning until Saturday night ; but I think that unless you have a " constitution" and a " nervous system," three or four hours at church or chapel will




do you more good, and a couple of hours in the Sunday-school will enable you to do some good. I do not think that if you take a boat on a Sunday you are more likely to be capsized than if you took the same boat on some other day. I do not think the Sunday excursion-train is more likely to be smashed than the Monday evening express. I would scorn to appeal to any superstitious feeling. Nature's physical laws esteem every day alike. No: you may travel as safely on Sunday as at any other time; but the danger that you have reason to fear is not a squall on the river, not a collision on the rail—but the contraction of habits, and the formation of companionships, which may drown you in destruction and perdition. The companion picture to "The Industrious Apprentice at Church" is "The Idle Apprentice Playing at Chuck-farthing in the Church-yard," and close by an open grave. This is gambling in a very humble form; but it may stand for the representation of gambling in every form. It is another step on the Idler's road to ruin. When we next see the Industrious Apprentice, it is evident he has risen in the confidence of his employers. He has left the loom, been taken into the office, and stands A1 there! Another picture shows us the incorrigible Idler being sent to sea. For it used to be thought by many, and perhaps is thought by some now, that anybody was good enough for the sea. It is much to be regretted that this noble profession was ever thus degraded; that, proud of our maritime greatness, and depending so much upon our naval power, we should ever have considered a scoundrel worthy of setting his foot on the deck of any British ship, excepting in the character of a convict under sentence of transportation. A better feeling now prevails. The fore-castle is not the dirty dog-kennel that it once was; and ship-owners and captains seem to feel that our commercial greatness on the sea demands a high moral character in our

seamen ; and I hope that no ship-owner or captain will ever take on board, in any capacity, any young vagabond who has disgraced himself in his employment on shore. Success crowns the diligence of Tom Goodchild ; he is taken into partnership by his master, and he takes into partnership his master's daughter. The musicians are assembled at the door of the newly-wedded pair : these musicians consist chiefly of butchers, who, with marrow-bones and cleavers, make a deafening noise, and will probably be paid something handsome on condition that they forthwith take their departure ; for this is the understanding upon which all street-musicians are rewarded—we pay them, not for grinding at our door, but for passing on to grind at somebody else's door. The hardships and discipline of the sea have done the Idler no good ; “for though thou bray a fool in a mortar amongst wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.” He has come back ; and being again the companion of thieves and murderers, becomes a partaker in their crimes. There he is in a cellar, in which there is a trap-door, down which is being cast the corpse of a murdered man. The watchmen come and arrest the Idler, and he is brought before the Sheriff of London, who is none other than his old fellow-apprentice. Hogarth has discovered much feeling in this picture. The worthy sheriff turns away his face and weeps, while the wretch in the dock implores that mercy which cannot be extended to him. The result may be anticipated ; the next picture shows us the Idler on his way to the gallows at Tyburn, on the top of which the hangman is quietly smoking his pipe till the procession arrives. In this picture Hogarth has introduced an incident of a rather interesting character. The Chaplain of Newgate in Hogarth's time does not appear to have been a very earnest person ; and Hogarth gave him a lesson which as long as he lived he would be pretty sure to remember. He has depicted the

Chaplain in a coach at the head of the procession ; the rev. gentleman looks out upon the crowd of blackguards, but is evidently quite unconcerned, very unconscious of having neglected his duty. He either has read or will read the service for the burial of the dead — what more can any reasonable man expect ? But in the cart which carries the wretched culprit and his coffin, there is a man who earnestly appeals to the convict, and from a book which he holds in his hand, appears to be either John Wesley himself or one of Wesley's first preachers ; and this is made more than probable by the fact that some ruffian in the crowd flings a dead cat at the worthy preacher in the cart. Wesley had begun his great and arduous work, and he and his companion had to encounter much opposition, and his followers have good reason to thank Hogarth for this tribute of respect and reverence, to thank him especially for that dead cat ; such a missile is more to the honour of Wesley and his friends than would be the most exquisite bouquet, chosen with the most discriminating taste, and thrown from the fairest hand. It was not out of any love to Methodism or Dissent that Hogarth introduced this scene. He hated Methodism and Dissent most cordially ; and in one of his pictures showed his hatred in the most offensive manner. He was a Churchman—perhaps he never went to church, but that is not the question—he was a Churchman, and equally hated Papists, Methodists, and Dissenters ; but like an honest man he could not endure such callous indifference and cold officialism as he saw in the gaol-chaplain of that time. The Industrious Apprentice appears once more, and appears seated in the Lord Mayor's coach—the dream of his early ambition has been fulfilled ! The Life of Whittington studied in the weaving-shed has been perseveringly copied ; he is at what Hogarth considered the top of secular grandeur and felicity. It is not possible for every London

apprentice to become Lord Mayor; but it is possible for every London apprentice to rise to a dignity and a felicity which—I say it without meaning any disrespect—is greater than the highest civic honours which the first city in the world can bestow. Whether it should ever be your privilege to ride in the Lord Mayor's coach or not, never mind; but it is of the utmost importance that you should pursue the course of industry, purity, and honour which Tom Goodchild and men like him have adopted, and which has led them step by step to success. The Lord Mayor's coach is one extreme, which it would be too much to hope many of you will ever reach; the gallows is the other extreme, which it would be too shocking to suppose should ever be the fate of any London apprentice. But between these two extremes are many points. The Lord Mayor's coach and the gallows are the termini (seldom reached by any) of two paths, on one of which all the young men who hear me have entered; and Tom Goodchild seated in the Lord Mayor's coach, and Tom Idle swinging from the gallows, represent in extreme forms the differing fates of thousands, who, like them, started in life on equal terms.

Hogarth saw that dram-drinking was one of the worst vices of his age; and he adopted a somewhat curious method of dissuading his countrymen from the pernicious practice. He painted two pictures: one called "Gin Lane," in which he skilfully set forth the evils resulting from the immoderate use of ardent spirits; the other, called "Beer Street," for which he certainly might claim the warmest thanks of the brewers, for "Beer Street" is intended to set forth the great advantages of drinking ale and porter. All the characters introduced are fat and well-conditioned. Beer was Hogarth's remedy for intemperance. "Beer Street" is, I think, a fallacy; not that a man is to be condemned for the use of such a beverage as ale or stout; but these, just as



much as gin and other spirituous liquors, can be the ruin of a man. The beer-house is only a gin-palace serving its apprenticeship. But, whatever we may think of "Beer Street" and its philosophy, "Gin Lane" is a picture for which Hogarth deserves the thanks of all who have at heart the physical and moral improvement of the people. Some of the details are very horrible. On the steps leading to the gin-shop sits a pale emaciated woman, whose neglected child tumbles over the railing, and is falling into the area, where, in all probability, it will be killed; and, having such a mother, its early death is scarcely a matter to be deplored. Near her is a ghastly-looking wretch, with a bottle in his cold and stiffened hand—he has just expired. The two chief houses visible are those of Killman, the publican, and Gripe, the pawnbroker, at whose door a man is disposing of his coat and his saw, and a woman is about to pledge a kettle and a pair of tongs. A pawnbroker's window is a great study; not, perhaps, a very agreeable one, but very instructive. There you see the watch, the family bible, the prayer-book, the hymn-book, the foot-rule, the pincers, the compasses, the smoothing-plane, the spoons, the knives, the forks, the half-worn boots and shoes, the umbrella, the shawl, the spectacles, and, as if nothing were to be spared, the long iron wire on which are hung a score or two of rings, which married women have stripped from their fingers in order to gratify the damnable passion for drink.

If Hogarth, in his "Gin Lane" and in his "Idle Apprentice," has set forth the vices of the poor, in other works he has as successfully exposed the more refined, but, perhaps, more detestable vices of the rich. He was not one of those moralists who are perpetually pitying the lower orders, and who seem to imagine that licentiousness lodges only in lanes and alleys, in cellars and garrets, in pot-houses, and penny theatres. He gives us a picture of a cock-pit, but


takes care to make a well-known nobleman, of gambling propensities, the most prominent person there. And although such noblemen have disappeared, gambling is still largely patronized by our aristocracy. We are a curious people: we set the police on the track of a poor wretch who tries to make a living with his pea and thimble, and on the Derby day we suspend the legislative business of the country that the hereditary and collective wisdom may, by their august presence encourage such gentry as the late Mr. Palmer, of Rugeley.

In "The Marriage a la Mode" and "The Rake's Progress," Hogarth has satirized, with tremendous power, the follies and licentiousness of the great people of his time. In the former of these most masterly productions, a miserly old wretch, with that sneaking, snobbish spirit which prompts the vulgar plebeian to court alliance with nobility, marries his daughter to the son of an earl, whose estates, though vast, are vastly mortgaged. There is no affection in the match, neither the earl nor the miser believes in such a thing as that. The marriage is concluded, and of course it proves unhappy, as all such unholy unions should. The husband is stabbed by the wife's paramour, and the wife poisons herself on hearing that her paramour is to be executed; and as she is expiring, the avaricious father snatches the ring from his daughter's finger, and adds it to his hoarded treasures. "The Marriage a la Mode," we would hope, is the representation of a case that is not very often seen in real life. "The Rake's Progress" is the exhibition of a career which may be witnessed any day, and some features of which have come under the notice of most men who have seen anything of the world. An old man, who has spent all his days in the careful accumulation of money, dies, and his son comes into possession of the property. The floor of the room is cumbered with leases, mortgages, and India bonds, and other valuable documents; and in one

corner there is the Holy Bible, from the leather cover of which the old man has cut out a sole for his shoe. He has lived in great squalor; but the scene is soon changed. The young heir sets up in great style; and, as Solomon says, "The rich hath many friends," he is soon surrounded by poets, musicians, boxing-masters, and jockeys—all needy, all greedy—all hoping to get something out of the poor fool. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the vultures be gathered together." Let a young man have money, and he will soon meet with clever and fascinating fellows, with a keen scent for a dinner, who will be most happy to drink his old port, and tell him how splendid it is; thus, by praising one bottle, flattering the poor simpleton to the production of another. That game does not last long—the Rake's fortune is soon spent; for it is amazing how many ways there are of getting rid of money, especially if you have others to help you. Hogarth's Rake having lost all, contrives to gain the hand of a deformed old lady who is rich, and feels flattered by his attentions. Her property soon follows his own. We see him in the gambling-house; he has staked his last, and loses, and is the picture of wild despair. A prison is his next habitation. He has tried to write a play, but a letter on the table beside him informs us that his play has been rejected. His reason gives way; and the next picture transfers him to the madhouse. This is a terrific scene, but one which we happily can contemplate with this measure of relief, that while we know that the human intellect is still subject to such terrible obscuration, the unhappy victims of the direst calamity that can befall our nature, are not chained and gagged, and suffered to lie in filth and wretchedness, as we find them in Hogarth's "Bedlam." Most touchingly has the painter shown some of the most common delusions of the insane. One man sits proudly, like a king; another has made a paper tiara,

and believes himself to be the Pope; another, stimulated by the reward offered by Government for the best method of finding the longitude, is drawing what he considers to be mathematical figures on the wall; another, crazed by some scientific crotchet, is staring through a paper telescope—while the ruined Rake, still a young man, is lying raving on the floor, as the keeper loads him with fetters. There is only one person who cares for him—yet there is one who tries to support the wretched maniac. And who is that one? The dancing-master, the betting man, the keen-scented dinner-hunters, who have so often drunk his health, and called him a jolly good fellow? No: “when the tree falls, the shadow disappears.” There is not one of those boon companions that cares for him a rush; there is not one of them who would not give him the dead cut if he met him in the street. Who is that one sympathizing soul?—it is the young woman, whom we see in the first picture of the series, who had been too confiding in his promises, whom he had spurned with contempt on coming to his estate. She has never forsaken him. He cannot recognize her; but, though in the mad-house, gazing upon her with the terrible stare of insanity, howling, and tearing himself to pieces, she will not leave him—so true is it, that “many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.”

I shall not detain you by making observations upon any other of Hogarth's pictures. Enough, perhaps, has been said to vindicate Hogarth's title to be ranked amongst the most eminent painters. If the object of art be not merely to please, but also to instruct, the whole body of artists ought to take off their hats and bow at the mention of this great master's name. The exhibitions of weakness, folly, and depravity, so faithfully given by Hogarth, are very saddening: he introduces us to most melancholy scenes. But one good result ensues from the study of his works—it is this: a



a feeling of profound thankfulness, that, as compared with him, "the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." The inspection of Hogarth's pictures, under the conviction that they record with strict fidelity the manners of his age—that, like his portrait-painting, his manners-painting is true to the life—has reconciled me to our own times, bad as in many respects they are. Let him who thinks that we are degenerating, that we are becoming more effeminate, more luxurious, more extravagant, more vicious, study Hogarth's pictures, and they will go far to cure him of his melancholy. There are few points on which Hogarth has touched with reference to which we cannot say that a great improvement has taken place. When, in one of his pictures, Hogarth shows us a heavy lumbering coach about to start on its four days' journey from London to Exeter, we think of the Great Western express that travels the same distance in about as many hours, and we say what an astonishing difference there is between the eighteenth century and the nineteenth! We cannot say that the manners and morals of Hogarth's times are quite as obsolete as his coaches; but still the Great Western express is merely the representative of a progress that extends to many departments of life. Even dandyism, though intolerable enough now, is as plain as Quakerism compared with what it was one hundred years ago. In one of Hogarth's pictures I see a creature, who called himself a man, keeping his hands warm in a muff; and another exquisite gentleman has his hair in curl-papers; and if crinoline be a vice, let us not be too severe with our wives and daughters—their great-grandmothers wore crinoline to a far greater extent, for the hoops worn by some of the ladies in Hogarth's pictures, must be, at the very least, ten feet in diameter. I do not know what crinoline is made of: I should be utterly ashamed of the possession

of such knowledge. What business is it of mine? But as to the hemispherical effect, it is very old. Latimer attacked it from the pulpit, and called it an invention of the devil. But are we not more frivolous than our ancestors were? Not at all; not half so frivolous, if Hogarth's illustrations of the manners of his day be correct. Those worthy great-grand-parents of ours were far more giddy, thoughtless, and ridiculous than the people of the present time. There is now an earnestness in life which had no existence then. But we are more intemperate and profligate! I very much question it. I utterly deny it. Remember "Gin Lane;" think of the "Marriage a la Mode;" look, if you can bear to look, at the "Modern Midnight Conversation." There are incidents in some of Hogarth's pictures that would shock the most vicious wretches of the present day, and cause the most depraved of them to blush. But are we not more dishonest?—This surely cannot be doubted? I do most certainly doubt it. There is far less robbery, there is not more theft; and as to swindling, the nineteenth century, with all its rascality, has not in any of its iniquities approached in magnitude to the South Sea swindle. We speak of the advancement that has been made in the physical sciences and the useful arts, and that progress has been great; but other men beside engineers, and chemists, and mechanics, have had their triumphs; and it is not only by our express trains spinning at the rate of fifty miles an hour over Chat Moss, and through the Box Tunnel, and across the Straits of Menai; and by our steam ships bringing Liverpool within ten days of New York, let the storms of the Atlantic rage as they will; and by our electric telegraphs placing all the exchanges of Europe in instantaneous communication with each other—I say it is not only by these wonders, and such as these, that we are to measure our advancement—but also by the multi-

plication of places of worship ; by the greater proportion of people who observe the decencies of religion ; by the great system of Sunday schools ; by the multitude of philanthropic institutions ; by the greater intelligence of the people ; by the improved morality of all classes, and especially the higher : by these let us estimate the progress that has been made ! We congratulate ourselves upon the improved physical condition of our country ; we have far greater reason to thank God, and take courage, when we contemplate the mental, moral, and religious improvement which marks the present time. Let us not be disheartened, then, as we look upon the evils which still rage in our midst, and feel ourselves so incapable of speedily subduing them. Disheartened ! why should we be disheartened ? There is far more to cheer than to discourage ; to make us hopeful than to cause us to despond. Our holy religion, which in Hogarth's time seemed almost dead, has had new life breathed into it from above. There is probably a far larger number of intelligent, earnest, devoted ministers of the gospel in London at this day than there were in all Great Britain this day a hundred years ago. There is a greater sum contributed for Christian objects by almost every Christian denomination, than all those denominations put together ever thought of contributing in those dark, selfish and worldly-minded old times. If, then, we are engaged in any good work ; if we desire the improvement of society, and with this view are labouring in any department of true philanthropy, let the lessons gathered from Hogarth's pictures encourage us to persevere ; for the contrast which these pictures present is one of the best practical commentaries upon that noble exhortation, "Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord : forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."



Old-School Affectations.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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OLD-SCHOOL AFFECTATIONS,

IN LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, RELIGION, POLITICS, AND
SOCIAL CUSTOMS, CONCLUDING WITH BONNIE
CHRISTIE, A SKETCH.

AFFECTATION is that silly amateur-acting which, mistaking every occasion for its stage of display, deceives only itself, while it amuses, if not disgusts, society at its own expense. Always a vain, sometimes a vicious, untruth, it is generally obstructive to a high tone of moral character. Affectation cannot be honest, because its object is to deceive. An affected Christian is a mistake in Christianity, takes a large discount off personal influence, and suggests the suspicion of other unrealities besides those upon the surface. With the most profound reverence, we venture upon an allusion so divine, when we observe, there was once a child "sitting among the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions," who was the loveliest type of a life of artless simplicity, and yet Divine majesty—the model of a character verily human, sculptured, like the tables of stone, by the finger of God.

Man is naturally an imitative creature, and his instinct is to choose some model,—of course, of some one supposed to be superior to himself. He who made us, knows what is in man, and graciously proposed "the pattern in the

Heavenlies—the man Christ Jesus.” To cultivate His likeness is not affectation, but devotion. “Be ye imitators of me,” said Paul, “as I also am of Christ.” The perfection of life and manner is the proportion of true resemblance to Him.

The Christian, like Patmore’s Honoria, is

“Wise in all he ought to know,
And ignorant of all beside.”

Many who abhor the least deception in act, habitually deceive themselves, more than any one else, in manner. The ultra-moustache and broken English may pass a fellow-countryman for a foreigner, but it is an ill compliment to his mother-country to affect another one—unless, indeed, the party felt unworthy of her, as delinquents give a false address at police-courts, “for the sake of their respectable families,” as the papers say. No man assumes another’s habits unless he is ashamed of his own. The sentiments are insensibly adopted as well as the habits. We may be influenced by others’ opinions, without being warped by them—just as I may be bronzed by an African temperature, without becoming a negro. Providence has ordained every man to play his own part better than any other man’s. The flying-fish, attempting two things and beaten by every creature content with one, flies worse than any bird, and swims worse than any fish, becoming the prey of enemies in either element, may symbolize the hybrid affectation which assumes another self besides its own, incurring the pains of a double impersonation, with, perhaps, slender means of sustaining either character.

The lecturer pretends to no exemption from the faults he is about to criticise. Far from it: no man stands more in need of a liberal indulgence. But, as a wounded surgeon may be all the more alive to the symptoms of his fellow-

sufferers, a censor, honestly conscious of his own defects, may the more readily identify their duplicates in others. He only entreats his audience to seek round his humble gallery, each for his own moral photograph, and recognizing the personal besetment, to take no offence—at least, not to show it—where the friendliest and most courteous suggestion is alone intended.

1. Among Literary affectations, mark the pseudo new philosophies of human life, bilging up to its surface, after repeated interment—as the Thames steamers churn up the dogs and cats drowned there long ago. These social charlatanisms have not even the equivocal merit of originality. As there is nothing new in moral truth, there can be nothing intrinsically new in *error*, the counterfeit of truth. There is no original error: every error is the subterfuge of some antecedent truth; and, as there are no new truths, there are no new errors. It is always the Old School, only new pupils. The Robert Owens and Holbachs of one period, are but a reproduction of the Tom Paines and Voltaires of another. The ribald infidelity, masked under liberal systems of social regeneration, spouted on hustings, sputtered in taverns, or more directly sold in low romances and more pretentious poems, are the merest resuscitations of old exploded theories, condemned wherever they were tested in practice, or tried at the bar of common sense. The fancies, in a poetical shape, sometimes take a higher flight, acquire a daintiness which loses the fine in the superfine, and condescends to touch the homely realities of nature only through the disinfectant of a kid glove. Thus “the spasmodic school” of versifiers ignore the manliness or tenderness of an honourable domestic love, setting up in its shrine, to the great damage of youth, an ideal passion, as if we lived in a moonlight world, and were too delicate to bear the robust and vulgar sunshine.

To caricature some specimens of this species of brevity,
poetry, suppose a ridiculous strain or two of this fashion—

“Softly sighs the sunset breeze,
As if it mourned the sun ;
Waking echoes (of course) through the trees,
His last rays smiled upon,
Toning lover’s pensive sadness,
With their proper dose of madness.”

There’s the striking Title trick. Some poems, like some
men, badly support their title.

“Down a lane,” for instance—

“Down a lane I met my Mary,
Down a lane was she.”

The topography of the fact is so important, that it is
repeated—

“Down a lane was she ;
There I wooed, and won her fairly,
To come and marry me.
Down a lane !”

Or take a more ambitious turn, “Up a tree,” for instance,

“Up a tree, the cherries shaking,
Like a spirit of the wood—
Laughing, shouting, merry-making,
Angelina’s heart was wooed,
Up a tree !”

Or there’s the pathetic lay—

“Who relieved me in despair,
Lent me all he chose to spare,
Took in pledge of shoes a pair ?—
My uncle !”


These are enough, perhaps; and what possible good can such stuff do to mind, body, or estate?

The grosser school, which in passionate heroics, sings its sensual cantos of animal instincts, scarcely veiled in decency, has still more subtilly debased English literature. Too many passages in modern verse, if tried in a moral crucible, would leave behind a residuum as pagan and earthy as the vilest paragraphs of Catullus and Ovid. The same classic affectation—as if the Classic must override the Christian—which admits the most indecent nude statuary in our Museums and Crystal Palaces, repeats its verbal obscenity in song.

Such sculpture and poetry are a joint libel on humanity. Man is a fallen creature; but when I solemnly quote the great Teacher's question, "How much is a man better than a sheep?" He taught, as I humbly think, along with its more immediate truth, that man must not be levelled with the beast—the animal is still subject to the moral and intellectual; and, to assume the contrary, is a lie against man's nature.

Passion, in proportion as it is truly human and not distorted by vice to the truly devilish, is a fire from heaven, pure and lovely as the rainbow. Like a lamp ignited by a focal glass, it is lighted from above; and if fed in part from below, under the influence of grace its more material fuel is transformed, like light from oil, in the process of its being consumed. The blunder and the blasphemy of such poets, takes man as he is—man as he marred himself—instead of raising him to what he was, as his Creator made him, and what he may be, when renewed by his Redeemer.

Dear old John Wesley said, "When Poetry keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor, perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away." Vice lacks the most essential element of poetry, the moral truth.



Its theory of virtue, like Satan's portrait of an archangel, for which the artist sat, resembles only itself.

“ Out with the grovelling, base pretence,
With its own immoral rules,
Which quenching every nobler sense,
Gilds only knaves and fools.
If creatures such as these were men,
What would be the demons then ! ”

On the other hand, there's here and there, amid hosts of admirable exceptions, an affectation of simplicity in religious literature, which, aiming at the plain, hits the puerile. There are occasional tracts whose style and staple are little credit to the writers, and less compliment to their readers. The people understand more than some of us think ; at all events, to write down to them is not the way to write them up to us. A real manly Saxon vernacular is one thing ; a lisping sing-song catalogue of common-places is another. Men read the former ; but scarcely let in the latter to their children. The authors of such compositions would do more good by reading and circulating among their neighbours the approved tracts of other writers than by publishing their own.

2. Among affectations in Art ranks supreme, in its own assumptions, the Ruskin School. Mr. Ruskin's brilliant periods, often hanging on the same page with the most imperative twaddle—like a gem in painting on the same wall with a daub—disqualifying him *ipso facto* from that autocracy in taste which the public too readily concede to the boldest pretender. If the indiscriminate condemnation Mr. Ruskin metes to such time-honoured names as Vanderveld, Salvator, and Claude, were critical justice, what quarter could his own superlative rhapsody and contradiction expect, notwithstanding the fine and eloquent suggestions with which

they are contrasted? Apart from its affectation of the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the taste is questionable which induces Mr. Ruskin to publish and sell his "Notes" of the Annual Exhibition of Paintings as competitors with the Catalogue. This practice challenges criticism upon the critic. With his criticisms, as such, our subject has no concern, except with the latent affectation which underlies them. Mr. Turner, for instance had secured his verdict in the Court of Painters long before the special pleading and bilious acrimony of Mr. Ruskin, his advocate, raised questions irrelevant to the merits of the case. Turner's later dramatic splashings of cities in a mist—ingenious as experimental effects, but better mists than cities, and capital as scene-painting for a miniature theatre—Mr. Ruskin's lust of paradox tempted him to identify under some hypothesis of symbolic unity with the microscopic finish of the pre-Raphaelites. He might as well compare the shock of a wild Shetland pony with the sleek grooming of a racer; the slashed doublet of a Cavalier with the prim broadcloth of a Roundhead; or the incoherence of *delirium tremens* with the quiet pulse of a teetotaller. In keeping with other kindred efforts to harmonize the assumptions and obsolete inanities of mediæval priestcraft with the rational liberty and common sense of emancipated Christianity, Ruskin sacrificing his logic to his chimæra, grafts on the same trunk, as the outgrowth of one catholic stock, the dim religious light of Turner, like a church in a fog, and the elaborate minutiae (like the same church modelled in wax) of the pre-Raphaelite School. Mr. Ruskin insists upon a constructive symbolic harmony in the most obvious discrepancy.

Young men: be on your guard against this ultra-symbol theory. Symbolism has its truth, and a place for that truth; but pushed beyond its fair relations, it is the thimble-rig in moral questions, inductive of conclusions which, carelessly

admitted as rules of art, complicate canons of faith. Spite of the false perspective, inaccurate proportions, and toilsome elaborations of trivial incidents, the original pre-Raphaelite master, in the Ruskin view, becomes an indirect "Master in Israel." Old paintings sidle into contemporary witnesses with old fathers, and the symbolism, unwittingly recognized in art, instinctively fraternizes, like a patristic renaissance, with an idolatrous symbolism in theology. Thus, Ruskinism in art, Puginism in architecture, Kebleism in poetry, and Gresleyism in romance—I say it in honest regret for the misdirection of so much that's beautiful and inspiring—all more or less savour of the carnal yearnings of the Church in the wilderness after a return to their old house of bondage.

Affectations in art, of a commoner sort, fall helter-skelter upon everything indigenous or new. With these connoisseurs, no novelty nor native talent, whether in music or other arts, gets a fair hearing, unless their disloyal prejudice be imposed upon by assuming some continental goat-skin.

Free trade for foreign genius nobly consists with our constitutional freedom in everything; at the same time, do evenhanded justice to native talent.

This affectation of ancient or outlandish precedent sneers its periodical abuse of our national monuments; but never strongly enough to blow one down. The public, smiling at the dictation of their newspapers, look down upon their four-penny philippics unmoved as Nelson from his lofty pillar, or the Duke from his massive arch.

Chronological accuracy even justifies the quaint *costume* of our bronze English warriors. When the filial hand of time has reverently drawn its veil over the familiar drapery, and canonized its associations by their historical truth (a main element in correct sculpture), even the cocked-hat—the

favourite butt of the critical coxcombs—will have become as classically venerable as the old marble counterpanes of Roman sculpture, which always represent the Cæsars as having gone to bed standing!

Again: water, light, and air, constitute the tripod of life in our great cities. Old-school affectation sulkily tolerates the new drinking fountains, and suburban parks, and cricket-grounds for the people; but a recent sensible conversion of street lights into advertising columns has naturally evoked other columns of abuse from its advertising competitors. An objector, in *The Times* of July 7th, said “the light would frighten a horse.” It did alarm another quadruped, who brayed against it to this effect:—

“This pillar, charged with consonants and vowels
Of divers colours, like poor Joseph’s coat;
This jelly-fish of glass, with tinted bowels,
Still notifying things of little note.

* * * *

Or does the horror pay some heavy rental;
And we, the merchants of the world’s great mart,
Weary of being meanly monumental,
Give up our awkward strivings for high art?
Our dirty fountains temporary playing,
Our shabby statues and our buildings bare,
And advertise, to fit the old French saying,
That England is a ‘*nation boutiquière*.’”

He reminds us that old Buonaparte—the real Buony, not the present incumbent—called us “*une nation boutiquière*”—a nation of shopkeepers. If we were, we kept our shops open long after we had shut up his. Possibly the present Head of the House wisely concludes it is better to trade with us than fight with us.

MR. ITALIAN IRON

Was a querulous old cone of the Hollow-ware school, crimping everything which came in his way; liking nothing that wasn't crimped, not even his fish on fast days. The crimps symbolized the wrinkles of chronological age, where the scythe of Time had notched in his dates. Mr. Italian Iron's stamp of value was the accidental length of time or space whence things dated. "Distance lent enchantment to the view." For his part he hated things of yesterday, or things to be had next door. "Long ago," or "far off," were material mint-marks in his estimates. He was of the Old School; and, like old iron, there was no getting the rust out of him, except under the hammer, say at an auction. Any *antique*, from a genuine Worcester passed off as a Pompeian, or a shrewd Academician's copy smoked and crackled into an old master, drew prices which would command a score of the identical articles direct from the manufactory; a coin of the Cæsars, duly struck in Birmingham (where they strike them remarkably well), or a cameo of the Popes, manufactured in White-chapel, were the men for his money. So the shrewd dealers shuffled their wares according to order, humouring Old School, as Young School is beguiled into swallowing his brimstone disguised in treacle.

Mr. Italian Iron affected old Dutch female pictures, with their huge crimped caps—as if got up in a laundry by his namesake—in fine stark terrible muslin, combining the mystic frill—like a leprous sea-weed—of the Sphynx, with the sombre costume of the cemetery; idealizing the widows of all ages, who always lost their husbands about forty, and intimated a certain conventional air of inconsolableness short of another eligible offer.

Mr. Italian Iron said, "Your modern works of art lacked taste and historical prestige. Admitting your Porcelains might feed Worcester, and the Staffordshire Potteries; your plate might employ half Sheffield, and your art-unions, like poor-law unions, might stop a gap in the hungry commissariat of a British artist; still patriotism was a bore, a dun, a mendicant, a tax-gatherer, a turnpike, which must not hinder patronising genius, which had a claim on every age and country."

"And, therefore, on your own, Mr. Italian Iron! Would you drive every Handel out of town to Dublin?"

"No," replied Mr. I. I. "Let posterity endorse the arts of *our* day, as we do of the days before us."

"What! never recognize genius till it had starved itself into an immortality which can do without you?"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Italian Iron: "What nobler epitaph than Butler's 'Hudibras'?"—*what* brass?—Butler's, extorting marble from the very citizens who wouldn't give him mutton. Well might they write upon the grand tomb they gave him:—

"The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

"Ah, Mr. Italian Iron! your own filings would scarcely be a harder diet to digest, than this reversionary meal which adjourns a man's feed till his memory has lost his appetite."

3. Old-school affectations in Science comprise those revivals, on pretended scientific principles, of the old tricks of the wizards and alchemists, as in clairvoyance, electro-biology, table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other so-called odylie phantoms, hovering on the confines of organic nature. Compounds of fraud on one side, of fancy on the other, and of folly in both, they are a libellous disclaimer

of the vociferous assertions of the intelligence of the nineteenth century. That the same age which witnessed the scientific triumph of the electric telegraph, could relapse into the barbarous cozenage of spirit-rapping; that the fly-wheel of the steam engine, and the absurdity of table-turning, should revolve in the same chronicle; and the spurious theocracy and real profligacy of Mormonism, run parallel with the freedom and intelligence of the American Republics—are anomalies without precedent in the simpler epochs of civilization.

But even these are the natural fungi — the cryptogamia— of the Old School; the out-growth of that corrupt percentage of superstition and mystery which are rudimental principles in man's mental composition, contradictory though they seem, as contemporaries of intellectual progress, as demoniacal possessions, synchronized with the incarnation of their divine subduer.

The railway-whistle and the smoke of the factory, are but accidents of our age, as powder and patch were of our predecessors; the true life of either century lay deeper than their outer phenomena; just as storm and sunshine affect the transitory contingency we call the weather, but do not constitute the geographical temperature. The radically bad and good in human nature remains the same under every advance of social philosophy.

I entreat the earnest vigilance of my young friends of studious habits, to the affected abuse of science in its relations to faith. There is the affectation of what St. Paul designates, "oppositions of science, falsely so-called." A blessed sentence this, to you and me, who believe in the plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture. It assures us, on no less than divine authority, that if the first aspects of scientific discovery seem at variance with revelation, there is no real discrepancy. The science may be wrong, the revela-

tion cannot but be right. In any case "the oppositions of science are *falsely* so-called." In the relation of science to miracles, take three illustrations.

It is worthy of remark, though Pharaoh's magicians attempted to imitate Moses, when defeated, with the simple candour of heathenism, they acknowledged "This is *the finger of God*." In after ages, when the wonder-worker, like unto Moses, astonished His contemporaries by the miracles of casting out devils, the Pharisees—men of reputed sanctity and lore—imputed it to Satan. Though their own sons attempted to imitate Christ—and our Lord has not deigned to say whether they succeeded or not—yet He almost seems to contrast their blasphemy with the unsophisticated confession of the Ægyptians, by apparently quoting their term—"If I by *the finger of God* cast out devils." Here were two modes of expounding miracle: one by the finger of God, the other by the finger of Satan. After many ages more, Germany propounded a third exposition. Ignoring alike the natural religion which discerned the interposition of God, and the superstition which suggested the agency of Satan, with a more specious show of intellectual sagacity it substituted for both, the solution of science. The magicians were the least sinners of the three. My young friends, it robs God of the glory of His miracles as wickedly to ascribe them to scientific, as to satanic interpretation. Either assertion is in dangerous proximity to the unpardonable sin. By such irreverent speculations, the scientific degrades the miraculous, as infidelity assumes the scientific; both ways perverting the loyal testimony of science to malign the most sacred facts, and endorse the most pitiful fictions. It is Satan at his old work of turning the tree of knowledge into an instrument for deceiving man, and discrediting God.

The chemical or optical illusion which liquefies the blood

of the patron-saint of Naples, is only a sacerdotal quackery of the same class with the gross imposture which dares to rap on a table under pretence of calling upon the dead.

My dear friends, the immaterial after-life of death is too awful a theme to be exposed upon a table, like a naked carcase for anatomy. Society is benefitted by the physical dissection; but only a morbid appetite for mystery, or presumptuous prying into the invisible, is fostered by the affectation of intercourse with departed spirits. It is the sorriest trifling with the most solemn subject: and being without a parallel, may it never become a precedent!

As to electro-biology, let one of its adepts speak for himself. I beg to introduce

“THE PLATEFOIL OF PLATEFOIL.”

“*The Platefoil*,” not “*Mr. Platefoil*,” “*Mr.*” had too much of the normal, say common sense in it,—“*The Platefoil*” was a professor, who disdained any title beyond his own definite article, and though that was plated, he preferred it to

“Baron or squire, or knight of the shire.”

The Platefoil usually started his lectures with the preamble that “Electro-biology imported into science the veneer principle—a very little of the superficial material went a long way.”

“Mesmerism, like the electro-type, realized in its way the secret in alchemy. If it didn’t transmute *stone* into gold, it did the business for brass—hence his appearance there as a lecturer.” The Platefoil invited any lady or gentleman present to submit to his manipulations. If he had imposed upon their curiosity at the door, let him practise upon their credulity on the platform.

The science, like its disciples, was still in its infancy — “Green grow the rushes, O” — Did some person hiss? — He begged to observe, if mesmerism were an infant science, it was an infant Hercules, though it didn’t strangle, it charmed every serpent it got into its cradle, rocking the most uncharmable to sleep by its potential passes:

“See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold his bed and laid on the straw.”

“Would any lady or gentleman like to be put to sleep?” The Platefoil assured them, he had mesmerized many of the most incredulous. And in that mystic magnetic sleep what dreams might come?—and then again might not. Some individuals fancied themselves a noun of multitude, and roared a thousand voices at once, like a public at large. Others, highly susceptible, believed themselves pins, and stuck themselves into their own coat-sleeves. Some of a grammatical turn of mind, appeared as verbs impersonal, terrifying school-boys out of their melancholy moods and tenses. One man seemed to be his own ditto, and fell out with it, one self threatening the other self if he didn’t leave off — which he wouldn’t. An artist was so powerfully magnetized, he insisted he was a photographic plate, on which the whole audience was taken off; — a voice suggested “taken in.” A highly respectable ancient spinster imagined an offer was made her, and it seemed so real she could hardly make up her mind to decline it, without further inquiry. But the crowning case of the series, was that of an organist born stone-blind, who candidly admitted to the audience, that after a score or two of electric passes—he wouldn’t be sure how many, say fifty—he could see as well — as he ever did in his life!

Thus the Platefoil got over the great circle of friends of the Great Folly of Great Folly. Between them they got

up the steam of public credulity — Folly supplying the fuel, and Foil the flue, which kept the fire alive, and the social engine going.

4. Old-school affectations in religion have appeared to some extent in the sedate pale of our own beloved English church, in a craving after the mysterious influences of secondary objects of faith, an abject submission to supposed authority and priestly intervention, and a sentimental veneration, embracing things formal and inanimate, instead of the ideas they symbolized.

Romanism, with her "hundred eyes" ever on the watch, and her "hundred hands" ever ready to seize the current spirit of the age, of course avails herself, with the practised diplomacy of a thousand years, of this back-water in the stream of civilization. Like the foot-pad who diverts pursuit from himself by a lusty cry of "Stop thief!" Rome would elude detection by the impudent audacity of her manœuvres. Like the scuttle-fish, which, at the approach of danger, envelopes itself in a cloud of inky secretion, Popery retreats into her natural atmosphere of dogmatic darkness. If her supremacy in Christendom be questioned, she replies by partitioning the most Protestant State of Europe into Papal sees. If her dogmas are disputed, she flings into the debate the "Immaculate Conception," the least sustainable figment in her spurious theologies. If society, in self-defence, condemn the anti-domestic trespass of her Confessional, she retorts by prescribing all mixed marriages as concubinage, and lay-education as blasphemy. If her imperious hierarchy be resisted, she wrests from Austria, and more recently from Spain, a new Concordat. And if her assumption of infallibility and miracles be repudiated, she seals "under the fisherman's ring," a fresh draught of lying marvels, ecstatic nuns, winking pictures, bleeding images, and bodily apparitions, which the manly are of

Luther would have laughed to scorn, or rather wept tears of indignant anguish at such paltry profanations of the sacred province of faith.

There are Englishmen of profound scholarship, too, who affect to believe these things,—of course, nobody believes they do—and pretend to sanction in religion impostures, which they would be the first to denounce in any other proposition, however inferior in their relation to the gravest interests of mankind.

This affectation of old-school piety demonstrates the peril of setting up an idolatry of sentiment, which, like the iron limbs of the torture-machine in the Inquisition, crushes every spark of sense and reason in its deadly embrace. At the same time there's no worse affectation of zeal for the orthodox, than the spirit which condemns every difference of sentiment or observance as heterodox. One extreme is seldom remedied by another, as in the homœopathic maxium. If, for instance, there are sundry religious ceremonies, to which as a Protestant people you and I reasonably object, it better accords with Protestant toleration to abandon them to those who like them, than to invest them with a spurious martyrdom by any kind of persecution. There's neither Christianity nor common sense in brawling in a church. Hisses, groans, and cat-calls are not highly argumentative anywhere, much less tending to spiritual edification in the house of God. Disturbances like these only fill empty places with crowds, who don't go there for Christian worship. The previous emptiness did less mischief. It sets a bad example not to let them alone. *We* are let alone; and disagreeable precedents may arise from not letting *them* alone. The desertion of such churches is the likeliest way, under God, to awaken that reconsideration in their deserted pastors, which may lead to the return of both pastor and flock to a better understanding. In the

meantime, try the policy of non-intervention, as in the dear old nursery rhymes :—

“ When little Bopeep had lost his sheep,
And couldn’t tell where to find ’em,”

the advice was—

“ Let ’em alone, and they’ll come home,
And bring their tails behind ’em.”

THE REVEREND EVE OF ST. MUNGO,

Originally an alumnus of Glasgow, of the straitest sect of the Presbytery, becoming Anglican, of course, his antecedent and ulterior self rendered him his own antithesis. The simple solid formulary of the old cathedral of his namesake, St. Mungo of Glasgow, was his first love, but his only surviving sympathies had sunk, as if for kindred interment, into the minster’s dimly-lighted crypt, where, severed from the upper-floor associations of Genevan gown and band, “down among the dead men there he could lie.”

The twilight eve, “the middle age” of the day, neither altogether light nor dark, was a happy patronymic, whose metaphor the *Reverend* Eve continued, in the singular congruity of his costume, which was an æsthetic equinox between the long ultra-buttoned frock of a Romish ecclesiastic, and the less pretentious surtout of the English dignitary. It was *neither* exactly, but an etching effect of both ; as the hybrid eve borrows her light from the parting day, and her shade from the coming night, disclosing, like a child, some features of both parents, however unlike each other. St. Mungo’s hair was not a precise tonsure, but its general ex-

pression suggested the type of head you had met before,—on the Continent perhaps. But the leading article, the capital myth of St. Mungo's outer man, was his cravat—the very Latin for linen—imported direct from the “*Albani patres atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*” It was like “taking stock” with an ultimate view to embark in the Italian line. Hence the material was indistinct and undecided as its wearer. A thin circlet of white muslin, through which the black silk staple of the commodity dimly loomed, gave its soiled aspect a large preponderance of the obscure and dingy, like the smouldering ball of the moon behind the last strip of her waning light, when her equivocal phase seems scarcely preferable to the more decided darkness of her eclipse: and our Anglicans would be more intelligible and ingenuous as Vaticanans. The Creole theology, which is neither African nor American, is not so high-minded a position to be gratuitously occupied. Surely, there would be less pretence and more principle, if the St. Mungos, one and all, transferred their sentiments from a church and people who ignore them, to where they would be more at home. Let them, “stay not on the order of their going, but go at once.”

Eve of St. Mungo
You can let one go.

On the other hand, guard against these old affectations of conscience which strain at gnats, and swallow camels; resist a tythe, but pocket its set-off; reject a Sabbath law, but support a Maine-law; where an impartial view of the general interest would approve some modified legislation in both.

Conscience, like liberty, blushes for many things done in their names, which neither sanction. Byron harshly defined a Spaniard as “a solemn blackguard.” The contradiction intimated between the man's demeanour, and the

meaner man, illustrates the low-toned anomaly between an affected conscientiousness in creed, and a real obliquity in credit.

The most hopeless knavery is that which, like Phillip the Second's "conscientious dissembling," pleads a principle.

A true conscientious tenderness in the minutest moral aberrations is a very lovely index of the influence of His spirit, who guards against the *least* sin, on the same grounds which condemn the greatest, like the impartial sunlight which alike purples the hill-top, and bleaches the little lily of the valley. The *spirit* of a commandment may be violated, where its letter is not ostensibly transgressed. *The Times* of last July printed an instance, under the heading of "A cracked Commandment."

While her mother was engaged in another part of the shop, a little girl, feasting her eyes on some oranges, nursed the temptation in her heart to taste one, till it grew too strong to be resisted, so she hid one under her apron, and quickly stole away. (That's an expressive phrase, "stole away." Nobody ever steals away, till they have stolen something else first.) But conscience smote her so sharply that, after a little reflection, she walked as quickly back, and slyly replaced the orange in the basket. Again, the forbidden fruit out of her possession presented its tempting side, and almost seeming to say "Only an orange:" again she yielded. How often Satan tempts souls by that little adverb "only!" We are not far from any sin, when we are thinking, "It is only this or that." After a sharper conflict than before—for sin is always harder to subdue the second time—conscience achieved another victory, and the twice-stolen fruit was again and finally restored.

With a saddened and ashamed face, she walked home with her mother, in silent judgment upon her secret guilt; and when they were alone, she burst into tears, sobbing

bitterly : " Oh, mother ! mother ! I cracked the commandment ! "

" What, my child ? break the commandment ? "

" No, mother, I didn't *break* it—INDEED, I didn't break it *quite*—but I'm sure, I cracked it ! "

Hopeful little wrestler with her bosom-sins ! It was no affected sensitiveness of conscience which set her in array against herself ; and the grace was a precious reality, which made her " more than conqueror."

Men and brethren ! the only safeguard against habitual breakage of God's holy law is in the grace of His Holy Spirit, which makes us deal tenderly with what the child called the little cracks. It is " the little foxes which destroy the vines." One fly may blow the whole carcase, unless, like the birds in Abraham's sacrifice, it be promptly and devoutly driven away.

5. OLD-SCHOOL AFFECTATIONS IN POLITICS.—The good old British Constitution was always good, because it was always getting better, keeping pace with the national wants and convictions, in the several stages of popular progress and requirement. The accumulating claims and interests of successive generations, of course, demand their series of adjustments to the reasonable views of the times. It is God's prerogative, not man's, to legislate for futurity.

On the other hand, there's the old affectation of abuse-mongers, as if there was nothing mended, and Governments perpetually needed " Letters of Junius " forwarded through their own post to the people. Is there no medium, as representative men, between the Colonel Sibthorps and the Fergus O'Connors ? Both types are old-school obstinacies, each in their way. At a contested election, a testy veteran of the county being asked who he was for, with an unusual snap of candour replied : " I'm for abuses ! "

On a similar occasion, a bristling Nazarite, of the opposite extreme, being asked his sentiments, growled: "Down with the big 'uns; them's my sentiments!" And when a wag interpreted the vote, "He's for down with everybody, and everybody else for ever!" the Catholic spirit of the sentiment drew thunders of applause from the enlightened mob which did not hear it. There is a species of affectation in political writings which snivels into public favour by setting the upper and humbler classes by the ears; and if its own were pulled half the length of its wilful exaggerations, the proportions would be all the truer to their natural history.

I cannot suppress my deep regret that the brilliant gifts of Mr. Dickens are so abominably tarnished with this *ex parte* affectation. Punch, with one exception, is an impartial satirist. He drove his "Brougham" unfairly; but apologized and set that straight. But Mr. Dickens, under the most touching "little Red Riding-hood" of general *bonhomie*, is the most disingenuous literary partizan of the day. His peers are always puppies or despots; his ministers of religion, no matter what class, are hypocrites or automata; his capitalists slave-drivers; Sabbath advocates trespassers on the holidays of the poor; district-visiting an intolerant inquisition; the poor-laws a homicidal enactment; process for the recovery of debt a vicious organization; the Court of Chancery a legal conspiracy against property; the collection of rents a system of tyranny; Parliament a farce; and the executive machinery of Government a perpetual pantomime.

If it were all true—as the judge said of the naughty old witness, who admitted he had never gone to bed sober for half a century—"your's is a wonderful constitution in spite of it all!" What a blunder to be proud of a mother country chargeable with such obliquities! At a London theatre, soon after the American war, American generals,

one after another, appeared in the play to be ridiculed. One was represented as a tailor, another a cobbler, and a third a tinker. A Yankee rose in the pit, and fairly retorted: "Hurrah for old England, beaten by tailors, cobblers, and tinkers!"

Our reply to Mr. Dickens's sneers against the authorities and institutions of his country is: "Three cheers for the common-sense of England, taken in and done for by boobies, despots, and dissemblers!"

His portraits, at the best, are no compliment to the public sagacity. The French complained, "We didn't know when we were beaten," however hard they tried to explain it. We weren't aware of half our social grievances till Mr. Dickens published his list. The British Peerage, the most patriotic and enlightened in Europe, has its exceptions, like any other class; Religion has, unhappily, her pretenders, both clerical and lay; but the sterling coin is not to lower its standard to meet the counterfeits which have crept into currency. Purse-pride and avarice are selfish and contemptible, but the rights of property are not therefore to be confiscated; the practical Christianity which "visits the widow and fatherless in their affliction" may be a fashion with some, and wear an aspect of intrusion in the ungentleness of others, but the personal sacrifice of Christian ladies, who, without the dramatic garb of sisters of mercy, or sisters of charity, mingle their gracious sympathies with the back-lane miseries of the poor, might have reckoned upon less obloquy from a writer professedly advocating the claims of humanity. Poor-laws are inevitably imperfect, but no other nation has any poor-laws at all; and "half a loaf is better than no bread." Prisons have been defective; but crime demands some restraint—and a trifle more would do it no harm. Chancery is open to quibbling abuse; but the worst abuse would be its abolition. Some

appeal in equity is indispensable from the rigid technicality of law. Governments, and their subordinate officials, are no better than their neighbours, but they are no worse; and to paint them worse is not the way to mend them.

To extenuate such literary fictions, on the score of the piquant caricature which aids their circulation, is to justify base coinage on account of the ingenious glitter and ring which facilitates their utterance.

The same stricture applies to many of that class of societarian novels, which, like Mr. Reade's, affect to be "founded on fact,"—a preamble which too often aggravates, by a supposed substratum of truth, the exaggerated injustice of their libels.

English laws and customs have their faults, like other people's, but they are both improving. If in London there are always 50,000 persons in the prison or poorhouse, there are always about 600,000 scholars in its nearly 6,000 schools. If there is much Sunday vice and desecration, there are 1200 places of worship, with a million attendants at the various services of the Lord's Day; 25,000 clergy, doctors, and lawyers, take charge of the city's moral, physical, and material interests, and an equal number of authors and printers sustain the work of the Press. We might go farther, and fare worse.

At the same time, we utterly eschew that affectation of old policies, merely *because* they are old—as if society were a geological fossil embedded in the silt of former generations, not to be disturbed by the rude hands of scientific inquiry.

Life is not a museum of specimens, to be locked up in a glass case; but a laboratory for the industrious test of reasonable improvement. Whereas your political antiquary, instead of picking out the mosses, and other parasitical growth, from the old inscriptions of the country, and chiselling fresh letters where time has effaced them, insists upon

the moss's prescriptive right to smother every record it chooses, watering with dotting old tears the very weeds which disfigure the monuments, as if the ravage of a single leaf, profaned, if not endangered, the fabric. This is the *per-contra* dead-lock which obstructs the essential progress of civilization. Progress is a condition of national life, imperative as exercise to individual health: the penalty of stagnation in either case is decadence and untimely death.

History is a list of examples of a profound truth, which can't be expressed too plainly—that if nations don't go on, they must go down.

The excavated rock temples of India, and the colossal fragments of the deserts of Thebais, are sepulchral monuments of a fine civilization, which, like the patriarch's wife, looking back instead of pressing forward, perished where they stood, in the face of the glorious impulses of art and science, which, like the angels at Sodom, would have led them on.

SIR PILLAR OF SALT

Says, he is a preserve to keep things as they are: and the process of reasoning by which the dear old soul gets round himself—and all the more obstinately because it gets round nobody else—is, that things as they are, are better than things as they should be; because things as they should be, would not be things as they are; and no good comes o' change, except the chance of being worse. "He was a long lane without a turning," except to turn back again. A political *cul-de-sac*—a no-thoroughfare—hated your new-fangled improvements—all hurry and and worry, whistle and whiff—still travelled post, in spite of your radical railways, and wrote less letters than ever, not to be beholden

to your revolutionary penny post. Paid his voters like a gentleman—

“Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time,”—

disdained the low Bribery Act—and had a constitutional objection, in a general way, to anything which proposed revising any other thing. It was his experience of things, that the best thing you could do with anything, was to let things alone. Poor dear Sir Pillar! what very old, and, perhaps, unconscious affectation is yours. Selfishness is an involuntary secretion of the human heart, which mistakes adhesion to its individual interests for loyalty to the commonwealth. Beware, Sir Pillar! such mental jugglery is some danger. In that old pagan fable you read at school, Actæon was as proud of his kennel and fond of his hunt as you are; but his own pack worried him at last. If a pillar be the ornament, by all the laws of architecture it is only so in proportion as it is the support of the building; to affect standing apart is to be neither one thing nor the other, but a haughty dilapidation, crumbling down to its crash at last.

6. The affectations of the Old School in social customs, time allows us barely to glance at; though, like other conventional bores, they are “a host in themselves.” There is hope of ultimately getting rid of some of them, as the venerable Brougham has raised society into the rank of a science, with its classified departments of prison reform, under the canonized tutelage of such names as Howard and Fry—of education, under Bell and Lancaster, with John Pounds, co-patentee of the ragged school—of slavery, under Wilberforce and Clarkson—of sanatory laws, founded on the reports of health of towns’ commissions—of the noble Shaftesbury, abridging the homicidal hours of factory labour

—and of Brougham, for reform in law. The modern sciences—periodically charming men with their fresh discoveries—chemistry, geology, botany, anatomy, and natural philosophy—have pitched their tents, fixed their laws, and classified their subjects; but, unlike geometry, which was as accurate in data in the days of Euclid, as of Newton; or algebra, which was as familiar with the Arabians of the dark ages as with the last senior wrangler, social science is still in its infancy, with all the epidemics incidental to childhood yet to pass through. In the meantime, let us welcome every precautionary expedient possible in the way of social vaccination, spite of anybody's sneer against Jenner's monument. Among existing social affectations, there is the affectation of descent from old families, or the pride of founding new ones. There is neither fault nor fame as to whom we came from—that we could not help; but everything in what we come to—that is our own affair.

Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, in a fashionable party at Rogers's, the banker-poet, asked—"Rogers: do you remember a workman, at five shillings a-day, who came in at that door to receive your orders for this work? I was that workman." This was probably an escape of genuine humility; but too frequent allusions to former obscurity are a vulgar blowing its own trumpet aside, pitched at the lowest bass only to lengthen the run up to the highest note of its gamut, like a showy player on his instrument, or the pursy affectation which calls its villa, a cottage—as if what was a villa to other people, was *only* a cottage to them, and they were quite insensible to anything like style; so Porson satirized, in the "Devil's Walk,"—that strange poem which represents the enemy of mankind walking about, noting men's follies and vices.

"He saw a cottage with a *double coach-house*,—
 A cottage of gentility,
 And Satan he smiled, for his darling sin
 Is the pride that apes humility."

There was an alderman who, among the gems of his mansion, used to show an old porter's knot. The complacency with which he was wont to repeat this retrospect of what he had been, did not enhance what he was. People were willing to forget it, only he would not let them. Perhaps it was the instinct of the glow-worm—the sly little lamp-lighter—that knows it can only shine at all, by contrast with its native obscurity.

OLD SCREW ALLON'EM'S

Vanity took an opposite turn. He *was* a screw, but affected the squire—was ashamed of his trade—though, to do him justice, his trade was the only thing that need not have been ashamed of him. With respectable pretensions as a London manufacturer, but none as an aristocrat, eschewing his own class, the upper one avenged his fellows by eschewing him.

"Between the two, of course he fell through."

"He couldn't see *why*, and wouldn't,—he'd made his money at brass-founding, and flattered himself he'd enough of the metal to found a family: he'd buy some land, entail it on his heir male, and young Squire Allon'em should hold his own with the best on'em,—*he* should." So he took to calling his first-born (a rough cast of primogeniture) "the young squire," with a view to induce folks, by way of distinction, to call himself "the old squire,"—but it didn't succeed. Jock, the young brass, would have moulded on

of the foundry into a more fashionable caste, if brazening could have done it; only everybody, somehow, sounded his hollow ware, and pronounced it not concert-pitch anywhere out of a brass band. So the "old squire" and "young squire," like the brass florins of Austria, got into no circulation beyond the family frontier—the public vernacular stuck to Old Screw and Young Screw. The folly met its death-blow at last in a sally at a public dinner of the ward, where a local wag, in proposing the health of the family, painted the three sons into a caricature of their father's affected squirearchy by announcing the toast: "Here's the old squire, the young squire, the squireen, and the squirt!" That rather settled it.

The affectation of "the family villa" only yields the dark plume of vanity to that of "the family vault." Finery at a funeral and sumptuous sepulchres are ill-matched bedfellows with slumberers in the dust. The florid compliment of epitaph, misplaced and delusive on a tombstone as the hectic flush which mimics the glow of health on a consumptive cheek, is gravely chid in Dr. Franklin's homely inscription on his monument in Washington:—

"Here lies the body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, which, like the cover of an old book, the lettering effaced, and the leaves torn out, lies food for worms. But the work itself will not be lost. It will, as he believed, appear again, in a more beautiful and perfect edition, revised and corrected

BY THE AUTHOR!"

Other minor affectations of social life must be grouped into our closing sketch of

BONNIE CHRISTIE.

Bonnie was no better than other people, only he didn't pretend to be; unless it were the other way, for he always,

to himself, seemed worse. Everybody loved him better than himself. He had no negative pretences. Didn't affect an illegible autograph, taxing his slovenly letters with the toil of their deciphering, before they could be read. Didn't introduce strangers in tones so low and indistinct that neither caught the other's "what's his name," leaving both floundering against each other's blunders, as to who either of them could be. He eschewed

"The foolish fashionable air,
Of knowing all and feeling naught,"

which utters no surprise, and acknowledges no information, lest anything, however new or abstruse, should escape its impromptu plagiarism. He adopted no equivocal garb, nor *patois*, puzzling strangers as to his calling, or mother-country. Affected no intimacies with high life, nor such a press of business as left him no leisure to be civil. Didn't insinuate literary retainers on magazines or newspapers, nor embezzle the credit of their anonymous contributions. Wasn't in the secret of "fountain-heads," *with a private turncock of his own to turn them when he chose*, nor laid claim to an extent of influence, which astonished folks at "the public spirit which had done nothing for itself." Didn't bestow upon innumerable committees services as gratuitous as his subscriptions. Was no oracle in things in general, nor a miracle in everything else. No plaster to some, and blister to others, and quack to all. Neither a railer at his neighbours' whims, nor a retailer of their wit. Wasn't ostensibly consistent only by being really obstinate. Couldn't ignore genuine distress, because indiscriminate alms fostered mendicity. Didn't play the eccentric, as if anything out of the common way, was better than anything in it — no compliment to the people *in* the common way. Didn't profess, whether in religion or politics, to be of no

party, which often means, open to any party, on the usual terms "no reasonable offer refused." Practising in all things more than he professed, he *was* what he seemed to be, and wasn't ashamed of what he was. These were his negative lineaments. And now, dear friends, in concluding the lecture with this sketch, the object of which is at once apparent, a truce awhile to the light and merry; let me leave upon your minds, by the Divine blessing, a last serious thought or two, that we may never lose sight of our convictions as Christian men and women. I beg you, young and old, to look at Bonnie as a sterling man, in a few exemplary points of life and character under the influence of real piety.

Bonnie Christie had known some sorrow in those early days, which leave light though perceptible imprints on the brow, as if the passing wing of the Divine dove had gently smoothed and sanctified them, softening the plastic heart, which suffers without resenting them.

Bonnie Christie's boyhood was an epitome of the man, baptized in many a practical sacrament of self-submission. One instance will suffice.

Two boys were in the school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit, nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must then have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted—boy to boy is the force of a contemporary—Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar — *I* let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they two were paired in the confession, master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud with some emotion: "Bonnie, — Bonnie lad, he and I beg your pardon — we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed, and still as older schools are apt to be when anything true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big-boy tear drop proudly on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when for want of something else to say, he gently cried,—"*Master for ever!*" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed his chair!

Bonnie Christie grew on this boy-type into a bornier manhood, submitting to any inconvenience rather than be mean or unmanly, suffering in many a scrape for weaker spirits, and often winning the unworthy, like his blessed Master, by the simple charm of the good and true.

Bonnie's piety was not an exceptional paroxysm, but the daily atmosphere he breathed and lived in, "as one unto the manner born." It was a Christianity, like the light, shining alike on little things and great ones, on the good and froward, its heavenly power extinguishing the paltry heats of passion or pretence, as the sun puts out a fire.

A man at a vestry squabble offered to fight him. Bonnie said, "I've too much respect for you, neighbour, to accept your challenge." A clumsier reproof would have said,

"I've too much respect for *myself*," but Bonnie's compliment unclenched his adversary's palm, as the hoar-frost melts, whether it will or no, under the merry smile of morning.

He assured another man, who plagued him with anonymous letters, "that the writer needn't be ashamed of his sentiments, and he liked a man none the worse for telling him his faults."

Bonnie rose to eminence, but at no stage of his career was above accepting any civic office to which he was fairly liable. He couldn't sympathize with the affectation which reckons any elective appointment of its fellow-citizens vulgar, and makes them so, by abandoning such functions to the lowest candidates. He neither courted nor despised dignities if they fell in his way; and thought it consistent with his Christianity to exercise his franchise with a due sense of the responsibility with which the institutions of his country charged him.

In politics, I specify no side, because honest men take opposite views, and Bonnie was too catholic in moral sentiment, to be bigoted in political. If his side won, he triumphed without insolence; if he lost, he bore it with equanimity, recognizing in either issue the ordinance of a wisdom higher than man's.

Bonnie's bushy locks grew greyer, and gently silvered as the almond tree, but it was rather the ripening "white unto the harvest" than the chilly snows of age, for Bonnie was never any older than anybody knew. Not that his dress or habits were any vain anachronism with his years; but the cheery old man was everybody's contemporary, one after another, like a family bible, with its winning pictures for the children, and its solemn teaching for their elders. Bonnie was a boon to both—the playmate of the young, and counsellor of the old, patron of the struggler in life's

offing, reclamer of the fallen, nor without a plea of mercy for the depraved and criminal. No man better answered the large question of the Gospel, "Who is my neighbour?" if only that he scarcely knew who was *not* his neighbour.

Bonnie's death-bed seemed a harder pillow to all around him than to the dear head that lay there; for it was smoothed by the invisible hands of "friends that he had made of the mammon of unrighteousness." His Lord and theirs "made all his bed in his sickness, daily and gently strewing on it sweet leaves, fresh from the Tree of Life." He had his Lord's mortal baptism to be baptized with; but the same Spirit of the baptized One softly hovered over its waters, and His minister was there, to cheer him.

Bonnie loved and honoured his pastor in a sensible and manly way, neither magnifying him as a pontiff, nor degrading him as a pensioner. When the farewell offices had been ministered, Bonnie was asked "What dying testimony he left the Church?"

With his ingenuous shrinking from anything like parade, he besought them,—“Print me no flourish on tombstone or papers. If anything be uttered from the pulpit, the less the better, lest it seem preaching up a poor dead sinner, instead of the precious living Saviour. Tell the brethren I feel on entering the threshold of that world where John ‘saw no temple therein,’ as though the definite presentment of particular churches grew less distinct, and like the line of the horizon to a man ascending mountains, expanded every step into a wider, brighter Heaven. I am conscious of more sympathy with the ‘no temple’ atmosphere, than with any narrower segment of communion here. As the higher Elijah rose in his translation, things beneath him looked, by the light of his fiery chariot, smaller than they did below, and only the grand outlines of sea and shore,

hill and valley, retained their old relations in the Promised Land ; so the light of approaching Heaven discovers things in far different proportions from those they once assumed. If we were more heavenly-minded, we should more uniformly view things through that loftier spiritual medium, which corrects our carnal estimates, as terrestrial charts are adjusted by celestial observations. Every tone of affectation, from its sounding brass to the tinkling cymbal, would be hushed and awed into the realities which make men real. There would be less mistakes. All things would be viewed in the light in which the God-man viewed them, although His generation sneered at the august simplicity which retreated from their hosannas to a cross, and reckoned 'all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,' at their intrinsic worth—'a crown of thorns!'" The pastor bid adieu, weeping as he whispered—"Is it peace?"

And Bonnie Christie smiled as though of course it was, to one going home—perhaps the smile gently chid those gratuitous tears, or partly requited the love that shed them, and partly implied by its contrast—*his* sighs were numbered with the days that drew them, and he looked pleased in the face of death to think it was so.

There is no touching sight on earth so beautiful as the farewell smile of a dying saint which lingers on the peaceful features of the dead, as an infant stereotypes on its unconsciously parted lips, the last fond look of its mother, 'ere it fell asleep in her arms.

Bonnie's last words, faintly uttered, were: "I cast my sins, my errors, and myself, on that plea of Golgotha—'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'"

So Bonnie Christie died, as he had lived, "a true man and no spy,"—loving and believing God and man. His memory was not gazetted a posthumous insolvent. Death, his last debt, was paid, like all he owed, as soon as it was

due, leaving him none other save the infinite item of adoring love, which the redeemed, for ever paying, still for ever owe, to their Redeemer.

The large charities of a generous life intercepted the reversionary ostentation of an eleemosynary testament, exempting even his obituary from the vanity of probate.

His epitaph was like a general receipt for the *bonâ fide* account it closed.

“Man looketh at the outward appearance ; but the Lord looketh on the heart.” (1 Sam. xvi. 7.)

The World's Oldest Poem.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. FREDERIC GREEVES.



THE WORLD'S OLDEST POEM.

THE subject before us is the Poem which forms part of the sacred writings under the title of the "Book of Job." It does not lie within the limits of my purpose to state the arguments on which rest its claims to be called "The World's Oldest Poem:" it must suffice to say that this unrivalled antiquity is ascribed to it by the well-considered verdict of the most competent authorities. Their account of the Book seems briefly to be this—that its hero lived not long after the deluge, at a period older than Abraham, or at least as old; that the story of his trials, and the conversations that ensued, were embalmed in the thoughtful memory of the early patriarchs, and handed down, orally, through several generations; that, finally, they reached the ear of Moses during his shepherd life in Midian; and that, struck by their beauty and worth,—and moved, moreover, by the Holy Ghost, who brought all things needful to his remembrance—he transcribed and corrected the Record, adding to it all those details which form the beginning and end of the Book. While this account of the origin of the Poem before us is, to our judgment, the best supported, it is, to our taste, the most inviting. There seems a peculiar propriety, that written inspiration should be inaugurated by gathering up the fragments, both in poetry and prose,

of all that was most valuable in the traditional memory of an older dispensation; and thus, at the dying embers of patriarchal lore, kindle, by God's grace, "A CANDLE THAT SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."

If the date thus assigned to the Book of Job is correct, it may truly claim unapproachable precedence among the world's great poems. From a rough calculation, made in accordance with the most popular systems of chronology, it appears that it took its present form 500 years before the writing of the Psalms of David; 750 years before Isaiah's Prophecy; about the same period, probably, before the date of Homer; 1450 years before the birth of Virgil; and more than 2800 years before the appearance of Chaucer, whom we are accustomed to regard as the venerable Father of English Song.

The antiquity of the Book of Job being assumed, our purpose is to vindicate its claim to be a poem—and one of the sublimest and most beautiful poems that is to be found in any language. That it is not generally considered so, or, at all events, not generally regarded with the interest and admiration due to it on this ground, can scarcely be alleged as an argument against its claim, because it rarely happens that the highest class of poetry is most read or most admired. The great bards of the world have commonly been treated much as men are accustomed to treat the peacock, whom, superficially, they admire, but take no pains to hear his voice. It would be matter of curious calculation how many of the professed admirers of Milton ever read the twelve books of the "Paradise Lost;" and how many of the followers of Wordsworth ever finished even the prelude to his threatened "Excursion." Many reasons might be assigned for this, and they all apply with special force to the Poem which is called the Book of Job. Possessing an unsurpassed wealth of imagery, and rich in lessons of

instruction from the Spirit of God Himself, time and labour are absolutely necessary to comprehend it. From the abruptness and seeming want of connection in its style; for want of sufficient attention to the course of the argument; from the great distance between its ancient simplicity and our modern refinements; and, above all, from a careless passing over of its beauties of figure and allusion, great numbers have found this Poem unintelligible—"a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." But the neglect of the thoughtless multitude is well counterbalanced by the intense admiration of the judicious few. Joseph Caryl, who well knew the value of life, expended twenty years of thought and study on this book, and has left the result in a gigantic commentary, a monument of his own perseverance, and a fine test of that of his readers. The father of John and Charles Wesley wrote also upon it—a work full of widely-collected information, the sheets of which, when just ready for the press, were consumed by fire; and the cheerful old man, with a patience worthy of Job himself, resumed his task; and, amid gout and palsy, composed it anew, and sent it forth to the world in a folio, adorned with elaborate plates, so tall that it can scarcely find standing room on modern book-shelves. Nor have our poets been less diligent in their study of it than our divines. Its imagery, or imitations of it, is to be found sparkling, with a brilliance all its own, on the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, and Byron. Its spirit has thoroughly entered into the soul of Tennyson, and is powerfully realized in some of his most exquisite lines. Paraphrases of the whole, or part, are almost innumerable; the most remarkable being by Dr. Edward Young, author of "The Night Thoughts;" and the most recent, that of the Right Hon. the Earl of Winchelsea. Could we now be privileged to vindicate its claims to attention by exhibiting some of the links of the argument, and

unveiling some of the beauties of the imagery;—above all, could we induce any by patient and prayerful study to do this much more efficiently for themselves: we should greatly rejoice at this opportunity of testifying our own intense love and admiration for this venerable Song.

The story which the Poem before us enshrines, is simple and familiar. The patriarch is first introduced to our admiring attention, crowned with all temporal and spiritual felicity. He was a man "that feared God and eschewed evil." But he did more. He was "perfect in every good word and work." He "instructed many:" he "strengthened the weak hands:" his words "upheld him that was falling:" and he "strengthened the feeble knees." He was "eyes to the blind," and "feet" was he "to the lame:" "a father to the poor," he "saved them out of the mouth of the cruel;" so that "when the ear heard" him, "then it blessed" him; "and when the eye saw" him, "it gave witness unto" him; "the blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon" him, and he "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—His life was unimpeachable. He was a stranger to the pride of riches; and "made not gold his hope."—His devotion was sincere and unaffected. He clung to the simple rites of his forefathers, sacrificing according to the number of his family, and causing the young men to join the ceremony with previous cleansing and preparation.—Nor did he do so without a special reward. "The secret of God was upon his tabernacle." His gracious revelations were his familiar intercourse. Above all, he "knew that his Redeemer lived." By faith his eye was strengthened to gaze down the long line of centuries that twined their slender arches carven with many a type and strange device, and the memorial of many a king, priest, prophet, yet unborn—over a path that led down, down to that far distant Altar, long to be unstained, yet in whose oblation he felt

himself with all saints to have a joyful interest; though the Mystery of God was yet unrevealed, and beneath that fretted canopy no angel's pinion might yet dare to sweep. — In addition to this, all the stores of earthly happiness were poured at his feet. He was a king and father to his countrymen. The hills were covered with his countless flocks, and the valleys were white with his waving harvests. Gold and silver were his in abundance; and he was "the greatest of all the men of the East."—His domestic felicity was perfect. His wife and children were about him. His mind and his body were in the prime of manly vigour and dignity.

Suddenly, upon the head of this holy and happy man, a storm of misfortune breaks. We may imagine him in the midst of his happiness. It is the day of his children's rejoicing. All breathes of hope, and joy, and peace around him. We may picture him seated, as was Abraham, at his tent's door, under the shadow of a majestic tree. Then, swiftly as incarnate misfortunes, arrives messenger after messenger, bringing tidings of spoil, conflagration, and death; till, in the course of one hour of immeasurable agony, he finds himself flockless, serfless, childless, a beggar, a wreck — amid all the continued insignia of an almost regal magnificence! Wealth, subsistence, children, all gone at one stroke! A king, in a moment, reduced to ruin! It is not possible to conceive bitterer, more overwhelming woe. But his heart breaks not. He does not dash away into the wilderness; he does not throw himself wildly on the ground; he does not tear his white hair in agony. He calmly resigns himself to the change. After the fashion of his times, he "arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground;" but even while there, he "worshipped; and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the

Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." It is impossible too much to admire this beautiful model. Would it not be admirable if one had thus sustained a ruinous loss; if he could thus cheerfully resign luxuries or comforts to which he had been all his life accustomed? But these are the words of one who had lost *all*. Would it not have been a wondrous proof of resignation in a parent thus meekly to have resigned to his Maker *one* beloved child? But he who so speaks had, in one moment, been bereft of all. "Joseph was not, and Simeon was not, and Benjamin also was taken away!" With every circumstance that could stagger faith, quench love, and destroy hope; under every aggravation of malice; in face of a destruction so detailed in its parts, so complete in its effects, calculated and executed with such a power and precision as almost to suggest the idea of a providence of over-ruling evil — "in all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Of the strength of Job's graces, we may gain some comparative idea from the destruction which his trials brought upon the piety or the principles of those who witnessed them; but were less, or not at all, affected by them. "At the cry of him," we read, those whom he had treated with unvarying goodness — "fled" — through ingratitude or fear; as Israel from the pit that swallowed Korah and his company. Far above all others in duty and affection was his wife; to her he turned confidently for consolation; and, lo, she bids him curse! "Curse God, and die!" The words might indeed be translated "Bless God, and die;" but, even that miserable consolation from the wife of his bosom, we do not believe the unhappy sufferer received. For we read elsewhere, "his breath was strange unto her" (that is, she regarded not his cry for assistance), "though he entreated for the children's sake of his own body." Truly her loss

was great, and to a certain extent parallel with Job's. But she imitated not his greatness; she basely deserted woman's holy ministry of love and comfort; nay, we fear she forsook him, and her God also! And now arrive the noblest actors, next to Job, upon this fearful scene. His three friends come to "mourn with him, and to comfort him." The occasion of their meeting was unprecedented: their long silence, big with emotion, commands our attention. They were unable to behold the wreck of their friend's happiness: they lifted up their voice and wept. They acknowledged that they also were sinners in the sight of God by sprinkling dust upon their heads towards heaven. Their love to their friend was wonderful, passing the love of woman. But, on the other hand, dark and deep were their questionings on his condition. Was not this their friend, their brother? Had they not taken sweet counsel together, and interchanged the secrets of their souls? Had he not been as a king among them, "the greatest of all the sons of the East?" Had they not listened to his voice in the council, bowed with him before the Lord, and meditated on the secrets of salvation? But now he is hurled from his eminence: all that is lovely in life is suddenly taken away: he sits before them a loathsome sufferer. For seven long days and nights there sate the friends, and pondered the miserable ruin in their hearts: Eliphaz, the seer, to whom heaven revealed itself in night visions; Bildad, deeply versed in the ancient traditional lore; and Zophar, with his stern and sublime morality. To all was presented the same dilemma, Can God be just if this man be not a sinner?

Thus, without exception, all seem to have been ensnared in the trap that was not, directly at least, laid for them. The wind of Job's destruction has proved too strong for their faith. All is darkness, doubt, or apostacy. Everywhere they accuse God falsely, or contend for him deceit-

fully. Satan seems to have gained his point with every one *except the silent sufferer*. He rises far above their weakness!

“As some tall cliff, that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head” —

So towered among his fellows the patriarch of our story! So sublime his declaration “Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

In the dialogue which ensues between Job and his friends, which forms the greater portion of the book, they assert, with continually-increasing vehemence, that suffering such as his only happens to the guilty; and, at first mildly, afterwards with harsh severity, they urge him to confess the secret enormity he had practised: he, in return, declares that after searching self-examination he is conscious of no such sin as they attribute to him; and argues that universal experience proves that there is no such unvarying rule of Providence as they suppose, but that prosperity and adversity happen to good and evil, to righteous and wicked, indiscriminately. So far as the arguments of the friends go, Job's answer was conclusive; and they had nothing to reply. But lest Job should remain unconvinced of the flaw in his own reasoning, the young Elihu is permitted to break in, and correct his mistaken view. His argument amounts to this—whenever God visits us with affliction, it is certainly for our good, and, therefore, never should we blame him. Moreover, our innocence or guilt is not of small importance to our worldly happiness; for, though we see it not now, God will not fail to recompense both. To this Job makes no reply. With the candour of an enlightened mind he has perceived his error, and he will not attempt to defend it. Finally, the Lord

Himself answered Job out of the whirlwind; and awestruck by the Divine appearance which he had invoked, and by the offer of God Himself to plead in Person on those very points on which he had declared himself unsatisfied; by a train of queries abrupt and majestic, and of descriptions grand and divine,—Job is brought to see his utter insignificance before Him whose Providence he had doubted; and, owning that it is impossible for short-sighted mortals to know the principles of Divine action, to submit himself with heartfelt resignation to the will of God. He is taught, not indeed the lesson he most desires, but the lesson he most needs. He learns, not to trace the workings of Providence, but to trust the event, and, this lesson once learned, the trials are removed. He who sat as a “refiner and purifier of silver,” by whose kind permission the furnace had been “heated one seven times hotter than” is wont, now beheld His own glorious image reflected in His creature; a copy of the submission of Him, who also was made “perfect through sufferings.” Immediately He removes him out of the fire, and restores him to double his former state.

Such, briefly, is the story of “the patience of Job;” at the merits of which, as a Poem, we are now to look. It is distinctly to be remembered, that when the Book of Job is described as a poem, and called, after the example of many critics, a sacred drama, no doubt is entertained that all its facts actually occurred, and that its discourses were really uttered, as recorded by living men. But this does not at all prevent its being poetry. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a poem must be exclusively the work of the imagination. As fact is often stranger than fiction, so there is more true poetry actually around us than the loftiest work of fancy

has disclosed. There is poetry in the works of nature, and poetry in the wrestlings of life, which is absolutely inexhaustible. The poet is not, properly speaking, a creator at all, though his name might seem to imply this; but it is his holy privilege to lift up the veil of familiarity, and give us glimpses of the unutterable beauty, the unutterable solemnity, that there is in nature and in life. And when we speak of the Book of Job as a Poem, and one of the sublimest ever composed, we do it, not because a single word of it is fictitious; nor chiefly because forty of its chapters may be reduced, in the original, to that metrical form in which all the poetical books of the Bible are written; but, because, in pursuing its object, which is to "justify the ways of God to men," it lays open with matchless clearness the depths of strength and tenderness that lie hidden in the human heart; and employs in its service the sublimest and most beautiful imagery that the universe supplies.

If poetry is to be judged by the employment of *sublime and beautiful imagery*, it would be hard to show that modern ages have improved in this respect on the world's most venerable Song. Taking the very earliest poetic utterance, the beginning of the third chapter, how sublime is the language in which the afflicted mourner curses the day when the life of so many sorrows commenced,—asking that "that day" may be "darkness;" that "darkness and the shadow of death" may "stain it;" that the very "stars of its twilight" may be "dark;" that from "the eyelids of the morning" not one glance of light may look upon it! How beautiful the description of the great city of the grave, whose "desolate places kings and counsellors of the earth built for themselves;" that city where meet and mingle all the streams of human life; whose streets are silent, whose vaulted halls are still; where harp and

viol, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride are heard no more ; where side by side, in peaceful slumber, lie "kings of the earth and all people, princes and the judges of the earth ; both young men and maidens—old men and children."

"There the wicked cease from troubling ;
And there the weary be at rest.
There the prisoners rest together ;
They hear not the voice of the oppressor.
The small and the great are there ;
And the servant is free from his master."

How forcibly, in the next chapter, does Eliphaz argue that, just as "the old lion perisheth for lack of prey, and the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad," even so "they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same." And with what simplicity, unequalled down even to this age, does this ancient Seer relate his vision—

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.
In thoughts, from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face ;
The hair of my flesh stood up :
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof :
An image before mine eyes,—
Silence—and I heard a voice, saying,
'Shall mortal man be more just than God ?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker ?
Behold, he put no trust in his servants ;
And his angels he charged with folly :
How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust,
Which are crushed before the moth ?'"

If we need any higher testimony to the power of this

description than that which rises in our own heart, it is to be found in the hold it has taken on the imagination of our highest poets. Lord Byron's imitation is worthy of mention for its close adherence to the original :—

“ A spirit passed before me : I beheld
 The face of immortality unveiled :
 Deep sleep came down on every eye—save mine—
 And there it stood, all formless—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
 And, as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :
 ‘ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than He who deems even seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ? ’ ”

It would be easy to go in this manner through the whole book, pointing out here a flower of beauty, and there a towering mountain of sublimity : but let us pass at once to what excels all the rest as much as the Book itself surpasses all uninspired Poetry—the voice of the Lord from the whirlwind—beginning with the 38th chapter. It consists of a series of queries so directed as to show Job his nothingness in the sight of God. “ Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? whereupon are the foundations thereof fashioned ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ? ” Knowest thou “ who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, when it issued out of the womb ? when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it a decreed place,” where it might sport in its giant strength, “ and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” “ Hast thou in thy

life given commandment to the morning" that the steeds of the sun should, at the appointed time,

"Shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire!"

Or hast thou "caused the dawn to know its place, that it may seize on the far corners of the earth, and scatter the robbers before it? It is turned as clay to a seal, and all things stand forth as in gorgeous apparel." A beautiful figure! The allusion is to the cylindrical seals used in Babylon. Just as such a seal rolls over the clay, and there instantly starts up in relief a fine group of objects, so the dayspring revolves over the space which the darkness made empty and void; and, as if created by the movement, all things stand forth in brilliant attire. Then follow descriptions of the animal creation, unrivalled in their force and beauty, and amply repaying the most diligent study. The lion "crouching in the den, and abiding in the covert to lie in wait;" the Arab horse, "his neck clothed with the thunder, pawing in the valley, rejoicing in his strength, saying among the trumpets Ha! Ha!"—the ostrich, "hardened against her young ones and scorning the horse and his rider;" the eagle, "whose young ones suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she":—here are pictures of nature which, we are bold to say, have never been surpassed. Every other art, of every other description, has reached perfection by slow and difficult degrees: Painting, developing from the rude sketches of Assyria and Egypt, to the cartoons of Raphael, and the works of Michael Angelo; Architecture, rising from the rude hut of the miserable savage to the grand cathedral pile; Music, from the first simple melody to the majestic harmonies of Handel. Not so with the Art of Poetry. Never does the stream of Song appear more sparkling, deep, and majestic; never does it

reflect from its clear bosom imagery more beautiful than when first it issues from the fountain of all Inspiration, in the World's Oldest Poem.

But the Book of Job is to be regarded as a Poem, not only from its employment of sublime and beautiful imagery, but also because *it lays bare, with matchless power, the depths of strength and tenderness that lie hidden in the human heart.*

How wonderfully is this done in the character and history of Job! He is introduced to us at first with nothing remarkable about him—rich and prosperous—just to his neighbours, benevolent to the poor, loving to his children, faithful to his God. But in all this there is nothing remarkable: it was the case of hundreds in his day; it is the case of thousands in our own: and had all this continued, he would have gone down to a nameless grave, and a few generations after his very memory would have been erased. Suddenly sorrow comes and touches him. In a moment he is transfigured. No new power is imparted to him, but those already in him are brought into activity. Immediately he rises into a hero: his grandeur becomes colossal: he projects the shadow of his trial, and the light of his triumph over forty centuries. He acquires a name that will endure as long as earth endures. And so true is all this to the most secret principles of our nature, that even now, after a hundred generations have successively trodden on his dust, and laid down to sleep beside him, our own hearts, and the hearts of all who read the story, beat in perfect sympathy with the stricken, but most human, heart of the Patriarch of Uz!

This man is a man: his heart beats, every pulse of it, in perfect unison with mine; and yet what a hero the man is! Look at his tenderness! We see this more in his silence, than in all his speech. One of the tenderest and most

touching things in all Literature is this most eloquent and pathetic silence of Job about his children. Ten of them are gone; and through the whole of his complaints, he never mentions them. "What!" you say, "do you call that tenderness; not to speak of his children? one would have expected him to name them first of all." Glad we are to hear you say so, though it is a great mistake; because it shows this is a kind of sorrow you have never known. If your character can be perfected without it, God grant you never may! But let us tell you, to help you to understand Job, that it is the shallow stream that murmurs; deep waters are silent: that when real sorrow comes, it falls upon the heart as heavy as an avalanche and as cold; no tears then, no complainings: the heart smitten and withered, like that of Job, is as the stricken deer, whose only remaining wish is to penetrate the depths of the tangled forest, hide the pang from every human eye, and die in peace. Lest you should accuse us of explaining the silence of Job unfairly, (as you very likely will, if you measure his sorrow by any you have known,) we will quote the opinion of Tennyson, expressed in his poem "In Memoriam," one of the most beautiful poems that has appeared in our day.

"The lesser griefs that may be said,
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,
 Are but as servants in a house
 Where lies the master newly dead;
 Who speak their feeling as it is,
 And weep the fulness from their mind:
 'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
 Another service such as this.'
 My lighter moods are like to these,
 Which out of words a comfort win;
 But there are other griefs within,
 And tears that at the fountain freeze;

dunghill indeed ; but, with him upon it, that dunghill is a throne. He looks calmly to the threatening cloud. His bald, bare head is ready. Let it come. It will make no difference in his confidence—" Though He *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him : but I will maintain mine own ways before Him." This is, in real life, just what the poet Campbell has put into the lips of an imaginary character, whom he calls " the last man." He supposes the one survivor of the human race, following the sun, in the hour of his last setting, with words like these :—

" Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of wrath that man shall taste.
Go, tell the night that hides thy face
Thou heards't the last of Adam's race
On earth's sepulchral clod
The darkening universe defy,
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !"

Such a declaration, under such circumstances, would be heroic ; but not one whit more so than the conduct of Job. For him the universe *was* darkened. Not a gleam of light remained. But his trust in God was as strong as ever. Was he not a hero ? Did imagination ever picture a character so tender, yet so strong !


And yet this was no more than a man ; a man of like passions with us ; a man as weak and full of infirmity as we ; a man who, before he was tried, had no more of the hero apparent about him than yourselves ; who, when tried, had no other support than is promised to you, and promised to you in a higher degree than to him. All the strength and tenderness that formed the original character of Job are slumbering in the calm depths of your own untroubled

heart. All the divine helps that transformed Job into the hero he became are freely offered you from above. Whether circumstances will ever occur, in this life, to call forth all the powers of your being, and to reveal you fully to yourself, only your Maker knows. But to prepare yourself for such circumstances, and to be in constant communication with the divine help you will then need,—this is your part. Do not think you are prevented from being a hero by the *obscurity of your station*. The world's ideas of heroism are very false. To it Alexander is a hero, who never conquered himself, but died of debauchery in Babylon. To it Napoleon is a hero, who put away the wife of his youth—the wife of his love—from motives of miserable policy. From such heroism as theirs, obscurity of station does hinder you; but not from the heroism of Job, the having the heart within you tender, and strong, and true. Nor let any of us think that woman is prevented from the heroism by *the conditions of her sex*. Who is this that has made her dwelling amid the howlings of the storm?

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain ;
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

See her as she issues from her safe shelter, to measure her woman's strength against all the power of the tempest, and snatch from the hungry billow its half-drowned prey! and write high among the list of real heroes, Grace Darling's name. Who, again, is this that has taken her place on the field where embattled host meets embattled host, where the real conqueror is death, gathering laurels alike from the vanquished and the victors, and wreathing them in triumph around his brow? See her as she walks through Scutari hospitals, seeming the very impersonation of calm strength,

—and strong men stricken down in the very prime of their manhood, mutilated, and with glazed eyes, look up languidly from beds of suffering, and think “God hath sent his angel,” surely! Let her name, too, be written high upon the scroll of Fame—Florence Nightingale! Heroism like theirs, all cannot emulate. But look at this Mother who has come to the Saviour. From the coasts of Tyre and Sidon she has come. Her daughter is afflicted. See her, as, forgetting the timidity of her sex, she urges her way through the dense and crushing crowd. See her as she disregards the cold harsh words of the Master’s very disciples. See her as she sets herself to argue the matter with the very Lord Himself! Why, mothers have not been afraid of lions, when they have contended for their children: and shall she be afraid of Him? He calls her a dog! What then? A dog can love its offspring. A dog can catch a crumb. Is she not a heroine? Now, whether circumstances will ever occur to you that will exhibit these sublime qualities, we cannot tell. But heroism consists not in showing these qualities, but in having them: not in seeming great, but in being so. Act well your part. Do each day’s duties well. Bear each day’s trials patiently. Encounter each day’s conflicts bravely. And, above all, live in prayer and faith, and love toward God; that will strengthen the weakest character, and give depth to the shallowest: and then, without ever rising above, or sinking beneath, your present station, you may be “a hero in life’s strife.” But changes may come. Joy may pass away; for her hand is ever on her lips, bidding adieu! Friends may be taken; for God hath sold the forest unto death, and his axe even now is at the root of the trees. What is sweet may become bitter; what is bright may become dark; life may be a weariness, and, like Job, you may “long for death, and dig for it as for hid treasure.” But, even then,



trust in God, such as his, will support you. Remember the case of the noble and eloquent Robert Hall, who, amid sufferings sharper and more protracted than attend some forms of martyrdom, said to those around him, "I have not complained; have I?" "No, Mr. Hall." "Then, by God's grace, I hope I never may." With examples like these before you, even in the midst of life's bitterest adversities,

Oh, fear not, in a world like this !
And thou shalt know, ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong !

We now return to the point whence we started, and say, that the beautiful and profound revealings of the human heart which the Book of Job contains, constitute it a poem in the loftiest sense of the word, because there is no theme, either of nature or of imagination, which can vie in interest with that human heart, whose feelings are often stabler than mountains—fresher than flowers—deeper than seas—and in mysterious harmony, by turns, with all that is noble, and all that is ignoble, in the universe.

But once again—if the merits of a poem are at all to be measured by the *design it is intended to serve*, the lessons it is given to teach, what poem, in this respect, can surpass the Book of Job? Divine poetry is almost necessarily the sublimest. Schiller, in one of his exquisite German lyrics, has beautifully alluded to this. He describes Jupiter as wearied with the perpetual complaints made by men of their hard lot, and resolving that the earth should be divided afresh, and that each should choose the portion he most desired. It was done; and when all else had seized their shares, at last, from afar off came the poet. Finding that all was gone, he bewailed his fate in strains so sweet

that they reached the monarch on his throne, and brought this answer: "How is it that thou appealest to me? Where wast thou when they were dividing the world?" "I was," replied the poet, "with Thee. Mine eyes were gazing upon thy beauties: mine ears were captivated with the harmonies of thy heaven. Pardon a soul so absorbed in the contemplation of thine unutterable glory, that it neglected to secure its earthly heritage." And Jove did pardon that loving spirit, and assigned to it a portion far surpassing the good things of this world.

" 'What can be done?' said Jove. 'The earth is given ;
The field, the chase, the mart are gone from me ;
Since 't is thy joy to dwell with me in heaven,
Come when thou wilt, for thee the path is free.' "

Thus, in truthful fable, Schiller has represented the poet's sphere and privilege, and taught that no theme is so majestic as one that leads the mind "from nature up to nature's God."

There is, however, a peculiar interest attaching to the Book of Job, even among divine poems, because it alone, of all the books of the Bible, grapples with those mysteries of God's providential government which have more or less perplexed every intelligent inhabitant of the universe. It gives the answer to life's great enigma. It teaches that life is not, as most young people seem to regard it, a fête or carnival; much less, as some old people seem to think it, a temporary lodging in the dungeon of the castle of Giant Despair—that it is something between the two—a struggle, a strife, a mortal conflict between good and evil; that it is not, therefore, to be entered upon with unthinking levity, much less with unhoping gloom—but bravely, strongly, manfully, expecting with calmness the inevitable shocks of the combat, and looking up hopefully, and always, to Him in

whose strength already we are more than conquerors. The object of the book is precisely that which Milton announced in the "Paradise Lost:"

"That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

But we do not hesitate to say that the Book of Job has done it better than the work of Milton. It has traced the course of the conflict more closely, and shown its end more clearly, and brought God Himself into more vital union with it. And this lesson, my friends and fellow-soldiers in this battle, I earnestly hope you will all learn. If there is any one lesson more than all the rest which is important for your happiness and welfare, it is, that you cannot afford to allow your characters to be frivolous and unthinking, much less to be gloomy and unhoping; even for this life you cannot afford it—all success and happiness depend on being thoroughly earnest in life's great battle. Neither will earnestness avail you, unless to dependence on yourselves you join dependence on your God—that God who is so beautifully revealed throughout this Poem, watching from His highest heaven the conflict waged by each, controlling the assault, supporting the assaulted, Himself giving us the victory, and then uttering from His own lips the conqueror's praises, and wreathing, with His own Divine hand, the garland round his brow.


One word on the great mystery of this matchless Poem. I borrow the thought, with limitations, variations, and additions, from a powerful and popular writer, when I say:—

"It is sometimes true, the saying that sunshine comes after storm. Sometimes true, or who could live? but not always, not even often. Equally true it is, that misfortunes never come single; that in most human lives there are

periods of trouble, blow following blow—wave following wave, from opposite and unexpected quarters, with no natural or logical sequence, till all God's billows have gone over the soul. Such a period was this in the life of Job.

"How paltry, at such dark times, are all theories that hang on self! Easy enough does it seem for us to live without God while all around is smooth and common-place. But what, if some thing, or some person—or many things, or many persons, one after another—took a man up and dashed him down, again and again, and again, till he was ready to cry out, with Hezekiah, 'I reckoned till morning, that like a lion he would break all my bones—from morning to evening he will make an end of me'? What, if he thus found himself hurled, perforce, on the real universal experience of humanity, and made free, in spite of himself, by doubt and fear, and horror of darkness, of the brotherhood of woe, common alike to the simplest peasant, and to every great soul that has left his impress and sign-manual on the hearts of after-generations? What, if he had thus gone down into the depths of despair, and there, out of the utter darkness, asked the question of all questions—which might well occur in the crisis of his history to Job—'Is there a God? and if so, what is He doing with me?'

"Now, what relief would such a one have in self-confidence?—To wrap himself sternly in himself, and say: 'I will endure, though all the universe be against me'—how fine it sounds! But *who has done it!* No: there is but one chink through which we may see light—one rock on which our feet may find standing-place even in the abyss; and that is the belief, intuitive and inspired, that the billows are God's billows; and that, though we go down to hell, He is there also; that we are not educating ourselves, but that He is educating us; that these seemingly incoherent troubles—storm following earthquake, and earth-



quake fire—have all unity and purpose in His mind, though we see it not ; that sorrows do not come singly only because He is making short work with our spirits ; and because the more effect He sees produced by one blow, the more swiftly He follows it up by another, till, in one great and varied crisis, seemingly long to us, but short, indeed, compared with immortality, our spirit may be

“ ‘ Heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom,
To shape and use.’ ”


Who, after reading the book of Job, will venture to doubt that wonderful lessons are taught in the school of affliction ? Harsh schoolmistress she undoubtedly is, and stern and severe to look upon ; but her lessons are thoroughly taught, and, once learned, they are gain to us for ever. It was so with Job ! He had a lesson to learn among the ashes, that he could not learn among the quiring seraphim ; the one thing which earth can teach, and heaven cannot ! Do you ask what it is ? It is—amid darkness, and sorrow, and strife, amid the opposition of foes, and the hidings of his Father's face—to be submissive, patient, trustful. And many besides him have learned wonderful lessons from affliction.

“ ‘ There is no God,’ the foolish saith,
But none ‘ there is no sorrow ;’
And Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need doth borrow :
Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves, are raised ;
And lips cry ‘ God be pitiful !’
That ne'er said ‘ God be praised !’ ”

Oh, there is endless mercy in affliction, though we cannot see it now ! A day is coming when those veiled visitors

who have sometimes taken up their abode with us, and whose stay has seemed all too long, shall slip off their dark disguises, and show their smiling, loving face; and we shall see that, in giving lodging to afflictions, we were "entertaining angels unawares."

And now, we have finished with the beautiful Book before us. I hope that you will read it more, and love it more, and profit more by its sublime and heart-searching teachings for the time we have spent upon it. We cannot dilate further on its manifold lessons; its exposition of Providence, and its history of a suffering saint; its doctrine of the invisible enemy and of the sequel of his false accusations; its lessons to the afflicted, to the wicked, and to the bystander; its banquet for the poet and the divine; the charm of its antiquity, and the ever-new freshness of its teachings. We compare it, for its numerous helps, defences, and weapons, to an armoury of heaven; or for its treasures of poetry and theology to the mysterious Tree of Life, on which were twelve manner of fruits, and whose very leaves were for the healing of the nations. But this Book—the oldest in the Bible—stands not alone in its beauty and beneficence, as once it stood. Like the parent trunk of the Indian forest tree, it has become surrounded by many another kindred stem, distinctly rooted but united in essence: another, yet the same. Posterity has sung and rested beneath its foliage, and fed upon its fruit; and, as succeeding generations became more numerous, it spread forth its great branches to give them shade and shelter until its growth was complete, and its comprehensive embrace is sufficient to protect a world. Curious men have thought that they discovered gnarled knots on the stately stem of our English Bible, and gladly would they apply to it the axe of their clumsy criticism; but may we



not bid them in your name to "Spare the tree—touch not a single bough"? The light the Book affords is only dim, but it is just such as is suited to our feeble vision; and, though we cannot yet gaze full upon the Glorious Sun walking in His dazzling brightness, yet with the darkest shadows of time is mingled the light of the coming day—of that day, for which, if faithful, we are preparing—and to which, whether faithful or not, we are hastening. For "the night is far spent." Already the

"Dawn of another life breaks over our earthly horizon,
As o'er the Eastern sky the first grey streaks of the morning."

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." As we gaze upon the starry night, we view the brilliancy of the lamps of heaven, but their courses are to us incomprehensible: we know not why here they are thickly sown, and there thinly scattered, or why one star differeth from another star in glory; but, could we climb the hills of heaven, we might, from that centre point of the universe, behold the map of creation in beauteous order, and complete regularity, spread around the throne of the Eternal:—so, we trust, that one day will give us an insight into the dealings of God's providence; and all that, in time, is broken, disjointed, and harsh to the eye of the scorner, and to the wisest and best is deeply mysterious—will then appear to our glorified vision clear, harmonious, and simple, in the golden sunlight of eternity. We look upon that wondrous clustering of stars that forms the milky way; and, as we regard each star as the centre of a system, we are overwhelmed with the conception of so many orbs, all moving agreeably to law, and circling their respective courses for ages without confusion; but still more astonishing, and still more glorious, will it be, when at the last it shall appear, that of the millions of the

human race, each has been the free originator of thoughts, volitions, and deeds; that these have flowed from each in a perpetual stream; that they have conflicted with one another, and conflicted with the revealed will of God; that, nevertheless, all have been woven together in the beautiful tissues of the providential government of the Almighty, and "all things have worked together for good to them that love God."

Then shall they sing in heaven the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb: "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints."

The Power of Example.

A LECTURE

BY

J. B. GOUGH, Esq.



THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A good old New England deacon once said, "Brethren, I should like to make a few remarks before I begin:" and I should like to make a remark or two before *I* begin, by informing you that, if you had not been twice disappointed, I should have hesitated very much in coming before you, labouring under so severe and tough a cold as has almost prostrated me to-night. I am having the cold of the season just now: we generally have one or two in the course of the year that are very special, and I have one upon me now.

Seated on this platform some weeks ago, and hearing the Rev. William Arnot deliver his magnificent lecture—which I never shall forget to my dying day (and I believe the impression upon my heart and conscience will be a permanent one)—looking into the future, knowing that my name was on the list of lecturers before this Association, I felt a great deal of tremulousness in view of it. I come to you to-night, not with stores of learning, not with power to interest you in the literature of the country, or in science; but, if a heart that is warm towards the Young Men's Christian Association—if an intense desire to benefit the young men of this Association, of which I feel myself honoured in being a member—if that will compensate for the want of other abilities—I stand on this platform second to no man. I wonder if all the lecturers before this Association

have received as many communications as I have about their lectures. It would be very amusing if I should read to you the letters that I have received within the past month in reference to this address. Some are fearful that I shall give a teetotal speech: now I do not think a little teetotalism would do you any harm; and some are afraid that I shall not give a teetotal speech: now I consider there are some matters fully as important as teetotalism. But if I should follow the suggestions of all the letter-writers in reference to this speech, I should soon be nowhere at all. This afternoon I took a bit of paper, and I attempted to jot down some headings, but I came away and forgot them; but I do not know that if I had them they would do me any good; for the first time I ever attempted to use notes, before I had spoken five minutes, I so crushed them in my fingers, it was impossible to decipher them at all. A gentleman seeing my name on your list, and reading the subject, "Power of Example," said: "Why, what can you make of that? Why don't you take some other subject? Everybody knows that example is better than precept, and all you can do is to reiterate the same old story that everybody knows. It is better to say, 'do as I do,' than 'do as I say.' Now," he said, "What can you make of it?" I confess, that in undertaking a lecture on this subject, I can do but little more than illustrate a truth with which you are all familiar. It will be well for me to throw aside all idea of making a speech or giving a lecture, and say that which I believe is calculated to benefit young men; and just endeavour, by God's grace, to glorify Him by addressing you as a man to his fellow-men on an important and practical subject.

I speak to the Young Men's Christian Association. I do not know what writer it is—for I am not so well acquainted with literature as I might be—who says, "An honest man's

the noblest work of God;" but it is a sentence which is quoted, and quoted as being a very fine one. Now, if we mean honesty in the common acceptation of that term, it is not true; an honest man—a merely honest man in the common acceptation of the term—is not the noblest work of God; but the man who is honest towards God, and towards his fellow-men—in short, a Christian man—is the noblest work of God. I speak, I say, to Christian young men, and I believe that many of us are too much in the habit of looking at the duties of a Christian as confined to mere religious ordinances, and forget, or lose sight of, the fact that man is a social being, and that his religion does not render him less a social being. In the Bible, duties, commendations, promises constantly refer to the social life, walking with God and before God, as having to live with and before men in all the necessary associations of life, family relations, business relations, the social compact in which the Christian is not to be a mere cypher, but to bring into society a new element, a power, leaven, salt, "Ye are the salt of the earth." As Christian men, we are bound to make our religion the active governing principle of life, carrying it with us in the workshop, in the daily employment, in the social circle, in our politics, wherever we are called in the Providence of God to move or to act—being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

I am to speak to-night more particularly of the example of Christian men, and of the power of that example. Now, there are some persons who, if we talk to them about their influence, will tell us, "I have no influence." I have heard men say, "I do not think I have any influence; if I thought I had any influence, I would do thus and so." Now, the idea of any man or woman without influence is an absurdity. You exert an influence, and you cannot help it. If you

stand still, fold your arms, shut your eyes, close your lips—you exert an influence by the position you occupy—you cannot help it. Some persons have an idea that to exert an influence they must make a great noise, or they must do some great thing. We read in the Bible of Andrew, and we read that when Jesus called Andrew, he followed him; but we do not read of many things that Andrew did. We do not read that he preached long sermons, or gave magnificent speeches, or gathered large crowds about him; but we read of one thing he did, “Andrew went and called Peter,” and Peter stood up, and three thousand were converted in one day. I remember hearing that on the lake of Geneva they placed a bell on the surface of the Lake, close to the water’s edge, for some experiment, and at every stroke of the bell there was a ripple and a vibration on the other side of the lake. Just so it is with you. There is a moral electricity connecting heart with heart, as the electric wire connects island with island. You cannot make a motion without exerting an influence. It is not, I say, the noisiest of us who exert the most influence; it is not those who are the most prominent that exert the most influence; there have been silent quiet influences that have told more than all the force and power that could be put forth. Professor Horsford tells us that the granite pile on Bunker’s Hill, on a cloudy day, stands solid, upright, and immovable; but on a bright sunny day, by the expansive power of the light, that mighty monument moves. It moves slightly, but it moves sufficiently to be detected by the sweep of a pendulum hanging from the inner centre of its apex to the stone floors, something over 200 feet below. Now I think we may use that as an illustration of your influence—quiet, silent influence, like the soft rays of light, will do that which a thousand men with heavy ropes, pulling and hauling with a great noise, never would have been able to

accomplish. We, I say again, cannot live without exerting an influence upon our fellow men—every day; and to exert a good influence, or set a right example, there must be Christian consistency. The world expects it—the world looks for it; and while it may despise your religion, honours those who are consistent in the practice of that which they profess. In the United States, in some portions of the West, on the steamboats, and at hotels, they reduce the charge upon ministers of the gospel. Ministers who are travelling will go to the captain, sometimes, and say, “I am a minister of the gospel,” and they either refund his fare, or take something from it. At the wayside inns, he will say, “I am a minister of the gospel,” and they will make him pay accordingly. One minister, travelling, put up at a wayside inn, and when he came to pay his bill in the morning, he said to the landlord, “I am a minister of the gospel.” “What!” he said, “a minister of the gospel!” “Yes,” he said, “I am.” “Well,” he said, “when you sat down to your food, you gave no sign of being a Christian; when you went to your bed-room, I waited to take away the candle, and you gave no sign of being a Christian. No, my friend, you have eat like a heathen, you have drank like a heathen, you have slept like a heathen—now pay like a heathen.”

Now I say that the world expects consistency, and when it does not find it, to all the hatred and bitterness against the principle is added a contempt for the professor. A young man, an infidel, was travelling in the western part of the United States with a very large sum of money upon him, and he was conveying it from one town to another, across a very desolate district. He was much in hopes of reaching a certain town before night;—night came on when he was five miles away. He saw a light, and went to a log hut, and asked if he could find shelter for the night. A

woman came, and said she guessed he could, that her old man was away, but that if he would put his horse up on the lee-side of the cabin he might come in. He came in, looked about him, was very suspicious—thought of his money—“What a place to rob me in!—what a place to murder me, and nobody the wiser of it.” And he sat there very uneasy, till the man came in—a rough-looking woodsman, a pioneer, or trapper. He gave him a sort of rough welcome; but looking, as these men will, furtively out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to take the measure of the young chap, and then talked with him, and gave him something to eat. He ate in fear and trembling, kept his hand on his treasure, very nervous, very anxious, very tremulous. The man said to him, “I will show you where you can sleep, sir.” He rose, all timid and trembling; he did not like the looks of it. “What a place that would be to murder a man! Oh, dear!—my money and my life are in danger.” So he came and sat by the fire, and made up his mind that he would not go to bed that night. The man urged him to retire. “It’s time to go to bed. “Ah!” he thought, “time for you, but not for me.” He was going to sit up all night. “Very well,” said he, “young man, if you choose to sit here all night I shall not, and you certainly will have no objection to my doing that which I have been accustomed to do for many years, reading a psalm out of the best of all books, and asking God’s blessing upon us.” That very moment, infidel as he was, his fears were gone; he went to bed, and never thought of his money. And he was so impressed with it, that he wrote a letter to the newspapers renouncing his infidelity, because of the power of Christian example upon him on that occasion.

No amount of eloquence, talent, or profession will compensate for the want of a good example. Now I find a great many persons who engage in reforms, and consider

that they are engaging in them heartily ; but if you watch them, you will find that they go into these reforms just so far as it does not touch them personally. Now we will take, if you please, the Sabbath question. There are those who are in favour of upholding the sanctity of the Sabbath day. But some of these men—Christian men, too—seem to me sometimes to be preparing—or you will allow me, if you please, to illustrate what I mean, by an anecdote of a negro—and we get some of our best illustrations from homely life. A negro was hired by a Christian man as an assistant on his farm. This man was one of those who are always in favour of keeping the Sabbath, except when works of necessity demanded that there should be something done, and then he always quoted Scripture. But it was noticed that he was always preparing for Sunday work ; and in haying time, he would always cut down a lot of grass on Saturday night, so that he could have an excuse for tossing the hay about in the morning, and shaking the dew off it. So he called this negro one Sunday morning, “Come, Cato, get up!” “Don’t want to get up, Sunday morning, massa ; always lay a-bed, Sunday morning.” “But get up, and get your breakfast.” “Don’t want no breakfast on Sunday morning, massa ; rather lay a-bed than breakfast.” “But you must get up, and help us shake the dew off the grass.” “Don’t do no work on Sundays, massa ; I didn’t hire out to work Sundays.” “Oh, but this is a work of necessity.” “Don’t see that, massa, at all ; don’t see that it’s no work of no necessity.” “Well, but would you not pull your ox out of the pit on the Sabbath day?” “Oh ! yes, massa ; but not if I shoved him in on Saturday night.” You know I am very much afraid there is a good deal of this shoving in on Saturday night. And let me tell you, young men of the Christian Association, the world looks at this, and the world makes its comments upon it. Are there none of you who would speak out

bravely against that man's using an excursion train to go into the fields on the Sabbath day, while you use the same agency to go from your own place of worship to hear a popular preacher? Now, is that consistent? You will oppose the general use of cabs on the Sabbath day; and yet you will take a cabman from one end of the city to the other, to hear a favourite preacher. Is this consistent?

You are opposed to Sunday trading. So am I. I have just signed a petition to Parliament to stop Sunday trading. But I only wish that instead of stopping that poor girl from selling her oranges—and I saw one of them last night, poor thing! just as I came out of Edith Grove; she was crying very bitterly; she had spread her oranges out, and was wiping the tears from her eyes—you know it was bitter cold last night. As I passed her, I thought to myself, "There is trouble;" so I turned and said, "Well my girl, what is the matter?" She said, "I have lost eighteenpence, and it is all I have taken to-day." I said, "How much do you take generally?" "Sometimes I take half-a-crown; last Saturday I was out from nine o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and I took two and fourpence half-penny." I said, "How much did you make?" "I made sevenpence, sir." I said, "Do you make a shilling a day?" "Oh! sir, I wish I did; a shilling a day, sir! I do not make sixpence a day." I said, "It is rather a hard case—how did you lose your money?" She told me, and a very natural way it was. I gave her half-a-crown, and I said, "Have you had any dinner?" She said, "I never have any dinner; I never get anything to eat from the time I go out till the time I come home; but I will have some dinner to-day," although it was about seven o'clock in the evening. Now here is a girl twelve years of age, cold, shivering, and half naked, selling her oranges, buying them at three shillings a hundred, and

selling them at two for three-half-pence, and a half-penny or a penny apiece. Now, shall we sweep these poor creatures out of the streets on Sunday, while we do nothing to stop the traffic of the dram-shops, the gin-shops, and the beer-shops on Sunday? Now to be consistent, if we would crush the one we should seek, with all the power we have, to crush out the other.

I was riding in an omnibus from Edinburgh to Dunfermline one day, and a city missionary took his seat by my side. I said to him, "Now please don't say anything to me—please don't talk to me, for I am tired: I spoke in Edinburgh last night, and I have to speak in Dunfermline to-night—please don't talk to me or introduce me to anybody." A Frenchman came in; it was no use to tell him not to talk. So he began, and his conversation was about religion, and I saw at once that he was a sceptic. The missionary said, "But you must acknowledge that now we are emphatically in a religious country." "Yes," he said, "there is very much religion, very much religion, but very little Christianity." "Why, what do you mean by that?" "Oh! I will tell you, sare. You have associations, you have ragged-school—very good! You have missionary associations—very good! You have association for the better observance of the Lord's day. Oh! now, sare, I go to the meeting for the better observance of the Lord's day, and there was one very big large gentleman there, very big large he was, and he make one very big large speech, sare; and I will tell you what he said,"—and I saw the Frenchman began to get excited—"he said, 'ladies and gentlemen, look at France!' Now France is my country, sare, and what for he tell the people, look at France! He said, 'Look at France; God has trod France under his foot,'—what for he say that? He say he have trode him under his foot, sare—what for he say that? because he say France

have trod under his foot the Sabbath day. I know very well the people of Paris go for their amusement; they go for their recreation, they go to theatre, to ball, to Versailles, and go into the garden; they go to dance, they go to have their grand amusement and enjoyment, sare. I know that; but what business had that man to tell the people that because the Frenchman seek his enjoyment on Sunday, that God had cursed him, sare; when that very man that say that keeps twelve men to work in his distillery all day Sunday? You may call that man very religious, but I do not understand it; in my opinion, sare, he is one very large hypocrite. Because he says it may be very bad to go into the fields on Sunday; it may be very bad to go to the theatre; but which is the worst, to take God's beautiful grain, what He give us for nourishment, and kill him, and take all the good out of him, and make him all rotten, and then when he putrefy, make an agency, sare, that burns men's bodies and souls? Sare, I am not a teetotaller, I drinks my wine; but whisky!—and he make whisky on Sunday—any man that do that, and then tell the people that France is trod under foot because it does not keep the Sunday is, in my opinion, a very great hypocrite." Now the world will judge of these things; what we want then, as Christian men, is consistency.

There is one point that I should like to bring before young men; it is just this (my address will be a very desultory one)—As Christian men we should be careful that we use no levity in speaking of the word of God: the world expects that the Christian man will treat the word of God with reverence, and all jesting and joking on passages of scripture are exerting an influence that will work perhaps when you have forgotten all about them. When I was a boy, I remember this. I was thrown in the society of those who I won't say ridiculed the Bible, but who related

such comical stories and made up such curious conundrums out of the Bible, that there are many passages to-day that I cannot read without the whole thing being brought before me, and making me feel uneasy and annoyed at it. If the Bible is God's revelation to man, let us handle it reverently, let us handle it tenderly. Young men, whatever you may do, treat not the word of God with levity, nor make a joke on sacred things. (This point is only just as it might be by the way.)

My address was to be, as you know, upon the power of example, and you may say, perhaps, "Well, you have not spoken much about that, you have been talking to us about the power of our influence. Well, it is the power of influence, or the influence of example, that I would speak upon. Who is the hero? Who, in trouble, in disaster, is the hero? It is the Christian man; and there his example shines out with honour and with radiance. It is the Christian man. In the steamer "Atlantic," plying between Norwich and New York, whilst tossed about that long night between Norwich and New London, with the steam chest exploded, and all in confusion, the rudder-ropes burnt away, and she drifting without a particle of sail on board, or anything to help her—there were sceptical men there; there were ungodly men there; there were men of business there; wealthy men were there, and some of them were offering thousands and thousands of dollars to any who would save their life—they gave no comfort to any; they gave no strength to any; but there was one grey-haired man there, a feeble man, Dr. Armstrong, of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and while he worked with all his might when there was any hope, when they felt that they must drive on shore and the ship must go to pieces, that grey-haired man stood calm and quiet, not like a Stoic, but with the strong faith of the

Christian. And they came to him for comfort; every eye was fixed on him; he was the example; they clung to him in that hour of danger, and when he said, "Let us pray," women sobbed, and strong men bowed themselves while the Christian hero, who had been first in working for safety while hope remained, lifted up his voice in prayer, and then, as a noble example of an heroic faith and confidence, waited the dread result with the patient quietness of a Christian. It is the Christian man that the infidel looks to in time of trouble or in time of distress. It is he—ay, look to him; he becomes the hero. Why?—by the power and force of his example.

Let us suppose a shipwreck; a terrific sea, a mighty hurricane; and those in the village are full of alarm: they hear the gun that tells of the distress; they go down to the beach, it is an awful night—it is a terrific night; they see the blue lights that reveal to them the ship in distress, with men clinging to the masts and to the shrouds, and hear the cry of passengers upon the deck. They bring down the boat, but it is such a terrific surf that no one will venture: one thinks of his wife and children, another of his old mother, another thinks of his brothers and sisters. There is the boat—there is the wreck—no one dares to launch that boat, there is so much danger. Another gun—another blue light—there! there! It is too much for them; one young man steps forward and leaps into the boat. "I will go—who will follow me?" At that moment there is a press forward, and every man is ready to take the oar. Who is leader of those men? The volunteer. The volunteer by the tacit consent of all stands at the helm; he orders them to pull at the starboard oars and at the larboard oars; his eye is fixed upon the wreck. He is the master of the expedition, and when the passengers are safe, and all brought ashore again, he, the

hero in that fearful strife with the elements, is the most modest man of the company. Just so with the Christian man; he is the hero in the struggle, he is the modest man when earthly rewards are to be showered upon those who have done services for their fellow-men.

There are some persons who think they set a good example, when they are setting an example that other men cannot follow: now to illustrate the point, if you please. With regard to intoxicating liquor as a beverage, there are a great many good men who say they are setting a good example by their moderation. People generally who are not fully acquainted with the philosophy of the temperance movement, do not understand, or they seem to be troubled by this fact, that drunkenness is a moral evil, but it is produced by physical agency. Now you may say to me if you please as a man, "Mr. Gough, I am a moderate drinker; I use these things in moderation, and therefore I set you a good example." I say at once, "Sir, you do not." "Well, but if I drink one glass and there stop, is not that an example for others?" "No, sir; no, sir; no more than if there was a bridge built over a gulf, to fall into which was utter ruin, and that bridge will hold 130 lbs., and you weigh 150 lbs., you say to that young man, and he weighs 200 lbs., 'Follow my example.'" "I don't like the look of that bridge." "Don't be a fool, I have walked it 40 years: proved it perfectly safe: it is a good example: perfectly safe: never cracked with me: never sprung with me: perfectly safe." "But I don't like it." "Don't be foolish: you can do that which I can do: now I am setting you a good example, follow me step by step." That young man attempts to follow it; he sets his foot on the centre; crash! crash! down he goes, with a shriek, into destruction. Now, did you set a good example? No, because you didn't take into consideration the difference of weight. Before you can say

to a young man, "I set you a good example," you must take into consideration the difference between his temperament and yours, his susceptibility and yours. There are some men who cannot drink moderately, who never did and never will: well, you say, "They are weak-minded if they cannot." I say you cannot judge of a man's strength of mind by his ability to take large quantities of intoxicating stimulant. Why, is it any evidence of strength of mind, that a man can get up in a morning a beer-barrel, and go to bed a barrel of beer? Is it any evidence of strength of mind that a man can drink large quantities of beer? The stupidest dolt of an agricultural labourer I think I ever saw in my life, they told me could drink fifteen quarts of cider in a day—and *stand*. It is no evidence of a man's strength of mind that he can stand the influence of intoxicating drinks. To make it a little plainer I will give you an illustration. You say you set a good example. Do you set a good example to the drunkard? Some persons say they do, because if he drinks just as they do he will never become a drunkard—he will be a moderate drinker. Now we will take the drunkard, if you please. Here he is. "Follow my example." "Very well, sir." "I take it twice a-day." "Very well, sir." "I take it at noon and I take it at my dinner at four or five o'clock." "Very well, sir." "Now follow my example." "Yes, sir." "You drink just when I do, and only when I do." "Yes, sir." "Well now, we come together at twelve to take the first glass—you and I." "Yes, sir." "Pour it out. I drink it; you drink it." The moderate drinker has drunk it, and this poor man has drunk it. They go away. You go to your business; you have no thoughts about the wine or the drink—not at all. You attend to your business, go and see your business connections—here you are. Four o'clock comes—you have been spending your time as usual. What has he been doing? He has

been getting nervous; he could not help it. He has felt strange sensations—cannot help it. Those sensations have grown into a longing—he cannot help it. He has been thinking there never was such a long afternoon; he has been looking at his watch—if he has got one—he is irritable, he is going to get a certain good when four o'clock comes. You quietly come to your glass; there stands the nervous man; he looks at it; his eye gleams like the tiger's that has once tasted blood and sees it again. You take yours, sip it quietly; he takes his, clutches it, looks at you, looks round wildly, drinks it at a draught, and before you are ready to go to bed he is drunk—he cannot help it—to save his life he cannot help it. Why? Because his system is diseased, and it is utterly impossible for that man to drink moderately—as impossible as it is to blow up a powder-magazine moderately, or fire a gun off a little at a time. You might as well undertake to wash a negro white as to make a moderate drinker out of a drunkard. Now there is one case where I deny that you set that man a good example. There are some so exceedingly susceptible to the influence of drink, and these are cases where you do not set men a good example. What is moderation, and what is excess? You do not judge of excess by the quantity a man drinks—not at all. It is by the effect of that quantity upon the brain and nervous system. One gentleman may come upon this platform who has drunk a bottle of wine, and he may sit there and he may talk to me and talk to you, and it would be a libel to say he is drunk. Another shall come up on that side who has drunk half-a-bottle, and he shall reel and stagger, and look at you with a laugh—"ha! ha!" There is a man that is absolutely drunk with half the quantity of the other man, who it would be a libel to say was drunk. Now, while drunkenness is a sin against God, a sin against man's body, a sin against his in-

telleet, while it is be-littling and lowering and debasing and degrading, it is produced not by the quantity a man drinks but by the effect of that quantity upon the nervous system.

I believe there are some young men in this assembly who cannot drink moderately in the strictest sense of that term. If I give you a glass to-night you will say what you would not say without it, and do what you would not do without it, and go where you would not go without it. It has affected your brain so slightly, yet enough to disturb your self-control, to weaken the power of the will, and warp the judgment. A friend of mine told me that the captain of a packet-ship plying between Liverpool and New York, said to him, "I always considered myself a moderate drinker. I drank a glass of brandy and water at my dinner when at sea, nothing more. And I always felt better for my brandy and water. I came on deck slightly exhilarated." A heavy sea rolling, or a terrific gale of wind blowing, he would say, "This is magnificent, this is glorious to manage a fine ship! How she pitches into it—she works like a beauty. Mate, send the men aloft, and shake the reefs out of that main-topsail; ay, ay, shake them out of the fore-topsail; let us have a little more sail, we will make a fine passage." The mate looks at him in surprise; the sailors would obey his orders; the vessel felt the press of the sail and quivered in every timber—the bows driving under water, and the mate standing with blanched cheeks clenching the stanchions, looking at the masts bending like whip-stocks in the wind, the captain feeling it was glorious and magnificent. "This is the kind of weather we want; isn't she flying along; we shall make a magnificent passage." By-and-by when the influence of that single glass passed away, he would look up aloft, then he would look out to windward. "Getting dirty weather, mate; better make things snug up there. I say, men, clew

up that main-topsail, close reef that fore-topsail, make things snug." The very same sea rolling, under the influence of one glass of brandy and water, he would clap on sail enough to spring the masts and drive the vessel's bows under water; but when that influence passed away he would prudently take in sail. "Now," he said, "I am a sea-faring man, and I believe that many a good ship, with passengers and crew, has foundered at sea through the influence of a glass of brandy on the brain of a captain in a gale of wind." Now, I say, is that one glass moderation? You may say so to me sitting here, but you would not say so if you were on the deck of that ship. Circumstances would alter your opinion of the same fact. And you would probably say, if you were on board that ship, "I wish he had not taken that brandy." "But he daily drank one glass." "Ay, but that one glass was not moderation." Two men were brought up at Liverpool, an engineer and a stoker, and were tried, and they proved that they were sober when they went on the locomotive, and they proved that they had only been taking a drop or two with some friends at Christmas. But the guard finding, when they came near to Warrington, that they were going at the rate of some sixty miles an hour, felt that there was something wrong, climbed over the carriages, and found the engineer and the stoker stupidly drowsing on the engine with a full head of steam on. Do you call that moderation? I care not what a man drinks, I care not whether it is a thimblefull or a quart, if it acts upon the brain so as to induce him to neglect his duty—if its effects are such that life is sacrificed—God save those who travel from moderation. We say that the moderate drink of one man is not a safe example for another man to follow, and what we want specially with regard to young men is this. Young men are exposed in this city to terrible temptations; it is a city of snares: some of you, perhaps, do not

know it, and God forbid that you should. But there are men here who could take you on a six hours' exploration in this metropolis and show you scenes—well, I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you what the result would be upon you. I know what they have been upon me. I have not slept at night for them—I have not eaten any food for them—scenes so horrible when we think of them in a Christian land, they won't bear repeating. You cannot describe them. While you are sitting here to-night, they are there, in full force and in full play, and not one of them can be sustained without drink. Drink is the beginning, the middle, and the end of it. Young men cannot be induced to enter these horrible dens until they are first induced to drink. It is drink that is the beginning; drink is the first step, you find; among those who are whirling their partners in the giddy dance to-night in the casinos, and will be till to-morrow morning—that some of them have been Sabbath-school scholars, some of them Sabbath-school teachers! Ask them the cause of this; ask them the first step, and nine out of ten will tell you drink—drink—drink. And there is no power on earth that debases and degrades and embrates a man, as the power and influence of drink. Drink—ah! young men, when you look at debased men and women, I know you call them brutes. I know that; I know very well when you see a man that will abuse his mother, you call him a brute; when you see a young man that will, as a young man did that I know very well, steal money from his sick sister, and as she said, "I have no friends; I am all alone, I have been saving money for my sickness, and my death, and my burial, and he has left me without a penny." "Ah!" you say, "a man like that is a brute." No, he is not; no, he is not. I tell you, young men of the Christian Association, if we had a stronger faith in this fact, that there is no man or woman so debased and so degraded, but they are human yet,

there is a spot in their hearts, if we can only get at it; it would go right through them like electricity; if we only had more faith in that fact, we should be doing more good. But we get so weary in well-doing: don't we? We get so weary in setting the example of patience in bearing with the errors and faults of our brother. But, remember God's long-suffering to you. Remember that when you see an erring brother, when you see a faint and erring sister; have mercy on her, as Christian men; have mercy on such, they are human. Did you ever work among them? did you ever go among them? Did you ever find a human being that persevering kindness cannot reach, would not touch? Did you? I never did: never—never—never: I care not who they are.

A friend of Hugh Miller related this fact:—He received a letter from a poor woman, he knew not who it was till he went, inviting him to call and see her in her wretched den in Edinburgh. He went, and found the woman on her death-bed, and destitute; she was a townswoman of his. For eight years and more she had been a flaunting street-walker. But she was a woman, and she had a woman's heart; and she lay down to die. He had no money with him but half-a-crown; it was Saturday night; he gave her that, and said, "I will call in the morning." He did,—but she was dead. At the funeral, Mr. Miller saw a woman evidently affected, and he said to her, "Is that any relation of yours?" "Oh, no!" she said; "no relation, poor thing. When she was a gay, flaunting girl, with her ribbons, and her furbelows, and her flounces, she purchased things of me, and she owed me half-a-crown, and I could never get it; she would laugh at me when I asked her for it, and evidently seemed bent upon cheating me. On Saturday night, I was astonished to see that poor creature come into my shop: she only had one garment on her; it was a drizzly night; her

cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunk down deep in the sockets, her fingers like the claws of a bird; and she came tottering in, and laid down the half-crown, and said, 'There is your money, ma'am, it lies heavily on my conscience; it is your due,—I owe it to you, and I did not mean to cheat you; I must pay you before I die;'—and went back to her wretched rags to die." They have hearts;—did you ever try it? Oh, these poor outcasts! Young men, I could sometimes bow my head and weep floods of tears, when I see the horrible oppression of man to his fellow erring man. "Oh, yes; beat him, give it him, John, he has got no friends!" this is very much the doctrine of the world,—and it should not be so with Christian men. They are our brethren; and remember, Jesus our Saviour, in his ministry on earth, never said a harsh word to the outcast—never, never. To the self-righteous Pharisees he said,—"O generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell!" but to the woman, the sorrowing woman, he said,— "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Oh, young men! the might and power of example! Do not these poor creatures look for it from you? Would to God the time was come when, if we should say to any of these erring, wretched, vile outcasts, "Friend, that is a Christian man," he would spring to him, and know that the Christian man, like the good Samaritan, would pour in oil and bind up his wounds. Did you ever try consistent, persevering, kindness with the erring? A minister of the gospel, a parish minister in Scotland, told me that when he first went to Glasgow, he made up his mind that he would call on every individual in his parish—every one: but there was one man he was afraid of. His friends said to him, "I would not go and see him, he will do you a mischief probably; I would not go and see him; it is no use going to see him—he is a brute," they said. Well, the minister

said, "I was ashamed of myself, to find day after day, week after week pass away, and I did not see this man. I visited everybody else but him. One morning I got up, feeling exceedingly well; the sky was bright, the sun shining, the trees were looking green;—just that sort of a morning when a man feels the blood running through his system, and I said, I will go up and see that man, I am just in the right trim for it." He went up three or four pairs of stairs, and knocked at the door,—no answer; he knocked again,—no answer; he knocked again,—no answer: he opened the door and went in; and he said, when he saw that poor creature crouched by the fireplace, he began to feel a little frightened; he began to feel a sort of sickness in his throat,—that sort of feeling, I wish I wasn't here. His hair was matted and tangled, his clothing in rags, and filthy; a four weeks' beard on his face, and his cheeks cadaverous; and as he looked around him, there was a glare like that of a mad beast, and I felt timid and frightened. The first word the poor creature said was, "Who are you?"—"I am a minister." "Minister; what do you want?"—"Well, I have called to see you." He rose upon his feet, and the minister said, "Then I began to think where I should take him; I expected a struggle, and I was determined I would not give him up. He came up pretty close to me, and stretched out his hand and said, 'You have come to see me, have you; then see me. How do you like the looks of me,—I'm a bit of a beauty, ain't I? Come to see me, did you?' Then he came a pace or two nearer, and he felt the pestiferous breath on his face hot, as he said,—"Now, I will kick you down stairs."—"Stop," he said; "don't—don't, don't kick me down stairs now, because I have a call to make up above; and if you kick me down, I shall be obliged to come all the way up again, don't you see. Now, if it is any gratification to you to kick the

minister down stairs, who has come to call upon you out of pure good-will, let me go and make my visit up stairs and then I will place myself at your disposal." "Well, you are a rum 'un,"—and shuffled back to his seat. The minister made his call up-stairs, came down, opened the door, and said, "Well my man, here I am. I told you I would call again. Now, if it is any gratification to you to kick the minister down stairs, I am at your disposal."—"Did you come to see me?" the man asks.—"Yes, I did." "Well, then, sit down;" and he began to talk to him, not as if he was a brute, but as if he was a brother; as if he was a man. And by-and-bye the poor creature cried out, "Oh, sir! I am the most God-forsaken wretch on earth;" and then he spoke of a wife and six children, of sorrow and sin, and degradation and despair, and the minister poured in the oil of sympathy into his broken heart. I remember reading that in the Bosphorus a beautiful jewel was dropped into the water. They could not discover it because the surface of the water was so rough. Some one proposed to pour oil on the surface of the water. They poured the oil; they saw the jewel, and they got it. Now, if we pour the oil of sympathy sometimes on the heaving breast of the poor outcast, there is a jewel there. God put it there. Bright and beautiful pearls have been washed by the foul tide of debauchery and sin under the black rocks of oblivion, and we have been sending divers after them to bring them up;—and, thank God! some of them shine to-day like stars in the firmament of purity, virtue, morality, and religion. The minister prayed with him, left him, came back again, and now that man, with his wife and five children, sit in God's house on the sabbath, and he pays six shillings a year pew rent for each, making seven times six shillings. He sits in God's house clothed, and in his right mind, under the influence of the truth. Ah, this spirit of

kindness, this spirit of love, this spirit of tenderness! We ask you, then, to set that example of patient, loving sympathy with the erring. It will pay in the long run. Oh, young men, there is nothing so good; there is nothing, it seems to me, so pleasant as to be instrumental in lifting up a poor debased fallen brother, or to prevent a brother from walking in the path that leads to sin and to ruin. Do it, then, I say, for the sake of your brother; and if not, do it for His sake who came to seek and save the lost.

At the last Breakfast of the Young Men's Christian Association, I related an anecdote as an illustration of this point; and as I know there are many here that did not hear it, and as I very much wish to perpetuate it, for I consider it to be a good one, I shall repeat it to you. It is an illustration taken (as was the other) from negro life, showing the prompting power in the heart of a Christian man. A negro, named Dick, had a piece of land, in which he had planted yams and sweet potatoes. Another negro, named Tom, had got a sow and nine pigs, and when Dick went to get his potatoes one night after his hard day's work, he found them all rooted up, and the garden destroyed. He was in a terrible rage. He said, "Dere is dat old uncle Tom's sow and de piccanninies hab been in my gar'n, an' eat up all my taters. Now, I'll hab satisfaction. I'll make him pay de damage; dat's what I'll do."—Well, Moses was a Christian patriarch among them in the settlement, and he said to Dick, "Dick, what's de matter?"—"Matter? matter 'nuff. Dere's old Tom's old sow and pigs has bin an root up all my taters, and now I'll make old Tom pay de damage. I'll seize on de pigs; I'll seize on de sow; I'll seize eberyting; I'll make him pay de damage."—"Well," says Moses, "stop a minute, Dick; you know Tom is an old man."—"Well, I know he is; dat's got nottin to do wid his pigs?"—"Yes, but you know he has not got a bit

of ground such as you have, and he 'pends on dat sow and dem pigs for his winter's store."—"Dat makes no difference to me. What if he does? He ought to keep his pigs at home, not fat de old sow in my gar'n. I'll make him pay de damage; dat 's what I'll do."—He said, "Dick, stop a minute, you profess to be a Christian?"—"Well, I specs I is a Christian; I specs I is, but what 's dat got to do wid my taters? I'll make him pay de damage; dat 's what I'll do."—"Ah," but he said, "Dick, you profess to love the Lord Jesus?" "Well, Moses, I hopes I does, I hopes I does; but, Moses, dat 's nottin to do wid the pigs rooting up my taters. You know I must hab satisfaction, I must make him pay de damage, dat 's what I must do."—"Now, Dick, I am going to ask you one oder question, and then I'll never ask you anoder. Jiss you answer dat, and den I neber ask you anoder. Hab you ever paid the Lord Jesus Christ all the damage dat you do Him?"—"No, I do not think I have. Pay Him, Daddy Moses! why, if I lib as long as Medusla, work ebry day, and no be sick once, I neber be able to pay Him one stiver. I tell you what, Daddy Moses, I did not like to give up all my yams and taters to old Tom for his sake, but for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake I can. Now, you go and tell uncle Tom dat if I get anoder garden, and get taters in, he may let de pigs run in as much as he pleases, and I'll neber ask no damage." That is the principle. And I come to Christian men, and ask them, for His sake, to be willing to make some sacrifice, to practise some self-denial in stooping to the weaknesses of those who are erring, knowing that you are not made a partaker of their weaknesses, for the strongest man, morally speaking, that ever lived, has 'been the man who has imparted the most strength to his weaker brother.

Then I ask you, young men of the Christian Association,

to look at these agencies for good. I do not come before you expecting to make all who hear me what is called teetotallers, but I want to say something that will induce the young men of this land to investigate, calmly and quietly, the claims of the movement upon their co-operation and support, and whether, by their example, they may not exert an influence in behalf of this that shall be indirectly in behalf of the great cause of Christianity. We, who are engaged in the temperance movement, profess to do nothing by our organization directly, but to make men sober. Our principle *will* do that. It *must* do that. It keeps a man sober. It may not prevent the man from being a thief or a liar, but it prevents him from being a drunkard simply. Now, you know, and I know, that the greatest hindrance to men's hearing the gospel in Great Britain is drunkenness; and surely, if our human agency is lawful, and it will remove that hindrance, to whom shall we go for aid but to the Young Men's Christian Association? If that principle is lawful, and it will remove the hindrance to men hearing the truth, to whom shall we go but to you? Teetotalism is not religion. Teetotalism is not the grace of God. Total abstinence is not piety; but I believe it has been the human agency that has removed the hindrance to many men becoming Christians. When Jesus went to the tomb of Lazarus, there was a stone by the door of the tomb. He might have removed that stone, for He was all powerful, but He saw fit to use human agency, and He said to those that stood by, "Take ye away the stone." Human agency was used, and then Jesus spake and Lazarus came forth. Now I honestly, solemnly, and seriously believe, that the Total Abstinence Movement has been the human agency that has removed the stone from the door of the sepulchre; and the incipient putrefaction that lay there festering in its cerements trembled into life, and the dead corpse has become a living

man in God's house to praise Him. And as an agency to that end we say that our movement has claims upon the careful investigation, the careful consideration of the whole subject by Christian young men. Now I know very well that it costs something. Why, you who have promised to be example unto others when you took vows upon you in the presence of God and of His people that you would be the Lord Christ's—you know that it costs something to carry out your consistency into daily walk and conversation? In this world it always costs something for a religious man, a Christian man, to be consistent, and it ever will. But do we come to you, and ask you to give up for the sake of others, and ask you in vain? It costs something. We who are engaged in the Temperance movement are in advance of public sentiment. Would to God that Christian men led the van in every movement for the benefit of the race that is in advance of the dead public sentiment! Why a gentleman said to me as if it was a discouragement, "You are in a minority." Pure and undefiled religion is in a minority in London. It is the multitude that are swift to do evil, and it is the few that are righteous. Oh! I thank God for the belief I have that the righteous are the salt of the earth. When I look at your casinos—when I look at the multiplicity of your theatres and low places of amusement—when I look at your cider-cellars, your caves of harmony, your tableaux vivants, your poses plastiques, which are a disgrace to London—when I see all these things, and when I know that the finest music is pressed into their service—when I know that all the allurements possible are thrown out to gather in the victims—when I look at the wickedness when I walk up and down your streets and see it rampant—I say, when I look at this I am sometimes inclined to ask, "What is to save the city?" Then I look at your Religious Tract Society, at your

agencies for good. I look at the Young Men's Christian Association, at your City Missionaries and their organization. I look at the Scripture Readers and their organization, and I say, "Is this the salt that saves the city?" And if it were not for the ten righteous men in London, I believe it would have been, ere now, as Sodom and Gomorrah. I am one of those who believe that God spares the wicked because he loves the righteous, and for their sake the city is spared. I may say to you, then, that you, as Christians, are in a minority. You know infidels jeer about Christians attempting to convert the world. They point to the map, and they show you the hundreds of millions of heathen. They say, "You get up societies and raise large sums of money, and then you get a missionary agency, and then you go and gain a footing, and learn the language, and spend a great many thousand pounds, and by-and-by you baptize a heathen, and then you have pictures of him and his family in missionary magazines; and then you bring him home and exhibit him in Exeter Hall as a specimen of what has been done. "Here is a baptized heathen, and it has cost no end of money, and at this rate you expect to convert the world." And they laugh at you; but do you mind it? Mind it! No, no! Why? Because you know—you don't think, nor suppose, nor guess—you *know* that the kingdoms of this world *shall* become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ by-and-by; and resting on the promise of God's word, and knowing that He uses human agency, you work. You cannot create results, but you know it is your business to work for results, and that the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to be a machine, if he is connected with his Maker by a bond of living faith, ever ready to work and leave the results in His hands. Believing all that, you work on and work on, and though you see no fruit that is pleasant

to your eye—though you see no green blades rising to bless your sight, you sow, you plant, you water, you pray, and you die believing; and though you have reaped no harvest, you may in the better land welcome the reapers that shall come rejoicing under the burden of sheaves gathered from the fields which you have been permitted to plant, and sow, and water, and pray over; but have not been permitted to gather in the increase.

We are in a minority, but there is not a social, political, or religious privilege we enjoy to-day, but was bought for us by the blood, tears, and sufferings of a minority. The noble heroes of this earth have been those who have stepped out in advance of the public sentiment of their age, and stood alone like glorious iconoclasts, to break down the Dagon of old abuses worshipped by their fathers. They were persecuted, the very men they worked for hurled at them contumely and scorn; yet they stood firmly at their post—and if you read the history of this world, you find that one generation has ever been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the last, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. It is no discouragement to tell us we are in a minority. I know very well it costs something to be an abstainer. It requires some moral courage, young men, does it not? I believe there are many kept away from us, not by the love of drink, but by the fear of ridicule. There are some young men that have said to me, and perhaps you have heard them say it, "I wish there was not a drop of the drink in existence." I say to them, "Why?" "Because I am afraid I am drinking too much. On looking back upon the past five years, I find that I am increasing in the quantity that I use. If I go on increasing as I have done for the last five years, what is to be the end of it? I do not like the looks of it." "Why don't you give it up altogether?" There is the

rub! There are some young men, perhaps to-night, who hear me; who have not a cowardly drop of blood in their veins; who, if it was their duty, would march to the cannon's mouth without a quivering muscle; if it was their duty would climb the scaling ladder and stand upon the ramparts, though they knew that they went to their death; yet the very men who are no cowards would be afraid to kneel down by the side of their beds in the presence of an ungodly, jeering companion or shopmate, and do as their mother taught them when they were boys. Why? Because they fear ridicule. I know it is hard to bear the finger of scorn—it is like a burning brand pressed upon the quivering flesh. Now the young man moving in a circle of society where the drinking customs are sustained, is invited to take a glass—"No, thank you." "But don't you drink?" "No." "But you are not a teetotaller, are you?" "Well, yes." "So you have been and joined them, have you? Ha—ha—ha! Really! Well, it is a good thing when a man cannot govern himself, you know. If I was afraid that I should become a drunkard, I would join them at once." Now do you suppose that even that implication is to be borne? No; many a young man has been drawn on and on in a determination to be careful, when every drop he drinks takes him further within the circle of the whirlpool, the vortex of which is utter ruin, drawn on and on by the fear of a sneer. It costs something to be an abstainer. But we appeal to you on behalf of the Total Abstinence Movement. Why? Because it has benefited the world. Show me one man that has been injured by it in mind, body, or estate. Show me one man. I will show you multitudes that have been drawn from the slavery of an evil habit by it. I will show you homes made happy; flowers, crushed into the earth by the iron heel of drunkenness, brought up to brightness, freshness,

and beauty by the influence of this movement. It is a good movement, it has never harmed any man. You say, "You haav not got enough religion in it." Our movement is not and cannot be called a strictly religious movement; we want as much of the religious element in it as possible. It is not a religious movement; it is not a sectarian, or a political movement. Some persons seek to make every movement subservient to their sectarianism. "It must be identified with us, or we won't be identified with it." Now, if there is anything in the world I hate more than another, I think it is bigotry. I go to a place sometimes, and I find a class of persons who say, "Oh, we cannot have anything to do with it." "Why?" "Because the Dissenters have got into it." In another place—"We can have nothing to do with it." "Why?" "Because they have the Church school-room for their meetings. It is a mere Establishment affair." In another place—"We can have nothing to do with it." "Why?" "Because the Quakers have got the preponderating influence in it." In another place—"We cannot have anything to do with it." "Why?" "Because the Wesleyan Methodists are taking a public part in it." Now, is not this folly? Folly! Why, if I saw a man down in that pool, and he in danger of suffocation—I take hold of his hand—"Now, my friend, a good strong pull. I am afraid I cannot do it." He is sinking. Another man comes up, and says, "Friend, I will give you a lift." "Stop, stop! what is your religious opinion?" Then tell this poor friend he must do the best he can while we settle the matter of free-will and total depravity and sovereignty, and all the rest of it. I say to that man, "Whoever you are I care not, help me to pull that man out, and when we have got him out, you and I are two, and then we will battle for our principles. It cannot be a sectarian movement. But there are some persons so exceed-

ingly afraid of touching a thing that will compromise them with some other party. I remember reading once of a dandy, who was drowning, and a good-hearted fellow said, "Here, my friend, give me your hand." The dandy said, "I beg your pardon, sir, I have not been introduced to you," and sank. It served him right. We want as much of the religious element as we can possibly get into this movement, and yet it cannot be strictly called a religious movement. It is for the removal of an evil that is cursing all classes of society, that is a perfect incubus, as it were, upon the neck of the land. Then we say to you, young men of the Christian Association, we want your help. Now I often hear people find fault about the method in which we are doing the work. Now, if these persons who find so much fault, would simply come with us and show us how to do it better, we should be much obliged to them. I remember once seeing a man driving a heavy cart up Cambridge Street, Boston; the horse got set with the load—it was very slippery. A foppish sort of fellow stood on the side walk, and he began to give directions, and he said, "Now just take hold of that horse's head—No, no, don't stand before your horse—there, there, that is the way; now stand back a little—there, there—oh, you don't know how to do it. Now just take hold of the horse's head, I say—no, no, now don't stand in front of the horse, foolish man—stand back. Why, you don't know how to do it,"—when a coloured man on the other side of the street came running across and took hold of the spoke, and put his shoulder to the nave—"Now just give that horse a good cut,"—and up the hill they went. Now which was the best man—the dandy or the negro? Give me the man that says, "Now, then, I will give you a lift," and not the man who says, "You don't do it right." I say again, we plead with you—and perhaps I am dwelling altogether too long upon this point, because it is the last time I shall ever

have the opportunity of speaking before this Association. But I come earnestly desiring to do you good. I know something of the bitterness of the drink. Young men, I started with prospects, perhaps as bright and as fair as yours, although my father and mother were poor and humble, and at twelve years of age I went to America, for the purpose of learning a trade, and getting on in the world. But my prospects, probably, in my trade, were as bright as many of yours; I had, perhaps, as fair a disposition to do right as you have; I had ambition as strong as you have; I had pride as great as you have—that is the sort of manly pride that I believe to be proper; I had capacities for enjoyment as large as yours; I had sources of enjoyment as vast and varied as God has given to any of you; and yet, for seven years of my life, through the influence of drink, every blessing was turned into a curse, and every influence that God had given me for good was turned to evil. And when I look upon that, and see young men just as I was, living as I did, see young men exposed to the same temptations as I was, I feel as if I could do anything—anything by warning, by entreaty, by revealing my own infirmities, anything, however humiliating, to save young men from the doom from which I escaped so as by fire; from the terrible perdition that comes swiftly upon those who love strong drink, and use it to excess. As I came out of the City Hall of Glasgow, where I had been speaking to 2500 people (I was staying with one of the merchant princes of Glasgow), the carriage was waiting there ready to take me away. There was the coachman in livery, and the footman in plain clothes, and a pair of horses with silver-mounted harness. I mention these things because teetotallers do not often ride in such style, you know. It was a drizzly, wretched night, and the gentleman said, “Better get into the carriage, Mr. Gough, the ladies will be down soon;” and I got into it. Many

crowded round to shake hands with me; it was the last speech but one in Glasgow previous to going to America, and a wretched creature came up, miserable; I saw his naked shoulder; I saw his rags; I saw his bare feet, and his hair, a little greyer than my own, hung down over his face. He came up to me and held out his hand, and said, "Will you shake hands with me?" I never refuse to shake hands with any man, I care not who they are; if they do not mean it in honesty, that is not my fault. I would rather that nine men should cheat me than that the tenth man should go away feeling sad that I had not encouraged him in the right path. So there is my hand for any man; if you mean it in wrong to me, God will judge you, and I am clear of the matter. So I held out my hand, and he held it a moment, and then said, "Don't you know me?" "Why, yes," I said, "I think I do; is not your name Harry Aikin?"—"Yes." "You used to work with me in the bookbinder's shop in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1842, at Andrew Hutchinson's?"—"Yes, I did." "What is the matter with you?"—"I am desperately poor." I said, "God pity you, you look like it." And I gave him some money, and got a friend to ascertain what he was doing. He picks up bones and rags in the streets for a living, and resides in one of the most wretched lodging-houses in Glasgow. As I sat in that carriage, with the ring of that audience in my ear, with my hands aching with the grasp of friendship from hundreds,—as I saw that shivering wretch in the dim gas-light, ragged, and hungry, and naked, and starving, I said to the ladies who came into the carriage, "There am I, but for the temperance movement,—there am I. He was a better workman than I; he worked with me, roamed with me, drank with me, slept with me; his prospects were brighter than mine. There is he. What is the cause of

it? A poor weary, worn, and wretched thing I was at twenty-five years of age, when a man, whose name never was heard out of the circle of his acquaintance,—a man whose name never was in print,—a man who did not even own a trade,—laid his hand on my shoulder in the spirit of kindness. And although I was like an Ishmaelite of civilized society,—my hand against every man's, because I believed every man's hand was against me,—the magnetic influence of sympathy thrilled from his heart, along his nerves like an electric wire, and down into my heart, and I looked to him, although I had never seen him before, as a friend, and as a brother; and went with him as willingly as I ever went in my life for pleasure, and put my name to that pledge which, under God, has been the means of my rescue from a doom such as that, from a position too terrible for me to think upon,"—which has brought me, young men, to stand before you to-night in the honourable attitude, however humble, of a lecturer to the greatest Association, and the most important in my opinion, on the face of this earth. It is because I owe so much to this movement that I love it. People say, "Why do you not talk about something else?" Talk about something else! "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." There is not a morning, there is not a night, that I do not thank God for the influence of this movement. And there are men just like me, that need to be saved; and you, and you, and you, can exert an influence that will be like dropping a pebble into the ocean, the "centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference of which is nowhere;"—a pebble causing a ripple to increase till it becomes like a wave, to bear upon its bosom souls saved by your agency.

And now, young men, I may never see you again. I shall never stand in the position in which I stand to you to-night. I say, as I said when I began, I have a strong,

warm love and affection for the Young Men's Christian Association. Words of sympathy from your Secretary and through you, in days of darkness, in days of cloud, in days when storms gathered round me, comforted me, strengthened me, encouraged me; and I shall never forget it. In the midst of the turmoil produced by those who did not like my mode of advocating this question,—and their feelings rose into absolute persecution,—I felt this, young men, and I say it to-night. I felt that I could lean upon the confidence placed in me by the Young Men's Christian Association of London, and I grew strong under it. For sympathy, human sympathy, Christian sympathy puts life into a man like drops of water upon a wilted flower, and I stand here to-night to thank you for it; and I would say this to you, young men. We are voyagers, I trust, to a better world; we shall pass through some storms, we must expect them. When I went to America from this country in 1855, it was a most fearfully stormy night—and we had had two of them—I lay in my berth till it seemed as if I could lie no more; my shoulders were aching with the effort to keep in the berth, and to avoid being pitched out into the state-room. So I got up, and, as well as I could, I dressed myself and went on deck. It was an awful night. I got hold of a rope and stood, so that the water upon deck—for sometimes there were two feet of water upon it—did not wash me away. There I stood, as the waves went away from us to the leeward, they went with such a hiss, you can form no conception of it, unless you heard it. Then there was the magnificent chorus, as the wind swept through the cordage; it was grand music. I stood and looked. I could see scarcely anything for the blowing of the spray; it was noise, confusion, and dimness. By-and-by I heard a noise sharper than the key-note of the storm. "Yo! heave yo." And I looked up, and I could dimly see upon the yard, eight

men. They were getting in a sail, poor fellows; they had been up there for hours, and they had not mastered it. They held on for dear life. Then the thundering noise of the flapping sail; then a wave struck a spar and broke it as short as if you took a stick and broke it upon your knee. It was an awful night. I thought to myself, "Now if anything should give way! If anything below should get out of order,"—and I began to feel a tremulousness. I heard five bells, "half-past two." Then I heard "All's well!" and then answered away off yonder, "All's well!" Oh, what a comfort that was, as I stood there, amidst the raging sea and roaring waves, and hurricane of winds, drenched in water. "All's well!" Oh, it was a comfort. Young men, God grant that, voyaging as we are upon this ocean of life, in the midst of heavy storms, when our faith grows weak, and we begin to be troubled,—God grant that having as our chart the word of God, and at the helm our Saviour, ever in the midst of storm, we may hear his voice saying, "All's well!" until we land in the glorious haven, and meet again—if we never meet till then—in that land where there is no sin to battle, and where the eternity of heaven is the rest of serving God. This is my earnest and sincere prayer, as with the most profoundly grateful acknowledgments to you for all the kindnesses I have received from you and by you as an Association, I bid you gratefully, respectfully, and affectionately—Farewell!

April, 1875.

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21. WANDERING HOMES AND THEIR INFLUENCES. By the author of "The Physician's Daughters."





